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**IMPATIENT GIANT:  
RED CHINA TODAY**



# IMPATIENT GIANT: RED CHINA TODAY

By Gerald Clark

*Illustrated with photographs by the author*

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“China—there lies a sleeping giant. Let him sleep, for when he wakes he shall shake the world.”

—NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

“The Soviet-Chinese bid for aid, trade, propaganda and subversion to win . . . uncommitted areas is far more dangerous than Soviet missiles or Chinese manpower.”

—ADLAI E. STEVENSON.

“If China advances and India stagnates, the bell will toll not for India. It will toll for us.”

—HOWARD K. SMITH.

## FOREWORD

I AM not an expert in any of the various fields touched on in this book: history, ideology, economics, psychology, sociology. Yet firsthand observation inside a country, I believe, is more fruitful than merely reading books or listening to muffled echoes of events in such peripheral posts as Hong Kong. I am a reporter, not a theoretician; as a reporter I must keep abreast of developments over a broad expanse of human activity and try to relate them factually. Many years in the foreign field, among them journeys into such Communist countries as the Soviet Union, Hungary, Poland, and Czechoslovakia, have equipped me with some experience to select the significant from the trivial, the truth from the fabrication. If contradictions appear in my report, it is because China itself is full of contradictions. We visualize the Chinese as traditional individualists, yet they have shown an amazing aptitude, and, in a sense, willingness, to accept the herding of communal life.

Since my return from China I have narrated television documentaries on China, shown by the Columbia Broadcasting System in the United States, the British Broadcasting Corporation in Britain, and the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation in Canada. In Britain, the right-wing *Daily Telegraph* complained that the commentary gave too favorable a version of material achievements in Red China. The Communist *Daily Worker*, which took exception to my remarks about the fearful regimentation of men's minds and the loss of personal dignity, said I was concerned "only to distort what is happening in China." Neither writer of these criticisms had ever been to China.

If, in agitating both extremes, I have struck a direction some-

where along the middle road, I am content—because I believe the New China must be regarded with dispassion and objectivity if we are to understand the mood of the nation and its people, and, more important, if we are to comprehend the reasons why communism may have an appeal elsewhere. Three essentials I consider to be paramount above all others: first, we must accept the hard fact that the regime in China is firmly entrenched, with scant likelihood of its collapse or overthrow; second, the experience of communism in China is having a tremendous impact on other underdeveloped nations struggling to improve their own conditions, notably India, despite the Tibet episode; third, while present military defenses may be indispensable, the West can prevent the spread of communism only by ensuring that the material well-being of other Asians reaches the level where communism will hold no attraction.

There is one further point. As this book goes to press, the Chinese Communists announce a revision of some of their production figures for 1958 and objectives for 1959. Instead of 375 million tons of grain which originally they claimed were harvested last year, they now say it was 250 million tons (still a bumper record). In steel, the goal for this year is 12 million tons rather than the over-ambitious 18 million tons. But statistics, as I have stressed, are of little meaning in the telling of modern China's story. The main facts of industrial and agricultural progress remain impressive, and, indeed, disquieting. Targets for the current Five-Year Plan are unaltered, the Communists are as self-confident as ever, and are even boasting that, despite severe flooding and drought in a number of areas, summer-crop yields were greater than last year's. The only safe assumption is that the gigantic economic effort will go on, side by side with advancement toward a communal society.

*London*  
*August, 1959*

GERALD CLARK



# CONTENTS

Foreword	vii
1. A Tale of Two Red Cities	3
2. Cold Cocoa and Hot Steel	17
3. "Time Is in Our Favor"	28
4. Persuasion and Indoctrination	41
5. <i>Cheng Feng</i> and the Intellectuals	57
6. "Toppling the Old Idols"	68
7. The People's Communes	79
8. "One Hand on the Hoe, One on the Rifle"	93
9. Manners, Morals, and Americans	108
10. Acupuncture and the Party	128
11. Threat on the Economic Front	139
12. The Russian-Chinese Cousins	162
13. What We Must Face	177
Index	205



## ILLUSTRATIONS

*following page 52*

The face of Old China making way . . .  
... for a blend between the New and the Old.  
The future generation, well indoctrinated in communism.  
A factory rises in weeks.  
The haste to industrialize is symbolized by back-yard furnaces.  
An American defectee in Peking, Morris Wills.  
Dorothy Fischer, another foreigner in Peking.  
In the communes, the peasants harvest the crop . . .  
... and construct a dam.  
Women of the communes do military drill every day.  
The children sing, "Taiwan must be liberated."  
Under communism, women have been "emancipated" from household chores.  
Women in a Peking textile mill.  
Women stevedores in Shanghai's port.  
Revived glory is given to acupuncture.  
A model showing 365 acupuncture points in the body.

*following page 116*

A main source of China's energy . . .  
... is muscle power: in the fields . . .  
... hacking ore for blasting furnaces . . .  
on a construction site.  
In ten years China expects to match Britain in industrial production.

The slums of Shanghai.

New quarters for workers.

The slogan of the communes: "One hand on the hoe . . .  
. . . One on the rifle."

In Shanghai, New China roars while Old China sails by.

Anti-Western posters cover the walls of the British Embassy compounds in Peking.

Russians at the Ming Tombs.

A main street in Peking.

A side street in Peking.

The Sidewinder exhibition.

Wang Feng-shu, seventeen, a commune leader.

A commune's goal for the year.

Prison director Sun Chao-chi.

Prisoners have work norms to fill.

"I was a reactionary. I now see my errors."

**IMPATIENT GIANT:  
RED CHINA TODAY**



# I. A TALE OF TWO RED CITIES

THE man who sat next to me on the Soviet TU-104 jet plane was named Hullert. Instinctively, we had sought each other's companionship at Vnukovo Airport in Moscow; the other passengers in the waiting room were either Russians, preoccupied with their own conversations, or Chinese, crisp and efficient-looking in blue boiler suits with tunics buttoned to the neck. Now, whistling toward Peking at six hundred miles an hour, I drew even closer to Hullert. For me this was an adventure into the unknown. Hullert, a youthful Swedish importer, was an old hand. He made the trip to China twice a year. "You will be surprised at what you find," he said simply.

"Energy?" I asked.

Hullert nodded ponderously, as though this was not quite the answer.

"Enterprise and industry?"

Hullert again nodded. "Yes, and more."

"In what way?"

Hullert thought carefully for a moment. "If the government would grant each peasant simply one more yard of cotton cloth a year, China's entire export of gray cotton would be consumed, four to five hundred million yards."

"But they do without it?"

"They do without it."

There was no rancor in his voice, no bitterness. It was a statement of fact he was giving, as if to tell in a single breath the story of modern China: on one hand, the new capacity to produce for a world market; on the other, the control—and personal sacrifice. "Three years of tremendous effort," promised Mao Tse-tung, "and

then a thousand years of happiness." The Chinese are now in the second year.

"Are they happy, or at least content?" I asked Hullert.

He shrugged his shoulders and smiled. "You sound like my friends at home. They want simple answers. There are no simple answers in China."

Some of the answers I thought I already knew from books I had read. Statistically, at least, there were 650,000,000 Chinese—"blue ants," one writer called them, implying that everyone was forced to dress alike and toil alike. I also knew that the sky over Peking was almost perennially blue and that the winds from the Mongolian steppes swept a fine layer of dust over the city, compelling men and women to wear gauze masks over their mouths. People worked in back-yard blast furnaces in their spare time, after twelve hours in the fields or factories, turning out crude iron ingots to hasten the flow of steel required for mechanization. And recently something else had been added, the "commune," which regimented all the peasantry, converting every man and woman into three beings at once—farmer, industrial worker, and soldier. Communes, at least supposedly, also threatened to disintegrate family life by isolating children from their parents. These were a few of the basic planks in the stage I was about to see.

But on some questions, I soon realized, general labels were misleading. On the simple question of garb, for example, *all* Chinese are not uniformly issued blue padded boiler suits. Older folk, and many of the farmers, still wear the black of their ancestors; and young women are now encouraged to buy the *cheongsam*, the traditional and alluring one-piece, form-fitting dress with high collar and revealing side slits. While politics may originally have motivated a common garb—a desire to create, superficially at any rate, a classless society—there were practical reasons for the blue boiler suits which do exist. Early on, the Communists decided that priority had to be given to the mass production of cloth needed to replace the rags many people wore after years of the Japanese and civil wars. Blue is a cheap dye to manufacture in quantity.

The sky over Peking was not quite the clear azure the travelogue authors had depicted; a slight haze reduced visibility, and I could



not see much beyond the airport building. Still, the first sight was an expected one. A Chinese officer, in khaki, entered our plane and methodically proceeded to pump his spray gun and fill the air with a sickening antiseptic odor I was to breathe in hotels, in trains, and in public buildings throughout my stay. Indoors, in the customs hall, my second anticipated impression was of a young girl, gauze mask in place, swatting flies—presumably foreign flies that emerged from the luggage of international travelers. There was a strange appeal to the scene, a quaint and fresh charm, brought on by an obsession with hygiene, to the old land of China. The crimson gates and the marble boat at the Summer Palace could wait. Here was the New China revealing itself before my eyes.

By the time I left China I was staggered and terrified. The fly-swatting, I soon learned, is only a symbol of incredible human energy that is transforming a once-backward nation into a mighty, awesome power, which, for good or bad, is rapidly becoming an enormous force in the world. It represents a way in which a people have been mobilized—many of them, I believe, willingly—to serve the state. The adults not only are exterminating insects. They are engaged in military drill. So are kindergarten children, six years old, the future generation with whom our future generation will have to deal. By the year 1980 the Chinese will number 1,000,000,000.

Last year, China produced 1,000 tractors, an infinitesimal number considering the population. But in 1957 she did not produce one tractor. The goal for 1960 is 100,000. The same kind of "forward leaps" in a variety of industries—automotive, electronics, oil, chemicals, railways—confronts the astonished visitor wherever he goes. In some ways China is still in the wheelbarrow stage, but also, in her desperate haste to catch up with the Western world, she has a cyclotron and blueprints for nuclear-powered ships. More than 660,000 students are briskly engrossed in college and university classes, three-quarters of them in science. By 1968, China intends to produce scientists on a level with the United States and the U.S.S.R. In the meanwhile, if formal education is lacking, ingenuity is not. In one commune, the peasants built seesaws in the fields. Now the children, while bobbing up and down, are pumping water for irrigation ditches.

The communes represent the social transformation, the backyard blast furnaces the industrial revolution. Together, the social and industrial convulsions now shaking China make Russia's Bolshevik Revolution insignificant by comparison. Even a reference to a "yellow peril" is as outdated as a Confucian saying, which, in any event, has been supplanted by more forceful philosophy. The color now is "orange," a blend between physical and ideological complexions. "Red and expert" is one of the slogans I kept hearing over and over again in five thousand miles of exploration. It could have been "Red and expert—and Chinese," and it means simply this: In addition to using skill and cunning in their efforts to organize resources and manpower, China's leaders are appealing to latent vanity and nationalism, especially among the young people. The young people are responding with a fanatical desire to convert bullock carts into atomic piles. The older people are also complying, if not with total enthusiasm, at least with muscle and mobility. The price they are paying, in hard work and long hours, is no higher than the price they paid in the past, when the living they earned was hazardous and uncertain. For them the reward today is food, clothing, shelter, and security, commodities much more prized than individuality or privacy.

Of the handful of Westerners who enter the People's Republic of China, most do so through Hong Kong, the British colony that lies south of the mainland. There is some virtue to this route, for Hong Kong feels and sounds in some ways like the old Orient, yet boasts the modern amenities of the West. Coca-Cola is as readily available as Tiger Balm, the cure-all ointment. Millions of ordinary Chinese live and labor in combined shop-dwellings, piling bedding atop workbenches for sleep at night, or sheltering in junks anchored in Causeway Bay. Or, if they have scaled the higher economic level, they employ servants and own white stucco homes on The Peak, the magnificent hill overlooking the natural harbor with its myriad of colored lights. Hong Kong offers an incisive reminder that despite the poverty associated with the Far East some men manage, by their own efforts, to rise above it and enjoy the rewards. If one requires a direct contrast between the restrictions of a Communist

state and the effervescence of so-called capitalism, Hong Kong is the ideal jumping-off point.

But I chose the other direction, Peking via Moscow. The contrast I sought was between two major nations that claim they are heading for "true communism." The Soviet Union, I knew from previous visits, was actually backing away from it. The Russians admit that as yet they have no more than "socialism," and Soviet leaders provide incentive by encouraging everyone to accumulate a little wealth. The *kolkhoznik*, or collective farmer, is able to sell surplus produce in the open market after he has fulfilled his deliveries to the state. And authors and ballet stars are rewarded with prestige, country *dachas*, and large bank accounts. But China, I had heard, was developing communal life and communal ownership at such phenomenal speed that soon even a wheelbarrow would have no individual's mark. As for *dachas* and bank accounts, I met movie actresses who earned the same wages as factory workers. Was there a penalty for the privilege of becoming the first real Marxists, men and women of a moneyless and, at least in theory, classless society?

I found part of the answer in the two capitals. By comparison with Peking, Moscow is an open and carefree city. This is not to suggest that Muscovites lead the outspoken or uninhibited life of New Yorkers or Parisians. But at least they have the virtue of human frailty. The Chinese, on the other hand, are the most prudish, rigid people in the world today. In their unyielding mission to evolve a perfect society, they have clamped down on sinners, critics, and foreign diplomats with such severity that the "deep freeze" in Moscow, on reflection, was a comfortable thaw. The Russians, of course, are still immersed in something of a Victorian code of morals, which dictates that statues of nudes must be shrouded in loincloths. But young couples once again feel human enough to stroll hand in hand through the parks, and even, on occasion, to kiss in public. The young Chinese regard such emotional displays as decadent and bourgeois. In Peking, Shanghai, and Canton, I witnessed no couples arm in arm.

I first experienced Moscow's rigors in 1953. Stalin had been dead only six months, and Soviet citizens were still easing themselves cautiously out of the ice water. I made only superficial contact with

them. People would chat, in restaurants or trains, about the weather, chess, and soccer, but no one dared get into open political discussion with a foreigner. The M.V.D. secret police were constantly on the alert, following the visitor and picking up any Russian who appeared to offer more information than a street direction. This time, in 1958, I was again followed—but not by the M.V.D. A rather attractive blond woman maneuvered her new Pobyeda alongside my taxi and in flawless French asked if I had any clothing to sell. Such a heretical overture in former days would have taken her to Siberia. The same evening, in the Aragvi, a Georgian-style restaurant, two youths leaned over from the next table and said they would pay good prices for suits, watches, records, or any other belongings, so long as they were from the West.

Today's Soviet citizens are relatively free agents; and tourists, who come in the thousands, are brashly approached by black marketeers or simply by men and women who desire a firsthand account of life abroad. "Is it true that rock 'n' roll is now out of style?" asked a teen-ager at the National Hotel, while two Americans, accompanied by the Russian band, were giving a demonstration to much hand clapping. This questioning is due partly to some relaxation on an official level, but mainly it is prompted by the character of the Russian people themselves. Forty years of privation and indoctrination have not robbed them of the European capacity to acquire or to seek personal gain. The result is that a debate with a member of the Russian intelligentsia is now fairly commonplace; and even though he betrays his own indoctrination, it can be stimulating. In China, as I later discovered, the intellectuals are unapproachable, except for trite small talk. Since the "hundred flowers" movement, when professors and writers blossomed forth more enthusiastically than the regime had anticipated, the intellectuals exist in a stifling atmosphere.

The Russians still put up posters exhorting workers to greater productivity for the sake of socialism, but I doubt if viewers pay much attention to the slogans. They have seen them so long that immunization or a degree of sophistication has set in. "I like to work," a waiter told me, "for this." And he rubbed his fingers together in the international sign language of money. The waiter,

whom I had met at the Aragvi, voluntarily dropped up to my hotel room to practice his English, chat about politics and the fine points of tipping—subjects avoided only a few years ago. The waiter, with a grin, admitted that he doubled his wage through customers' hand-outs. In the motherland of communism, which preaches that man must not be debased, tipping is tangible evidence that the Russians like their private enterprise, too.

The Chinese, in contrast, read their signs religiously—"All for one, and one for all"—and, moreover, they abide by them. Here is a people who once lived on "squeeze," the science of extracting all you could from your fellow man. My brother, who visited Shanghai in 1946, made the unfortunate error of having his car landed on the Pootung side of the Whangpoo River. It cost him more to ferry the car across the narrow stretch of water than to ship it across the Pacific. But, overnight, graft and corruption—and the little evils such as tipping—have been eliminated. After my first meal in Peking, I automatically left a little extra for the waiter. In horror he handed it back to me, with a small lecture about morality in the New China. Partly the new code is upheld by strict laws. Infidelity is a crime, punishable by severe prison terms. Even in Shanghai, once the Wicked City of the East, prostitution has vanished (whereas in Moscow soliciting is now openly conducted in front of the leading hotels). Chinese righteousness is prescribed by more than law alone. It stems from inherent values and is kept alive by the greatest huckstering campaign in history. But I am getting ahead of my narrative.

In some ways there is similarity between Moscow and Peking, a common striving to modernize the capitals while retaining the image of old glories. In 1955, on my second visit to Moscow, the outskirts of the city, on the way from Vnukovo Airport, still consisted of pothole roads and log cabins. Now there is a handsome parkway, flanked on both sides by a four-mile stretch of new apartment blocks, eight to ten stories tall; clean, functional architecture, of the kind found in newer developments in London, has replaced the rococo, birthday-cake effect of buildings erected in Stalin's era. Simultaneously, the populace is encouraged to visit the walled confines of the Kremlin, where palaces and art treasures serve as a re-

minder that even though the czars were decadent they were also, according to the Communists, Russians, and therefore capable of great achievements. Moon rockets and the TU-104 jet plane, which transplanted me to Peking in nine hours (as against nine days by train), are considered not only a tribute to Communist effort but part of a natural heritage.

The thought of missiles in outer space is incongruous in Peking's setting, which whispers the tranquillity of another age and a gentler philosophy. It is not without reason that many visitors consider Peking the most beautiful city in the world, for it rests in perfect harmony with the natural surroundings. Ancient rules of geomancy held that the direction of streams, the location of mountains and other natural formations influenced the actions of man, and even the position of pagodas and the design of roof tops were determined by this pseudo-science. The old emperors' architects made exquisite use of space, and carefully pondered the proportions of buildings, so that palaces and halls, with their marble balustrades and series of delicate columns, are horizontal rather than vertical in emphasis. No tower, no wall is higher than ninety feet, in order to give devils, which fly at one hundred feet, a substantial clearance.

But Peking was not planned for its present influx and population of over two million. Peking, like Moscow, has altered the trend of its new buildings. A few years ago, they did incorporate some of the features of what is known as the "palace style"; roofs were slightly curved and covered with glazed colored tiles. But there was criticism that marriage between conventional Western architecture and old Chinese was not harmonious; the tiles, some of them golden, were moreover considered needlessly extravagant. Now the roofs of buildings under construction are plain and flat, and other critics are complaining that the city is in danger of losing its ancient charm. Town planners, pressing for additional workers' quarters and government offices, waste no time over this carping or sentiment; and even though the intention was to retain historic sites, some are being demolished. Soon after my arrival, Western diplomats received a phone call from the Ministry of Foreign Affairs. "At 2 A.M.," an official informed them, "you will hear an explosion. It will be the dynamiting of an old wall—not a counterrevolution." Such wry

humor, however, is not typical of Chinese officials, most of whom are austere and sparse in their conversations with foreign diplomats. Peking, again like Moscow, was revived as the national capital only after the Communists took over. Several cities, at one time or another in China's long history, had served as capital. Peking was first a capital twenty-two hundred years ago. In the middle of the fourteenth century, when the Yuan dynasty was overthrown by the Mings, Nanking became the ruling center; but then the emperors returned to Peking and during the next five hundred years built many of its present features. In our century, under the Nationalists, Nanking (which means "southern capital") was restored as the seat of government, and Peking (northern capital) reverted to its old name, Peiping (northern level). The Nationalists believed that Peking was too far north to function as the effective hub of a nation, and too much in the shadow of former emperors to reflect a republican spirit. The Communists, instead of fearing an imperial tradition, welcomed it as a chance to point up past accomplishments as well as present ones. Peiping once again became Peking and the nucleus of all government activities. Any inappropriate or gauche reference today to "Peiping" is frowned upon. The Communists, to prevent any confused Western thoughts of Two Chinas, insist on "Peking," a clear and unequivocal name that stands for One Capital and One China. This I expected.

But I was not quite prepared for the intense nationalism, the xenophobia, that erupted around me within the first half hour of my arrival. Driving toward the city center from the airport, and accompanied by two young Intourist guides, I heard a quick description of Peking's rapid face lifting in scarcely ten years. The broad avenue we were now on, leading past Tien An Men Square (China's equivalent to Moscow's Red Square), had been completed in only a few months; and new hotels, and a restaurant seating five thousand people, could be expected to rise in the next few months. Peking, I was informed, would soon be a stunning twentieth-century metropolis in keeping with the progress and energy of the twentieth-century Chinese. "But," added one of the guides, "you must not fail to see the Forbidden City. Our forefathers, you know, were very creative." And he reminded me that it was China that first gave the

world paper, gunpowder, and printing, in addition to the distinctive beauty that is to be found in the imperial quarters.

Peking is really four walled cities in one—the Inner and Outer Cities, the Imperial City, and the Forbidden City, which even under the Nationalists was closed to the public but is now open to all for a small admission fee. The Chinese spend rest days wandering through Tien Tan Park (Temple of Heaven), where they can reflect that even if the old emperors were evil they were also enterprising. The Echo Wall, inside Tien Tan Park, has the odd quality that a mere whisper close to it can be heard distinctly at any other point along the surface. “Thus,” say the Chinese, “hundreds of years ago our builders and architects were well aware of the nature of sound waves.” On the outskirts of the city, six miles from the nearest gate, is the Summer Palace, with its scores of pagodas, towers, and pavilions scattered among two hundred acres of woods and lakes. The Hall of Benevolence and Longevity and the Hall of Delight in Longevity are now used for exhibitions that depict the feat of a people who until recently could not produce an aspirin but now are turning out all the penicillin their hospitals require. The Hall of Virtuous Harmony is a rest home for workers who have given Peking, which ten years ago possessed in terms of industry only a brewery, a whole complex of industry, including textile mills, machine-tool factories, and television transmitters. These workers bluntly mention how as long ago as the fourteenth century the Chinese managed to make in one casting a 250-ton bronze figure of a sleeping Buddha. In other words, they are saying that the present triumphs of Chinese engineers are not so unprecedented.

They are also saying in effect, “Anything you can do, we can do better. It was that way once. It will be so again.” This chauvinism is not Communist but pure Chinese—a deep-seated disdain for foreigners, which was first recorded by a British ambassador in 1792. The emissary observed with some consternation that the Chinese had affixed on the houseboat transporting him to Peking a banner proclaiming: “Red Barbarians bearing tribute.” There is, of course, an easy explanation for this prevalent feeling of superiority or resentment. Partly it is due to the old culture, including a twenty-five-hundred-year-old form of medical practice that has recently been



restored to eminence. And largely it is a reaction to a century of domination by foreign powers that operated Treaty Ports and concessions and virtually ran China. Despite the analysis, I found it more disturbing than any attitude of Moscow toward Westerners. In Russia, in 1953, diplomats lived in their own tight little community of three hundred to four hundred souls, deliberately isolated by Soviet leaders. This Soviet attitude, at the height of the cold war, was inspired by political reasons rather than psychological ones. But in China the combination of Communist tactics, scorn for foreigners, and a need for sustaining "face" has led to a particularly unhealthy type of nationalism. Even the comrade cousins, the Russians, are affected by latent Chinese arrogance, a development that will be examined in a later chapter.

In the meanwhile, Western diplomats, numbering about sixty, in 1958, were living in spiritual as well as physical compounds in Peking, under far greater restrictions than the Russians ever imposed on their colleagues in Moscow. They saw senior officials only on rare and formal occasions such as national days. And even at several of these receptions the British *chargé d'affaires* was impelled to walk out, because Premier Chou En-lai or another leader would follow a toast to "peace" with a diatribe against "British aggression" or "American imperialism." The hardening toward Western diplomats gained political impetus after the Anglo-American intervention in Jordan and the Lebanon in July, 1958. Half a million Chinese demonstrated outside the British embassy, painting or plastering compound walls with slogans and posters: "British troops, get out of Jordan." The British might have removed the posters. Instead, they chose to wait for the Chinese to do so, and thus provide a hint that the atmosphere was changing for the better. The posters, weathered and in shreds, were still on the walls when I arrived in October.

One of my first calls was on the Netherlands *chargé d'affaires*, Dr. B. J. Slingenberg; I had to wait ten minutes while he emerged from the cellar where he was busy stoking the furnace. Mrs. Slingenberg apologized that she hadn't managed to get around to dusting the living room that day; she had been busy cooking, not only for her husband but for other members of the diplomatic staff. The

forty-odd Chinese servants, employed in the offices as well as the residences of the Dutch envoys, had quit *en masse* a few days previously over a minor dispute between Dr. Slingenberg and one of the handymen. The Ministry of Foreign Affairs could, of course, have intervened and requested the Chinese to return to work, but the "strike"—probably the first in China's nearly ten years of communism—was obviously called with the approval of the ministry. If it gave the Chinese a sense of superiority to malign a diplomat in 1792, it did their ego no less good in 1958.

Strangely enough, I experienced no personal hostility during my entire stay. The Chinese retain a formal graciousness and charm and friendliness that is not even marred by the ceaseless anti-Western propaganda. Like the Russians, they explain that their antagonism is not directed at the individual but at his government. We the people, in other words, are poor dupes being led by the noses by grasping, profiteering imperialists. There is nothing particularly exclusive about this line. In the West, we regard the Chinese and the Russian masses as innocent victims of enslaving regimes.

After jet propulsion, Sigvard Hullert, my companion on the TU-104, introduced me to a somewhat slower form of locomotion, the pedicab. The pedicab has more dignity than the old-fashioned rickshaw, which harnessed man in the fashion of a horse; but even though the driver now sits astride a bicycle to haul his passenger, it still is regarded as degrading. The Communists are doing away with pedicabs, replacing them with small taxis. Before "Liberation," there were 30,000 pedicabs in Peking, but now there were fewer than 3,000, enrolled in co-operatives. A half dozen waited patiently for fares opposite our hotel; and before we could approach them, two riders were upon us. One identified himself, in pidgin English, as Old Charlie—a familiar face to pre-1949 visitors and still catering to the handful of businessmen or journalists who reach Peking. From that moment, until the end of my stay, Old Charlie waited for me every morning. Most of the time I took taxis; but if I wanted simply to roam, unattended by an official Intourist guide, and absorb sights and sounds, Old Charlie was my man.

Now, with a mate bicycling Hullert beside us, Old Charlie took

the most direct route to Peking's most famous duck restaurant, tucked away in a back street behind the main railway station. If a visitor does nothing else but fly to Peking, spend an evening over a duck meal, and then take off again, his hours are not idly spent. This masterpiece confirms why there are only two real culinary art forms in the world, French and Chinese. To start with, the duck is specially bred and fed a diet of millet, and toward the end of its days is tethered, so that it will remain immobile and grow in the proper dimensions. The practice of restricting a duck's movements may sound slightly barbaric, but any emotional conflict is forgotten in the eating. Roasted on a spit over a wood fire, the duck every once in a while is removed by a specialist, who pours just the right blend of juices, through one end and out the other. Ceremoniously, and with great finesse, it is carved in thin slices coated with paper-crisp skin in front of the guest, who then rolls the piquant pieces, together with endive leaves, into special pancakes. The carcass is left on a side table and served in a soup only after the meat is consumed.

In Moscow, the restaurants feature, of course, such traditional Russian dishes as kotelet kievsky and beef stroganoff, but I have eaten far better Russian food in New York or London. Soviet-style chefs have fallen into a thorough state of indifference, one of the more pernicious results of Soviet-style communism. And the same Soviet waiter who demands a tip is thoroughly uninterested in providing good service. You cannot insult him, any more than you can the chef, by threatening to go to a restaurant across the road—where you would find the same commonplace food and frustrating delays. Since the state owns the restaurants, and hires the waiters and the chefs, there is a leveling off, but in the direction of mediocrity. The state is also the proprietor-employer in China, and yet the Chinese individual's instinct as a trader remains intact. The waiter and the chef, who take pride in the Peking duck they lay before you, will be pleased if you inscribe a word of commendation in the "comment book" that is prominently displayed in every public house. If you neglect to inscribe anything, they will strive all the harder to please the next time you are in. It is this initiative, combined with the wholesale mobilization of human energy and an

unrelenting emphasis on hard work and austerity, that, I believe, may well compel the world to focus attention on Peking rather than Moscow in the next decade. China is taking her own road to communism. The main question now is one of time. How many years will be required before China catches up industrially with the West, or—perhaps the main target—with the Soviet Union? At what point will China qualify for the title of undisputed leader of the Communist world?

## 2. COLD COCOA AND HOT STEEL

THE hotels of China are comfortable, at least the city hotels the foreign traveler frequents. In Shanghai I stayed at what used to be the Cathay Mansions, a sumptuous establishment famous among Americans and Britons in pre-Communist days. It now goes by the name of Ching Chiang, in keeping with the deliberate government effort to change all references to former Western influence. The Cathay Mansions was part of the real-estate holdings of the Sassoon Company, once a British giant in China. Now, of course, it is state-owned; and no American has set foot in it for nearly ten years. The food is fair, the service is good, but the Westerner is likely to feel a complete sense of isolation. It is easy to imagine the Shanghai of 1948, with its tourism and large foreign colony, and sophisticated trippers in the lounges and cocktail bars. Today, only about thirty foreigners reside in Shanghai, and they have little need to visit the hotels. One or two Swiss or Swedish businessmen may be in town; but for the most part the patrons are Chinese, usually government officials or party propagandists down from Peking. The Cathay Mansions, or Ching Chiang, still has its old furniture and other trappings that bespeak Western-style luxury, and the water runs hot; otherwise it offers little attraction. It is neither fully Western nor Chinese in atmosphere, and the Chinese guests seem ill at ease, not quite certain how to correlate the physical amenities of capitalism with the need for personal austerity of communism. They crowd into the elevators and vanish onto the streets, as though anxious to escape the decadent history around them or maybe a conflict within them.

My favorite of all hotels was the Hsinchiao in Peking. It was built by the Chinese themselves a few years ago, and therefore has just the proper functional lines expected in a Communist state. At least you know you are not in the West; and if the bathroom door lacks a hook for a dressing gown, you do not consider complaining to the management. The main thing is that no bourgeois ghosts linger here, as they do in the Ching Chiang. The lobby is large and sparsely decorated, except for a grotesque marble bas-relief that covers one wall and purportedly depicts the team spirit of workers. At one end of the lobby is a stand that sells souvenirs, apples, and cookies. At the other end, a bookstall features the poems of Mao Tse-tung (in Chinese, English, French, German, and Russian) and a variety of Chinese publications in English, such as the *Peking Review* and *China Reconstructs*. In a Moscow hotel you can at least pick up the *London Daily Worker*, but not so in Peking. If you have not equipped yourself in advance with reading matter, you will find yourself relying on the *Peking Review*, which contains such pithy items as this:

The old man, in Ernest Hemingway's "The Old Man and the Sea," fought with the great marlin for three days, caught it, only to have it eaten by the sharks. Not so with the co-op fishermen of Shantung Province in east China who landed a shark 14 metres long—longer than their two-ton junk—weighing three and a half tons. When the shark struggled to escape, the junk would have capsized had it not been for the help of two other junks belonging to the same co-op. On board the junk was a fisherman by the name of Yu Chung-chang, who netted a shark of similar size several years ago. But he was alone and the great fish awed his feudal mind. For fear of offending such a sacred being, he gave up his net on which his livelihood depended and let the shark loose. He knew that this time it was thanks to the emancipation of his mind and the co-operative effort that the great shark was landed.

However, it is not necessary to buy the *Peking Review*. The Hsinchiao offers its own kind of relaxation. There are no settees or chairs in the lobby—presumably a deliberate omission to dis-

courage loitering—yet it is well worth while standing and watching the steady procession of official delegates, party members, and the occasional foreign businessman. The businessman, of course, is easy to spot, not only by his appearance and dress but by his expression of bewilderment at this introduction to a Chinese hotel. Ahead of him are likely to be a dozen Mongolian soccer players, in native costume, walking in a straight line, each man clutching a football. Behind him are Russian tourists, complete with bell-bottom trousers and overcoats down to the ankles. The East Germans, many of them technicians, are distinguishable by their leather jackets; while the Czechs usually wear docile countenances.

The Hsinchiao caters to all food tastes: on the ground floor are two Chinese restaurants, one with local dishes, the other with Cantonese-style cuisine; on the sixth floor is the European restaurant, where the menu is printed in Russian, German, and English and offers one or two specialties from each country. I usually ordered breakfast in my room, largely because I could not stomach the sight of marching delegations along with scrambled eggs. It is disconcerting enough to see forty Russians shepherded in a group at dinnertime, each one taking his allotted place at a long table and responding to a dozen toasts by the Chinese hosts. But at 8 A.M. it is positively tyrannical to hear tramping feet. At seven-thirty someone would bang on the doors along my corridor, and a voice would shout the Russian equivalent of "Rise and shine." Then, a half hour later, almost on signal, all the doors would open and slam en masse, and the delegates would troop off to breakfast.

In the midst of this Communist togetherness, Westerners instinctively draw together, even without formal introduction. There are never more than a dozen Westerners at one time at the Hsinchiao, mainly traders dealing with government agencies, and they usually start the evening at the bar that adjoins the European dining room. For some unknown reason this lounge also contains two billiard tables, so that your efforts to cope with Chinese brandy or local gin (both fairly devastating) are accompanied by agitated cries in Russian of side pockets missed. The normal approach of one Westerner to another, sitting at the bar, is a comment about the liquor and the sad reflection that Chinese communism

does not permit the luxury of imported scotch. The next question, invariably, is, "What brings *you* here?" I made some lasting and invaluable contacts among foreign businessmen, who with efficient eyes could compare standards in China and the West in such fields as textiles and steel. I also met, and spent long sessions with, Professor Charles Patrick Fitzgerald, who is one of the West's greatest authorities and historians on China. To him I am indebted for many of the comparisons between present-day China and the country he knew before the revolution.

The first couple of evenings at the Hsinchiao, before retiring, I ordered in my room a pot of cocoa, toast and jam—partly with the help of a booklet called *How to Say It in Chinese*, and mainly with sign language. The third evening, when I pushed the buzzer for service, the floor boy came in, grinning, already bearing the appropriate tray. From then on, I never had to ring. The midnight snack always appeared on schedule—until one night there was no cocoa, and no floor boy. But I knew precisely where he was. He was in the courtyard, two floors below my window, along with a score of waiters, cooks, and receptionists, gaily and energetically piling up bricks and mortar. They were making tiny blast furnaces. The government had decreed that China needed more iron for steel, and since the large commercial mills were incapable of producing sufficient quantity, the masses of people were being conscripted into service. The furnaces outside my room roared all night, and there is nothing quite so conducive to sleeplessness as the sound of clattering metal, the huzzas of Chinese who have created their first ingot of pig iron, and the fear that an entire hotel staff might be deserting its normal duties. How would I ever get cocoa again, or, for that matter, breakfast or even laundry?

The homemade furnaces, about the size of a country oven, cost next to nothing. My floor boy, when finally he did make an appearance, proudly proclaimed that the two Hsinchiao furnaces had cost two yuan (80 cents) each, thanks to materials and an old bellows the staff had managed to salvage and assemble with the aid of a do-it-yourself diagram in a newspaper. Actually, the floor boy and his mates were supposed to be turning out the iron in their off



hours. For the first few days, however, their enthusiasm carried them so far that they seldom showed up at their appointed places in the dining rooms or on the floors. Then, gradually, they began to drift back, and life at the Hsinchiao returned to its orderly pace. The furnaces were manned by only a few of the personnel, until even they gave up because the scrap metal ran out. Peking was virtually picked clean. Young Pioneers, China's equivalent of Boy Scouts and Girl Guides, walked the streets hunting for nails or odd bits of cast iron. In this patriotic drive, even gates and fences were uprooted, and for a while there was a rumor that some of the buses had lost their rear springs and were substituting with strips of bamboo. The report is probably apocryphal, but it points up the kind of earnestness that marked the early phase of the campaign for iron and steel. It was, as we shall see later, stimulated by the slogan, "Support the soldiers at the Fukien front." These soldiers, at the time, were busy shelling Quemoy and Matsu.

Pedicabs were pressed into service, hauling scrap to the back yards of the city. Across the road from the Hsinchiao, nurses in a major hospital worked at their own furnaces, and so did housewives in their narrow *hutungs*, or side streets. The housewives, spurred on by heads of street committees, watched attentively while diagrams were chalked on the pavement; and then off they went to try their hands at home construction of the furnaces. On one visit to the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, I had to wait a half hour for officials. They were busy cleaning up after turning out their daily quota of pig iron—one ton—at the ministry's furnace. In July, 1958, soon after the drive began, there were about 30,000 backyard furnaces in all of China; but by October the figure had multiplied to anywhere from 300,000 to 700,000. So rapid was the expansion that even the authorities I questioned did not have exact figures. But there was no doubt about the over-all effect. During a journey by train I saw the night lit up for hundreds of miles by a thousand pinpricks of flame that shot upward from the blast furnaces of peasants, eerie testimony to the surging movement of six hundred and fifty million people. In many rural areas, where iron ore is available in abundance and scrap is not required as it is in the cities, the people simply dug a small pit and carved their

furnace in the earth, in a native style that was first used centuries ago. In Hopei Province I witnessed the fearsome spectacle of five thousand men and women in a commune moving like a human conveyor belt toward a complex of furnaces that yielded two thousand tons of iron, and some steel, a day. The furnaces, of medium commercial style, jutted into the sky like anxious fingers; and open flame from coke ovens licked across the countryside. An endless line of bullock carts brought the ore from hills fifteen miles away, and men and women hacked away with mallets in a crescendo that still echoes across China. For the blast furnaces, aside from their practical value, symbolize the resources of human energy now dedicated to the molding of a New China. They are part of a startling new policy that says: Don't wait for the big mills or factories. Mills and factories take time to build and put into operation; meanwhile use your millions, in their huts and fields, and let industrialization rise in the cottage and village workshops, side by side with agriculture.

The furnaces are also part of a shrewd and deliberate crusade to make everyone feel that he personally is contributing to his country's emergence into the twentieth century. At the large Shi Ching Shan works, outside Peking, 31,000 workers were engaged in the commercial production of iron and steel. When their ten hours at the large blast furnaces ended, I saw some of the men move down a hill to commence operations at their individual, homemade furnaces. If this was an obvious busman's holiday, it did not matter. The Chinese say that through the back-yard furnaces they were getting as much as 300,000 tons of pig iron a *day*. No foreigner can judge how accurate are Chinese figures, but statistics, I believe, miss the point in the telling of China's story. Even if the official boast of doubling production in 1958, to more than 11 million tons, is exaggerated, there is no doubt that through mass effort iron and steel output has increased phenomenally. Passenger trains, which used to run on reliable schedule, were constantly behind time, dislocated by the priority given to freight trains. I waited on cold and crowded platforms while freight after freight shunted past, laden with iron ingots for the great mills of Shanghai or Anshan, in Manchuria. Much of the iron and steel so far is low grade

(China has to import quality steel from western Europe), but again this is not the point. The crude iron—some of which stays in the communes—is good enough for simple plows and other farm tools; and now that the big mills are receiving quantity, they can start concentrating on quality.

China is leaving it to the Soviet Union to catch up industrially with the United States. Her own target is the United Kingdom. Originally, she gave herself fifteen years; but officials with whom I spoke revised the deadline, for 1968. At the rate she is going, China may well match Britain's over-all industrial strength within the next ten years. In steel alone, the bedrock of mechanization and industry, the ambition is to produce 18 million tons, nearly the same as Britain's annual production, in 1959.

China has the biggest population and the second largest land area in the world, but working in it is like working in a tiny village, where everyone knows exactly what you are doing and with whom you are spending your time. And, worse still, in China there is almost no escaping the information department of the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, on which the foreign newspaperman is totally reliant for official appointments or interviews. Not even the Soviet Union during the "deep freeze" had quite the same intimacy, for Moscow always possessed at least a half-dozen permanent correspondents to divide the attention of the authorities. Although I doubled the representation of the non-Communist press in Peking (the only other reporter was an Agence France Presse man who arrived two days ahead of me), I do not think I threw a strain on the machinery. My first official act was to telephone the foreign ministry, where I spoke to a young man named Mr. Ho, who, plainly, had been awaiting the call. Ten minutes later I was at the ministry, and in another ten minutes I had my press card and was in business. Efficiency such as this marked my entire stay. Mr. Ho, who spoke good English, arranged interviews. And the Intourist Bureau, which adjoined the reception desk at the hotel, arranged for interpreters and transportation. It was all quite neat and tidy.

I was never followed, at least to my knowledge. There was, of course, no need for this, since the ministry or the Intourist office

or the hotel staff knew where I was at any given moment. Service, as a result, was superb. Cables were delivered at my dinner table in the dining room. Phone calls automatically were transferred if I was chatting with a Swiss or British businessman in his room. Speed also accompanied the sending of dispatches. There is no censorship in China; you simply bring cables to the post office, and the average time for transmission to London is about two hours. The censorship comes later, as one agency man discovered when he was declared *persona non grata* because his reports were "misleading." But he was not exactly thrown out. He was simply "frozen"—that is, he received no appointments, saw no officials, and so his operation had little point. The same cunning technique was used on a French correspondent, Lucien Bodard of *France Soir*, who visited China a few years ago and wrote a book that displeased the authorities. Bodard applied for a return visa in the autumn of 1958. In similar circumstances, the Russians would either have ignored or rejected such an application. But the Chinese were not going to leave themselves open to the accusation that they couldn't take criticism. They granted Bodard a visa—and then froze him. For a month he wandered between embassies and his hotel.

But I encountered no problem, on this first visit, of going to most of the places I desired and seeing what I wanted. The main exception was my fruitless request for a trip to the Fukien front, from where the bombardment of Quemoy was conducted. While tours of factories had to be planned in advance, and in the company of an Intourist interpreter, no one prevented me from spending my own time wandering through side streets, or into shops, or through the campuses of universities. I also took all the photographs I wanted. So long as they were processed in China (a first-class job, even with Ektachrome), I had no difficulty in shipping them out. Six packets, sent by regular air mail, arrived at my office in London or Montreal in good time. After a while I learned, too, that I could operate in some ways without Mr. Ho. I asked, for instance, for meetings with Americans living in Peking, among them former soldiers who had spurned repatriation after the Korean War. There was no response from Mr. Ho. But through one of the embassies

I found the addresses of the Americans and simply dropped around unannounced. Two of them came out and had dinner with me.

Mr. Ho, early on, had suggested that I submit a list of the people I would like to meet. I started with Mao Tse-tung, Premier Chou En-lai, and Vice Premier Chen Yi, the foreign minister. I also wrote letters to Chou En-lai and Chen Yi, saying, "Mr. Dulles is making statements to the world's press. If you want to keep your position clear, the way to do it is through an interview."

I repeated this to Mr. Ho, and he said, "If you read Hsinhua (New China News Agency) you will know our position."

"It is precisely because statements are carried by Hsinhua," I said, "that they are not effective. Editors regard Hsinhua as an official, propaganda agency."

"Do you think it is a propaganda agency?" Mr. Ho said sharply.

This was my introduction to Chinese hypersensitivity. I muttered something about my opinion not counting. "Anyway," I added, "Mr. Khrushchev has shown how effective a question-and-answer interview can be, so long as it is reported by a Western journalist."

Mr. Ho was frankly dubious, but dutifully he said he would forward my letters.

I waited only two days before the first appointment came through—with officials of the trade ministry. From then on, regardless of the ministry, the scene was much the same: plush chairs, a round table, and a cup of green tea constantly refilled by a woman who moved silently in and out of the room. In addition to the man I was interviewing, three other Chinese invariably were present—an interpreter and two secretaries, who sat in the background taking notes. (This practice of self-preservation, of keeping a record to counteract "misquotation," is not confined to Communist officials; in press interviews with movie stars in Hollywood, a third party also takes notes.) Questions generally were answered fully and in friendly fashion. I never felt pressed for time. In some interviews I had all I needed in an hour; others went on for two or three hours, or longer. But it was always I who terminated the session.

All along, of course, reports were going back to Mr. Ho on the kind of questions I asked, on my attitude (was I attempting to do a serious job of reporting?). Mr. Ho as much as admitted this one day

when he said, "We consider you to be a serious correspondent." Did Mr. Ho mean by this a "sympathetic" correspondent? "Not at all," he said. "We don't expect to convert you. We'll have no complaints if you report on China as you see it. We object when correspondents leave here and say that everything is bad."

But where was my interview with Chou En-lai or Chen Yi?

At no time did anyone attempt to win me over to a specific point, such as United States or Canadian recognition of Red China. I was entertained only once—by Hsu Huang, deputy director of the information department—at a small dinner party. We spoke mostly small talk, and the closest we came to ideology was when I complained about cable charges out of Peking. "It costs fifteen cents a word press rate from Peking to London," I said, "but only one cent a word from London to Montreal. Communism is fifteen times more expensive than capitalism." Mr. Hsu apparently thought this amusing, because he laughed. But he made no motion to cut the rates. Nor did he make any promises that more correspondents would be admitted into China. I pointed out that even though Americans were barred, because of a conflict between the United States State Department and the Peking government, at least a half-dozen British and Canadian newsmen were at the moment awaiting visas in Hong Kong. Mr. Hsu was silent.

The dinner party followed a rather strenuous and eventful period. At noon a few days previously I had received a phone call from Mr. Ho. "Would you please stay in your hotel room this afternoon?" said Mr. Ho. "We may come and fetch you." I said I would be happy to stay.

I had been told by Western diplomats that visitors privileged to meet the premier or a vice premier were always asked to remain where they were, presumably to prevent them from rushing over to an embassy for advice on what questions to ask. The afternoon passed rather gloomily. At 7 P.M. I rang Mr. Ho. "Should I keep on waiting," I asked, "or should I have dinner?"

"We suggest," said Mr. Ho, "that you have dinner."

"I don't know what this is all about," I said, "but would you like me to stand by tomorrow? I'm supposed to go to the country to visit a commune, as you know. But I don't mind canceling it."

"We suggest," said Mr. Ho, "that you visit the commune."

I can't remember whether I bothered with dinner that night. No one had had an interview with any member of the State Council since the flare-up over the offshore islands; and, as close as I might have come to it, it now looked as though the fruitless record would stand. At 4 A.M., still disconsolate, I rose to catch an early train. My usual interpreter was waiting in the lobby, and so was a newcomer, a Miss Chang of the foreign ministry. Miss Chang lamely said she had never visited this particular commune and now was taking the opportunity of doing so. My spirits went up again, for Miss Chang's notebook virtually jutted from the pocket of her suit. There was hope that she was yet another examiner of my suitability to interview a leader.

Miss Chang, busily and openly, made notes when I asked questions of peasants at the commune. Two days later, while I was having breakfast, the phone rang. It was Mr. Ho. "Vice Premier Chen Yi," he said a bit breathlessly, "will receive you in an hour."

### 3. "TIME IS IN OUR FAVOR"

I STILL do not know why there had been a false alarm a few days earlier, or why a final character investigation was required. In any event, I found myself, within forty-five minutes, in a foreign ministry car, accompanied by young Mr. Ho and a chauffeur. We headed for the great vermilion doors and the brilliantly renovated tower of the Hsin Hua Men, the gate leading to that part of the Forbidden City in which China's present leaders do their work. Chen Yi keeps an office at the foreign ministry, on a side street outside the walled city, but, like other members of the State Council, including Chou En-lai, he does his heavy thinking on policy inside Hsin Hua Men. Our driver, caught up perhaps in the nervous anxiety of glimpsing a vice premier, lost his way in the maze of roadways beyond the Hsin Hua gate, and we arrived fifteen minutes late for the appointment. Chen Yi was standing on the steps of the Hsin Hua Ting, ready to receive me. With him were several other officials and photographers; and, after a pose or two for the record and Hsinhua news agency, we entered the Hsin Hua Ting, a small pagoda-like building in which emperors once received foreign emissaries. The present parallel was not an exact one. For one thing, I was a reporter, not an ambassador; for another, the rule in Communist China is by a group of men acting as a *collective* emperor. Nonetheless, the mere use of this building by members of the State Council to meet foreign visitors was obviously in keeping with the desire to revive the ghost of old glories, and also to set the psychological mood for the implicit question: How important, in the destiny of mankind, was the New China?

We talked for four hours, interrupted only by the cups of tea that



an attendant poured with skilled and discreet hand. Chen Yi, slightly stockier than the average Chinese, smoked almost incessantly, another trait not common among today's Chinese, who appear to have spurned cigarettes either for moral or, more likely, economic reasons. I found the foreign minister relaxed and, although verbose, moderate in tone and manner when he answered my questions. I had prepared these almost from the moment I entered China, in the hope that such an interview would materialize. Chen Yi asked me to run through them all as a preliminary, and then he settled back in his easy chair, lit a cigarette, and proceeded to reply to them point by point. Although occasionally he interjected with a word in French—he and Chou En-lai lived in Paris in the early 1920's—we spoke through two interpreters. Three other Chinese took down the questions and answers word for word.

My initial impression of Chen Yi was of a man unhurried in his calculations and desires—and also a man well versed, if biased, in world affairs, especially if they touched on possible differences among Western allies. The only time he displayed any real invective was when he referred to "American imperialist aggressors." After several such references, I felt impelled to do some talking on my own. As a Canadian, I said, I knew the Americans, first having grown up side by side with them, and then having lived among them for a number of years. Of all the great powers in history, I said, the United States was the least selfish and the first to demonstrate she had no territorial ambitions. The United States was a threat to no one. "We in Canada are in the best position to know this," I added. "We share four thousand miles of unarmed border with the Americans, and yet we have never feared any sort of so-called aggression from them."

Chen Yi heard me out in silence, and then a slight smile formed around his mouth. "Tell me, Mr. Clark," he said, "why is it that President Eisenhower had to fly to Ottawa to meet your prime minister, Mr. Diefenbaker? Was it because Canada was complaining of economic aggression by the United States?" Well, as I have mentioned, Chen Yi was up to date and well briefed on current events, particularly if they touched on family squabbles. He had

oversimplified his question to me, but in essence he had hit a very delicate point. President Eisenhower had indeed gone to Ottawa, only a couple of months previously, largely because of Canadian criticism of American restrictive practices in trade. I murmured a few points of further explanation, but Chen Yi was far from persuaded. Like the Russians, the Chinese leadership refers with a sweep of the hand to a map and to air bases and rocket sites directed inward. Chen Yi continued to talk about "encirclement" and United States troops in Korea, Japan, Okinawa, Formosa, Iceland, Britain, and other parts of Europe. He seemed profoundly fearful that the United States intended war not only on the Chinese mainland but on the whole Communist camp. It was no use arguing, as I attempted, that these bases existed because we feared possible aggression by the Communists. "Why?" said Chen Yi sharply. "China has not a single soldier abroad." (Technically he was correct. The last Chinese soldier had returned from North Korea only two days before the interview.) Chen Yi's interpretation of why the United States refused to withdraw from Formosa was in itself of some interest, for it illustrated the distortion with which Chinese leaders, who otherwise have a strong case in their favor for the return of the offshore islands and Formosa (Taiwan), tend to regard Western actions. "The United States is holding on to Taiwan," said Chen Yi, "in order to occupy Japan, South Korea, the Philippines, and South Vietnam under the pretext of opposition to communism. It is exactly like Hitler's strategy—that is, using the anti-Communist slogan to help control the places you occupy. The United States is afraid the loss of Taiwan would give rise to a chain reaction. So it is keeping Taiwan in order to consolidate American colonial rule."

My immediate interest in the interview was the dispute over the offshore islands, which was then at its height. The United States Seventh Fleet was heavily reinforced in the Formosa Straits and threatened immediate retaliation, possibly with nuclear weapons, if the Communists should attempt to invade the islands of Quemoy and Matsu, which they were now shelling. The interview also brought out long-range Chinese policy on such issues as the Communist claim for membership in the United Nations and the ulti-

mate disposition of Formosa. But before going into the broader questions, Chen Yi made it plain that Peking would not consider any deal over Quemoy in exchange for leaving Formosa in its present status. Quemoy, Matsu, Formosa, and the Pescadores "must be liberated as a whole," is the way he put it. Behind this insistence for a simultaneous return to the mainland of all the islands was this analogy:

"It is like a burglar who has intruded into your house, occupying the courtyard in front of the house and also some rooms in the building itself. Then the burglar says, 'Now I can return the courtyard to you, but I will occupy the rooms in the house.' The landlord, of course, cannot agree to this."

Deeper still is the Chinese feeling that any separation of the offshore islands and Formosa in Western thinking would lead to a perpetuity of Two Chinas, a circumstance the Communists both dread and refuse to tolerate. Chen Yi repeated the contention that the civil war goes on, that Formosa is a part of China proper, was so recognized by President Roosevelt at the Cairo Conference during World War II, and "any outright splitting of Chinese territory is interference in internal Chinese matters." On this major point the Communists rest their argument for taking whatever measures they consider necessary to regain Formosa and the offshore islands. But why was there a sudden flare-up over Quemoy and Matsu? Why, after nearly four years of comparative peace in that part of the world, did the Communists, without warning, begin to bombard the islands in August, 1958? I had asked these questions of diplomats in Peking long before seeing Chen Yi, and, I must confess, I was never close to a sharp, clear answer. The diplomats were just as baffled as newspaper readers in the outside world, and, more, were filled with apprehension of an immediate outbreak of war. Some had even made hasty preparations for the evacuation of their families. Aside from the tension in the capital, there was also great confusion, with various missions receiving misleading information from the Ministry of Foreign Affairs. Indians, for example, were assured that under no circumstances would the Communists halt the shelling, even temporarily. Twenty-four hours later came a cease-fire that lasted two weeks. Asians were also told

privately, as I was afterward told by Chen Yi, that Formosa and Quemoy could not be considered apart, that both would have to be restored at the same time to the Peking government. And yet Premier Chou En-lai, in public statements, implied that the first task was to "liberate" Quemoy; Formosa, according to the inference, could be returned later. Later, however, the emphasis plainly returned to a linking of all the islands.

These contradictions and subtle changes only served to underline that nothing is simple or predictable in Chinese affairs. There was probably no single reason for the opening of the bombardment. The most plausible assessment includes several interlocking factors: when these were balanced together, the Chinese decided on their action. Among the main points was a possibly genuine fear that the United States and Britain were attempting to close the circle on the Communist bloc through intervention in the Lebanon and Jordan after the Iraq coup, which destroyed the Nuri es Said government, had disrupted the pro-Western lineup in the Middle East. Accompanying this fear was a desire to spread political influence, or at least neutralism, by discrediting the United States and arousing the sympathy of Afro-Asian nations. A third, and coincidental, reason was a need to keep people at home in a constant state of agitation as part of the revolutionary process. The Nationalist buildup of equipment and armed forces on Quemoy, and the continued blockade of the south China ports of Amoy and Foochow, also aroused the Communists.

Future historians may find the specific answers, but meanwhile one theory is that the bombardment was designed, after consultation with the Russians, as a diversionary move—to draw Anglo-American attention from the Middle East. But it was apparent that the Russians, even if they were frightened by Western military moves in the Lebanon and Jordan, and despite utterances that they would back the Chinese should the Americans attack the mainland, never intended that the diversionary maneuver should become too hazardous. During my stopover in Moscow, en route to Peking, the Soviet press was remarkably calm about the Far East, and played down the story, presumably because it did not want to add any incitement. Some Asian diplomats consider that the internal motive

of stirring up the Chinese populace was purely a secondary thought, since it was only after thousands of shells had been fired on Quemoy, and ten days had elapsed, that the Communist press announced the bombardment. But then obvious capital was made of the situation. Banners and headlines and radio announcers roared, "Support the men at the front." The campaign for home-produced iron and steel, which had begun modestly only a few weeks earlier, was stepped up intensively. Native-style blast furnaces erupted in the cities and throughout the countryside. Whipped into a fervor, the Chinese people unquestionably helped the government reach its incredible goal of doubling iron and steel output in 1958.

The political aim of the bombardment, to spread neutralism or disentangle such areas as Malaya and Indonesia from United States influence, was accompanied by statements and propaganda speeches intended to show that Americans are inept and therefore unreliable. When the shelling of Quemoy was resumed after a fortnight's cessation, one official laughingly told diplomats, "It is more or less a welcome salute for Dulles." The late United States secretary of state was then on his way to Taipei for a meeting with Chiang Kai-shek, and the Communists were anxious to play up as "tactless" the choice of a meeting ground in Formosa, a controversial setting for any conference that by its nature would be touching on the future of Formosa itself. The Communists were also irritated by Dulles having called it a "cease-fire," a condition demanded by the United States. Purely as a matter of face-saving, they could not accept the term "cease-fire" as imposed by a power they considered to have no business in the neighborhood. If Dulles deliberately chose further to antagonize Peking, he succeeded. But he also succeeded in inspiring ribald laughter among many ordinary Chinese when he extracted from Chiang the pledge, as announced in a communiqué, that Chiang would not now attempt to regain the mainland "by force." There was some admission in this pledge that the State Department had finally accepted the fact that a physical attack on the mainland by the Nationalists would hardly succeed; but, still, there was no apparent realization of the feeling among Chinese themselves on the mainland. Dulles still left in the

air the possibility of an "internal" uprising, a rather farfetched possibility based either on wishful thinking or deliberate misrepresentation of the available facts. There is no more likelihood of a counterrevolution in China, I believe, than there is in the Soviet Union, and for some of the same reasons. First, many Chinese genuinely believe in their system and the material benefits it offers the broad masses. Those who do not believe in it, or did not, are stifled, or are slowly being won over by the incessant "persuasion" and indoctrination. Any appreciable discontent that did exist no longer constitutes a threat to the regime. And, overriding everything else, is a factor not found today in Russia. The Chinese have not forgotten the corruption, evils, and extreme inequality associated with Chiang Kai-shek, and—State Department attitude to the contrary—would most certainly not welcome his return. When the Chiang-Dulles communiqué announced Chiang's decision not to use force in his attempt to get back to the mainland, I heard even factory hands discuss it with amusement and contempt. In their ears it was as ludicrous a statement as it would be for us to hear Nikita Khrushchev suddenly make the announcement that he has decided, after all, not to run for the presidency of the United States.

Were the Chinese Communists engaged in brinkmanship over Quemoy especially since the United States Seventh Fleet, in the Formosa Straits, was preparing for any necessary action? It seemed likely at the start of the bombardment; but several weeks later, when I saw Chen Yi, Peking was beginning to tone down any talk of crisis, at least for external consumption. In reply to a question, he told me, "If the Americans fire on us, we will certainly fire back. Whether it is a big war or a small war, we will certainly take up the challenge." I had agreed, before the interview, to the foreign ministry's request that it be permitted to check my version for accuracy of quotations. But significantly, and despite a long argument on my part, the above passage was deleted. Foreign ministry officials agreed that Chen Yi had indeed made the statement, but they also said that they wanted the interview to appear as a "reasonable" statement of policy. Also cut from my story, before I was able to cable it, was Chen Yi's description of Dulles and Chiang: "Two politicians who are not so smart." I don't think that

Chen Yi, on a second look at what he had said, was afraid of offending Dulles. But Peking was operating on the gentle line of appealing to Chiang and other Kuomintang leaders to return to the "motherland." Thus, while Chiang was being depicted internally as a reactionary, the words for his own ears were more soothing. There were other surface inconsistencies to the pattern. Inside China, the people were still agitated to sing "Liberate Taiwan," as though such an event would take place tomorrow. But, in reality, the leadership was clinging to a policy of patience and long-range expectations. "Time is on our side." This is the phrase that is heard over and over again as Chinese policy makers confidently predict an ultimate withdrawal by the United States from Formosa.

"The Americans must pull away their hand from the Taiwan Straits," said Chen Yi.

"Do you expect to see a voluntary withdrawal in your lifetime?" I asked.

Chen Yi chuckled and said, "An interesting question. I am fifty-seven now, and I don't know whether God will permit me to live to seventy or eighty. But you will certainly see it."

The other commonly heard phrase is, "We are patient, we know how to wait." Chen Yi used it in reference to admission to the United Nations, to Peking taking over the seat now occupied by the Nationalists. "We do not lose anything by the present situation," he said. "On the contrary, we are receiving more and more sympathy and support from the people of the world. We are convinced that we will ultimately enter the United Nations, just as the United States will ultimately withdraw from Taiwan. That is why we are not so impatient on these two matters. Time is in our favor."

Some Western statesmen, among them Canada's Lester Pearson and Britain's Hugh Gaitskell, have said that if Peking would separate the issues of Formosa and Quemoy, then the road might be opened for Communist China's admission to the United Nations. Others have suggested United Nations trusteeship of Formosa, so that native Formosans themselves might decide whether they want to live under Kuomintang or Communist governments, or form a separate state of their own. I asked Chen Yi for his views on these points, and promptly he made it clear that such suggestions are

"a total miscalculation," and unacceptable to Peking, since again they imply that the Formosa issue can be treated as an international question rather than the internal issue that Peking claims it is. "Trusteeship," said Chen Yi, referring back to his favorite target, "would be nothing but *American* occupation, and that is what we cannot accept. Nor can we accept demilitarization or referring the matter to the International Court of Justice. There is no hurry for us to go to the United Nations, even less so if we are asked to exchange Taiwan for it. This suggestion reflects the intention of the Americans to find a way out of the awkward position they have landed themselves in by occupying Taiwan and barring us from the United Nations. They intend to solve their dilemma by this round-about way, and, frankly speaking, we will not give them such an opportunity."

This seeming ability to be in no hurry may be dictated by other than the traditional Chinese quality of patience. Edgar Faure, the former French prime minister, after a visit to Peking in 1956, wrote that the Communist government looked at the international scene as a whole picture and would not permit it to be assembled in fragments. "Settlement on Formosa, diplomatic recognition, [admission] to the United Nations, the Security Council, 'the big five,' international prestige, Asiatic leadership—all these interlock. The whole mechanism must work smoothly and accurately," wrote Faure. His conclusion was that China would not accept one without the other, "lest the least grain of sand get into the works." I asked Chen Yi for his reaction to Faure's analysis. I think it is worth quoting Chen Yi's answer in full, for it reveals, better than any other statement I have seen by a Chinese leader, Chinese pride and sensitivity about the "superiority complex" of the West. It also sets out China's "brotherly obligation" to "oppressed countries." Some Western observers, of course, suggest that China's interest is Big Brotherly, a desire to spread ideology along with "co-operation." But here, for the record, is what Chen Yi said:

"By linking all his points, Mr. Faure was starting perhaps from good will. But I wish to mention that there is one point which he quite misunderstood. The main objective of China is to build up the country by industrial and agricultural construction, by organizing



its life better and better, and to raise higher and higher the level of spiritual and material life of its millions upon millions of people. This great effort and contribution itself will naturally exert an influence to promote the cause of progress of mankind. We are not running after diplomatic recognition by other people. We, of course, welcome other countries to give us diplomatic recognition, but we do not run after it. We do not care very much about it. It is like a big mountain standing there, and if a person does not see it, it is because he is blind. The mountain will not disappear merely because he does not see it. As for running after leadership, we are not interested in leadership—not only in the Far East but in the world. It is only the Western colonialist politicians who are all the time trying to win or presume leadership in order to bully the weak countries. China is willing to help the oppressed countries out of natural sympathy for them, because we ourselves have been subject to a hundred years of imperialist oppression. We regard it as a brotherly obligation; what we want to see is a friendly, big family of nations. But we do want to break down the leadership of the colonialist and imperialist countries, because that has been the root cause of war. So we are not thankful to Mr. Faure and we do not accept his intention to confer leadership in the Far East on us. I haven't read what Mr. Faure wrote, but on whom would he confer leadership of the world? On the United States? We would not accept that. All countries—big, small, medium—should live together in peace. And they all can take their own road. They need no leadership. They should maintain brotherly co-operation among them; that is the Chinese conception. If we have any experience which is good, other people can come to appreciate it; but we will not impose our experience on others. The conception of 'I am leading, and you must listen to me' is an imperialist conception that is quite wrong. So we hope that the politicians in the Western countries will come to see that we are now in a different age. Their old superiority complex about Western civilization and their idea that big countries can bully small countries and that advanced industrial countries can oppress underdeveloped agricultural countries are very much out of date. It is better for them seriously to give up colonialism, withdraw their military bases and forces

abroad, and agree to a world family of friendly nations in peaceful coexistence, without seeking to interfere in other countries' internal affairs. In this way there is a great hope for mankind."

Are the Chinese, as Chen Yi and others have insisted, really in no haste for recognition? Are they so wrapped up in their own industrial and social revolutions that they cannot waste time worrying about the opinion of the outside world? The Russians today are sensitive about what others say of them; they are public-relations conscious in their external affairs. It was not that way with the Russians a few years ago, but today, having attained more self-confidence as well as scientific and industrial strength, they desire to be regarded in a favorable light. The Chinese, however, display an attitude of indifference to foreign opinion. Mr. Ho, of the information department, told me one day, "If you write favorable articles about us, we will be pleased; but if you say nasty things about us, we will not care." I think he was being perfectly sincere; naturally the Chinese would like eulogies, or at least appreciation of what the regime is trying to accomplish. But if, for example, you find much to distress you in the constant indoctrination, as I did, the Chinese self-defense mechanism sets in. "We are too busy with our internal expansion to fret over what others think," they say in effect. I made the request to visit the Fukien front, arguing that at that moment scores of foreign journalists were busy on Quemoy, filling the world's press with a one-sided account only of the shelling duel between the Communists and Nationalists. In rejecting my application, on security grounds, Mr. Ho said quite simply, "We do not care what others do."

This indifference, however, is related only to foreign countries. There is a new concentration on the real possibility of coming to terms with the Kuomintang, if not with Chiang himself at least with his successors. "We are all Chinese," say the Communists, in aiming their appeal at men on Formosa. "The Americans will betray you, just as all foreigners have always betrayed the Chinese people." The theme plays shrewdly on feelings common to all Chinese—patriotism, national unity, and dislike of any foreign interference. "It would be very unwise," says C. P. Fitzgerald in his book *Flood Tide in China*, "to discount its strength and effect." Thus, any

hint that a group or party is subservient to the foreigner, and therefore disloyal to the fundamental aspiration of One China, can be damaging to the Kuomintang. At least this is the way the Communists currently are playing their tune. In their milder verse, they say, "The Americans have no right to act as spokesmen on Chinese affairs." More bitterly, in their remarks to the Nationalists, they say, "As for talk of driving a wedge between you and the Americans, we frankly do not deserve such flattery. Your link with the Americans has never been very pleasant. We neither want nor would lower ourselves to grease this disreputable axle." (*People's Daily*, Oct. 12, 1958.)

Accompanying the appeal for Chinese to stop fighting Chinese is an invitation to return "to the motherland." Kuomintang leaders are assured a place in the Peking administration, without reprisal, as illustrated by the experiences of some notable men who have already gone back. "We have never denied other people an opportunity to repent and turn back on the correct road" is the way Chen Yi put it. When I asked him what sort of role Chiang himself might expect to fill in a unified China, Chen Yi was evasive, but at the same time he gave a pledge that the reward would not be inconsiderable. There have been reports, unconfirmed, that Chiang might even receive the title of vice premier, in administrative control of Formosa itself—under, of course, close supervision from Peking. But Chen Yi would only say, "If in his last years Chiang should wake up and through his efforts Taiwan should be returned to the motherland, he would be making a very important contribution; and it is beyond doubt that the Chinese government and the people will be understanding and make satisfactory arrangements for him."

Realistically, however, the Communists do not expect Chiang to swing onto their side. At the same time they point out that Chiang is now in his seventies, and they seem reasonably certain that when he goes there will be a fight for power among his would-be successors, including his own son, and someone will be willing to work with Peking. The question then, of course, is this: If the Communists succeed in convincing a future Kuomintang leader of the need for reconciliation, of union of Chinese with Chinese, what would the United States and her allies be able to do? If the move-

ment came from the Chinese on Formosa itself, the Communists no longer could be labeled as aggressors. And how, without risking condemnation from a wide part of the world or even war, could the United States insist on retaining her position on Formosa? Formosa, in other words, might well be joined to the mainland by internal and peaceful devices; and the Americans would have little say in the matter.

Such a possibility is not too farfetched. Professor Fitzgerald, among other authorities, points out a parallel with the past. After the fall of the Ming dynasty, in the mid-seventeenth century, the Manchus were in control of the whole mainland. A Ming leader, known as Cheng, fled with his men to the island of Formosa, just as Chiang Kai-shek did three hundred years later. The Manchus, like the Communists in the early 1950's, possessed insufficient seapower to attack Cheng. He, in turn, was too weak to reconquer the mainland; and so Two Chinas came into existence. When Cheng died, his son managed to retain hold of the island; but later successors fell out among themselves and finally asked for help from the Manchus in Peking, acknowledging their authority. Formosa and the mainland became One China.

The Chinese remember the precedent in their own history. The division of the country in the seventeenth century lasted twenty-five years. How long might it last in the twentieth century? Chen Yi, after he told me that he did not count on seeing Formosa's return in his own lifetime, later rephrased his statement. "Perhaps the time is not too far off," he said, "and I will see it before my hair turns completely white." His hair already is gray.

## 4. PERSUASION AND INDOCTRINATION

SHE came confidently out of the jabbering Peking crowd, still clutching knitting needles and yarn. The people stood aside to make room for her, and then she singled out the old man who leaned against a wall. Nodding and knitting, she listened to him, and then swung momentarily to issue a curt order to the crowd, to quiet the people so she could better hear the old man's complaint. She was obviously the head of the street committee, for the people obeyed her and fell silent. I had just taken the old man's photograph, with his own permission, which had been relayed through my interpreter. But now, for some obscure reason, he regretted having had his picture taken. The woman with the knitting needles objected, too, for she turned to my interpreter and said many heated things. The bystanders, clustering around us in a circle, approved of what was an apparent reprimand; they shook their heads solemnly.

My interpreter, a rather soft-spoken girl, was chagrined. She said to me, "They are superstitious about pictures. I told them you would not take any more here."

We walked away, but the woman with the knitting needles still was not satisfied. For a hundred yards or more she followed us down the *hutung*, the narrow alley or back street characteristic of Peking. When we paused to decide on our direction, she paused, staring at us, all the while continuing mechanically and coldly with her knitting. There was a vignette here, as I saw confirmed in other cities and in the countryside: the vigilance and influence of China's women, newly emancipated from ancient oblivion and thrust into a

position of importance and authority. The woman with the knitting needles was doing only what she considered her duty, protecting the security and interests of the men, women, and children of her street. But she also had other, unspoken duties: to maintain the security and interests of the state. As head of a street committee she was a Madame Defarge in miniature, filled with her own mission to further the revolutionary process of China.

While communes, with institutionalized controls, are solidly established in the rural areas, their introduction in the cities has been postponed. During the early days of the communal movement there was considerable speculation about how the principles of extreme collective life could be applied to the cities. For one thing, communes imply that everyone must be able to switch instantly from working in a factory to plowing the soil or gathering the harvest, and such a drastic transition would obviously dislocate operations and transportation in the more heavily industrialized areas. Vague efforts were made in one or two cities, such as Shenyang in Manchuria, to organize urban mess halls; but even these efforts were abandoned when the Communist party's Central Committee issued a manifesto chastising impatient local cadres and calling for less haste. Aside from the practical problems encountered, the slowdown in the cities may be attributed to the reluctance of urban dwellers, a more sophisticated people than the peasants, to throw themselves wholeheartedly into the anonymous existence of communal eating and sleeping and working. The Central Committee, after reasoning that much urban property, anyway, was already collectivized, confessed that "bourgeois ideology is still fairly prevalent" in the cities. The farmer may have had a brief taste of possessing property during the first period of land reform, but the little shopkeeper or even pedicab driver in Shanghai had commanded his own destiny for many years, and middle-bracket mentality takes time to eradicate.

In any event, city dwellers form only one fifth of the total population, and their partial regimentation is still ensured by the street committees while the constant process of "persuasion" or "re-education" goes on. The street committee is the all-enveloping weapon on the ground floor. Its function is to translate into action

the doctrine of community thinking, rather than individual thinking, as laid down each morning by the *People's Daily*, which speaks for the men on the top floor. Committees, usually of thirteen members, are elected by residents of every street in every city in China. This minor degree of self-government, characteristic of the regime's desire to foster the impression of a "people's republic," brings material benefits, and also some pernicious practices. The chairman of each committee, usually a housewife who can stay home and keep an eye on activities and habits of her neighbors, has three main tasks: to explain the aims of the government, to reflect and transmit the opinion of ordinary Chinese to party workers, and to administer public welfare. Thus a two-way channel of communications is established. If, on one hand, something like a fly-swatting campaign is decreed, it is madame chairman who sees to it that the two hundred or so families under her wing get into the proper spirit. The usual start is at a street rally, with madame chairman and members of her committee exhorting the residents to toil for the common good. If persuasion fails, shame is employed. At one rally, attended by upward of three hundred men, women, and children, I heard the woman leader cry out, "The people's eyes are snow bright and are on you, Li Cheng." And Li Cheng, a shop clerk, crept away, presumably so mortified that he would promptly volunteer for a weekend of digging a dam site in the country.

On the other hand, madame chairman, through her daily personal contact with her flock, can sense if there is undue resentment against extracurricular labor; and if enough street chieftains report to the party that people are not yet ready for a major move, as they must have reported during the early attempt to communalize cities, the regime can declare a temporary reprieve while the educational process is continued. This is one of the great strengths of an old culture and still newer system that believes in infinite patience and gentleness. In China today, contrary to the popular Western misconception, they do not chop off heads; they reshape them. Madame chairman, who may not be formally trained in the fine art of propaganda, nevertheless plays an important part in sugar-coating the pill of indoctrination. She gives the impression that she is more interested in the welfare of her charges than in authority. If roofs

are leaky, she makes certain that they are repaired. If garbage cans are not cleared by the usual 5 A.M. or 6 A.M., she complains strongly to the appropriate city department. If husbands and wives quarrel, she mediates. At the same time she has not been unknown to notify the police of "heretical" outbursts, against the party or the system, that she may have overheard. It is also her duty to impress on children the need to inform on their parents if they demonstrate "rightist" tendencies at home.

In Peking, madame chairman has a relatively simple job keeping in touch with her subjects. A *hutung* boasts of its own self-contained personality. Gray walls stretch from one end of the alley to the other, broken only by gates painted bright vermilion. From the street, usually unpaved, you can see only the tile roofs of the single-story buildings. The gates open not into one house but rather into a compound consisting of several houses; and here play hordes of children, who can easily be reached, and here gather the men and women to relate their problems. Madame chairman, after hearing them out, can also announce in person the next item on the agenda. While I was in Peking, committee people went from house to house and browsed around on the pretense that they were, as madame chairman had declared, advance inspectors for DDT squads. In reality, their mission was to decide which families had more furniture than they could legitimately use in new quarters being built for them. The result was a compulsory mass sale of antique furniture to state-owned shops, which, in turn, designated it for export to foreign markets.

But as against this kind of evil, madame chairman, in propagandizing the new social order, also preaches that old superstitions must be forgotten and that it is a noble thing, for instance, to submit a child to a doctor's needle. The result in this case is widespread immunization against diphtheria and the fast disappearance of smallpox. In Shanghai, where committees have less orderly streets, physically, than *hutungs* to cope with, I asked one housewife if she was ever subjected to intrusion by committee inspectors. "Not by the street committee," she said. "If the house is unclean, it is the neighbors who complain."



"But aren't you upset or angry if neighbors intrude and criticize your housekeeping?"

"We do not feel that way any more," she said.

The back streets in Shanghai are not much more than earth tracks between rows of hovels. But they are at least under hygienic control, with no litter and no offensive odors. People line up for drinking water at community taps. But, as one committee head pointed out succinctly, the taps are far better than the unsanitary open troughs of former days. "We have taught our people good health measures," she said. "See for yourself if there are any flies."

The flies had indeed disappeared, thanks to the zeal instilled by madame chairman into every man, woman, and child. And simultaneously, through corner meetings and personal persuasive talks, she was getting them to volunteer for public projects and to accept the regime's philosophy. And anything else? A Western-trained Chinese doctor told me: "After our hospital fluoroscoped everyone in the district, we didn't know what to do with all the active cases of tuberculosis we found; there simply weren't enough sanatoria to handle them. So we called on each street committee to choose a house and move into it all the neighborhood patients. Now they're isolated and no danger to anyone else. They're also getting, under our supervision, proper food and shelter."

It is this combination of insidious coercion and constructive benevolence that makes the system both effective and disturbing. To the Westerner, the immorality is in the fact that the street committee can even possess the authority to evict summarily a family in order to requisition a house. To the Asian, the act is perfectly logical, since it is designed to improve the economic well-being of all. But what about the loud-speakers shrieking messages at street corners, in railway carriages, and even on building sites, where men and women are busy erecting the New China? The loud-speakers say the same things over and over again: "Liberate Taiwan," "Stop the war maniacs." What of the workers, in factories and offices and fields, who for a couple of hours every day must study "international" affairs and party doctrine? According to China's view of the world scene, the West is composed of war aggressors, while the

socialist camp is peace-loving. Bit by bit, much of it sinks in, especially among young people, to the extent that a conversation with a Chinese today comprises a series of clichés.

Ask a young Chinese simply to translate the day's headlines in the *People's Daily*.

"Forcible Occupation of West Berlin," he reads aloud.

"Forcible occupation? By whom?" you ask.

"By the American imperialist aggressors, of course," is the impatient reply.

"What else does the paper say?"

He picks the second headline: "Gloomy Prospects of U.S. Economy."

Gloomy prospects?

Yes, many more hundreds of thousands are unemployed and starving, and President Eisenhower is forced to consider reintroducing measures of 1931, to counteract the depression now caused by the capitalists.

The next headline, please.

"How Shouchang County Increased Its Yields." (Shouchang's peasants shattered many outmoded conventions in farming and perfected new farming skills. This could be done only under socialism.)

And after that?

"Eisenhower Again Stresses 'a Powerful Deterrent.' " (It is easy to see that the United States administration's attitude toward peace is far from serious.)

And then you discuss the headlines.

"Do you really feel that America wants war?" you ask.

"Not the people. They want peace. But the people are controlled by the Wall Street monopolists, who need war to maintain their hold on the people."

"How do you know so much about 'Wall Street monopolists' and their attitude?"

"It is all here in print, in black and white. Anyone can see with his own eyes what is happening in America."

"Have you seen with your own eyes?"

"Of course I have seen"—and now the tone is decidedly peevish

at such a doubting question—"does not Hsinhua tell us what is happening? Is it not here, in the *People's Daily*?"

No correspondent from Red China is stationed in the United States. But it is written here, in the *People's Daily*, and on the radio, and over the loud-speakers—all of the distortions, the half-truths, and the unashamed fabrications—to be digested slowly, but with deadly penetration. The Westerner asks himself how it is possible for people to accept the written, or spoken, word without a murmur of doubt, or, indeed, even any indication that they *desire* to doubt. The Westerner then reminds himself that he is dealing not with Europeans but with Chinese, to whom acceptance of a doctrine is nothing new. In the past, the philosophy was Confucianism, imparted by scholars who set the mood of behavior for the rest of the populace; now it is the philosophy of communism and allegiance to the state that are being implanted by the new mandarins or cadres. Aside from moral differences between Confucianism and communism, the current indoctrination is far more intense and pervasive than anything China has previously known. It is supported by the sharpest advertising campaign in history. The campaign, designed to sell six hundred and fifty million people on one way of life only—communism—is cunningly directed, and takes such simple forms as getting the people to swat flies or kill mosquitoes because they spread disease. And it stretches upward, into the blast furnaces, goading people into spare-time labor of producing iron and steel. There are tangible results, of course. China needs iron and steel, and it is a good thing to have a few hundred thousand home-made blast furnaces in back yards and farm fields. The campaign to exterminate sparrows saved much of the grain crop.

But always behind the practical and ever-changing campaigns is a psychological motive: to keep people hopped up, to push communism, to prevent the masses, and more particularly party workers, from slumping into a condition of indifference. By tradition, the Chinese have the tendency to set up high human walls, to protect themselves from all interference with an established mode of living, and to sap the energy of those who aim to impose a will of their own. Even Sun Yat-sen, the leader of the first republican revolution nearly fifty years ago, was up against this basic problem: Nearly

twenty-five centuries of Confucianism and Taoism, and fifteen of Buddhism, had taught that inaction was the greatest privilege of the wise. "Government should be as simple as the cooking of little fishes," proclaimed Lao-tse, the founder of Taoism. Governors and politicians of past regimes were most admired when they enforced laws the least. In an attempt to counteract this inertia, Sun Yat-sen sternly warned his contemporaries: "We are living in the world. We must act or perish."

Brought up with this warning still in their ears, and the discipline of Marxism in their bones, China's present leaders have made certain that the masses are kept active. Another old saying is remembered: "*Shang hsing hsia hsiao*"—as those above act, those below conform. Mao Tse-tung, Chu Teh, and Chou En-lai lead austere, almost monastic existences, dedicated to the building of a nation; and millions follow suit. If the average man lacks strength or enthusiasm for constant total effort, at least the party workers still retain drive and energy necessary for the proper momentum. Perhaps there is a momentary flagging, and then a short, sharp outburst, and again a slight falling off in production, but the over-all effect is a climb to greater heights. So far, the traditional human wall of resistance is nonexistent, partly because many Chinese approve of the material benefits provided by the regime, and largely because those who do lack enthusiasm have not had an opportunity to slouch into lethargy. What Mao Tse-tung calls "the uninterrupted revolution" is nothing more than a shrewd awareness that Chinese energy can be properly channeled if the masses are kept in a constant state of agitation. If it isn't one thing, like building blast furnaces, it's another, like collecting manure for fertilization, or a campaign to stop spitting. Notorious for their old habit of expectorating in public, the Chinese have astounded returning visitors by their new fanaticism for hygiene. In Canton I saw Young Pioneers chastise a man, then circle with chalk the spot on the sidewalk where he had spat, and inscribe his name alongside it—for all shocked passers-by to behold.

The man in the gray flannel suit, selling soap from an advertising office on Madison Avenue, could learn much in technique from the man in the blue tunic who operates around Tien An Men,

the hub of Peking. China's leaders even take advantage of people's fatigue. Toward the end of my stay I detected signs of weariness: people were slowing down at the blast furnaces or were not remaining at their jobs until the usual 7 or 8 P.M.; students were beginning to drift back listlessly from the communes to the cities. Yet Mao and Chou appeared to understand in depth their own people. Just as I was leaving China, the *People's Daily* declared: "We must see that they get sufficient rest for the sake of their health." Workers and peasants, said the official mouthpiece, must have at least eight hours of sleep a night. An almost audible sigh of relief and gratitude swept the nation. "You see," party disciples said, "Chairman Mao thinks of our welfare." But would they recall that it was Chairman Mao who took away their sleep in the first place? The pattern is terribly simple. First, when they assumed power in 1949, the Communists concentrated on giving the people food and clothing. Then they animated them into a frenzy of labor, and finally they let them catch up on sleep—until the next urgent need for concentrated energy. But no time can be allowed for a retreat into indifference.

The huckstering campaign takes odd but obvious twists. One reason for the sudden shelling of Quemoy in 1958 was undoubtedly in keeping with the standard revolutionary practice of inspiring people to work harder by presenting an external "menace," in this case the threat of "aggression" by the United States. Not only were workers defending their homeland by turning out steel for guns and machines, cried the propagandists, they were saving civilization by standing up to the Americans. When the United States supplied Chiang Kai-shek's air force with the Sidewinder, the air-to-air missile, Communist fighter planes were badly caught off balance. Peking promptly cursed Americans as inhuman for introducing this "devilish" weapon, and exhorted the masses to even longer hours of toil. I attended an exhibition at the People's Cultural Palace in which an unexploded Sidewinder, which had been fired at a Communist plane over Chekiang Province, was on display. Fervent and incensed spielers told large groups of Chinese, among them children, of the evils of American imperialists, who were responsible for launching guided missiles against human beings for the first time in history. Outside the Cultural Palace, a massive poster

showed the hand of the Chinese people grasping the head of a United States snake—representing the Sidewinder—while the tail throttled the imperialists. In a book of comments, a factory worker made this inscription: "I am very indignant against America. The Chinese people refuse to be terrorized by this kind of military provocation. I will now work harder."

The exhibition, viewed by fifty thousand workers the first week alone, widely reported in the press, was typical of the instruments used to urge the people into doubling their effort in the iron and steel drive. But in some ways the unexploded missile misfired against the propagandists. It caused the people to take a second, disquieting look at Americans, who had been depicted in thousands of posters as puny; there was nothing puny about the terrifying Sidewinder. It was no coincidence that shortly afterward the *People's Daily* was filled with long, reassuring essays by Mao Tse-tung on "paper tigers." ("All reactionaries are paper tigers. In appearance they are frightening, but in reality their strength is not so great.") A hasty switch was made in the propaganda line. Now the people were told that the Nationalists were firing poison-gas shells supplied by the United States; this was closer to the type of imaginative talk that incited the Chinese during Korea, when Americans were accused of germ warfare. One strange, but characteristic, bit of Chinese logic was demonstrated by a university professor who told the Hsinhua news agency that the Americans were now driven to gas warfare out of desperation, evidence that they had no strength at all. But, so far as I could make out, the accusation of gas shelling had no lasting effect. While the Chinese believed, and still believe, that the Americans diabolically threw germs against their troops in Korea in 1950, they were not pursued into a belief that poison gas was being used in 1958. For one thing, the need for this kind of propaganda diminished when the flare-up over Quemoy died out. The emphasis again shifted, to the more tranquil and tidier goal of surpassing Britain, industrially, within the next decade, or by 1972 at the latest.

"We Will Overtake Britain" is one of the most prominent slogans displayed on billboards today. In China, unlike the West, there is no advertising of commercial products. Instead, the state as the manu-

facturer of materials and ideology underlines the broad themes in its propaganda before getting into such specifics as fly swatting. In the early days of the revolution, the main theme was that China's backwardness was due to the neglect, misrule, and corruption of the Kuomintang, an appeal that found ready listeners. Later, the focus was on the Americans who, it was said, in wanting to overthrow the Communist regime, were also trying to stop other people's revolutions—revolutions which the Chinese feel are producing anti-Western governments throughout Asia, Africa, and Latin America. Now the appeal is patriotic—a strong China getting back what a weak China lost, including, of course, Formosa. The new patriotism is tinged by a sharply nationalist tone, bordering on arrogance and reflecting infinite confidence in the nation's rapid rate of development and industrialization. Perhaps the best example of a propaganda symbol in the whole of China is a double-decked bridge carrying both road and rail traffic over the Yangtze River at Wuhan. It was built by the Chinese ("with Soviet technical advice") after, according to the Communists, American experts had said such a bridge was impossible because of the soft river bed. But the strident nationalism is now carried into even smaller detail. As late as 1956, Chinese posters and banners were drawn on Russian lines, with such modern figures as shirt-sleeved workers standing beside mechanized tractors. Traditional emblems, such as the dragon, were regarded as archaic, feudalistic, and reactionary. Today, however, the posters that proclaim "Overtake Britain" show the Chinese people embarking on an intricately carved dragon boat, silken banners fluttering stoutly in the breeze while, in the distance, a grotesque John Bull stands on the deck of an outmoded and foundering sailing ship and looks with trepidation and awe at the oncoming new giant. The motif is in the ancient Chinese artistic tradition, complete with kinky clouds, flapping birds, and indomitable dragons, which have now been restored to glory and favor.

In more than one way, the dragons testify that some things never change in China. If the revived mood of vanity had its origin in the times of the emperors, so too the Communist technique of "gentle persuasion" can be traced back thousands of years. Those emperors

who followed the teachings of Confucianism to the letter knew that force should not be employed in any attempt to gain acceptance by the masses of a new doctrine or dynasty. The rules for moral suasion and exhortation, as laid down by Confucius, made it plain that use of force was an acknowledgment of defeat. Most emperors, of course, called on their soldiers on occasion to imprint weightily any dictates that peaceful education failed to implant. But in general the Chinese people, unlike those of other lands, accepted preachment as a normal part of their lives. The principal difference today is that the Communists, in following the expected Chinese conception of how to induce acceptance, can call upon the modern weapons of radio and press and a vast party apparatus far more overwhelming than anything ever possessed by the most powerful emperors. Even during the period of land reform, which followed 1949, the Communist leaders did not take the obvious or simple path of outright seizure of property from landlords. Instead, they took the more crafty steps of dispatching party cadres to the villages, to agitate peasants, to "instruct" them on what were now their rights, and to get them to demand public trials of those landlords who faltered in "voluntarily" dividing the soil among former tenants.

No one knows exactly how many executions took place in the early 1950's. Estimates go as low as 800,000 and as high as 14,000,000.\* But it is unlikely that the killings were part of a premeditated policy on a top level; rather, they were conducted by the men in the field, out of overenthusiasm or a desire to satisfy any revenge lust of peasants who had been unduly oppressed by landlords. The leadership, of course, by not halting the early bloodletting gave its tacit approval. At least, it must have pondered, the executions satisfied some public wants while the cooler, and more lasting, machinery of persuasion was being organized. Today the heads no longer roll. Instead, the nonconformists, the disbelievers in the regime or system, are subjected to what Mao Tse-tung refers to as

\* Precise figures are impossible to obtain. The estimate of 14,000,000 was arrived at by the A.F. of L. in 1952. Mao Tse-tung was reported from Warsaw in 1957 as mentioning 800,000 executions. Independent Western observers had previously come roughly to the same estimate.





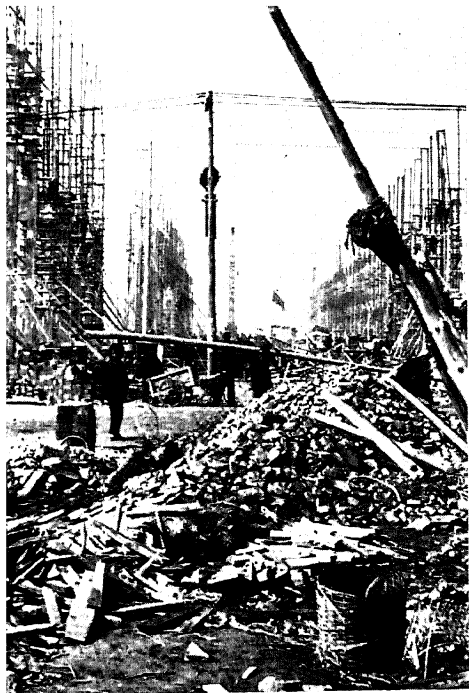
The face of Old China, making way...



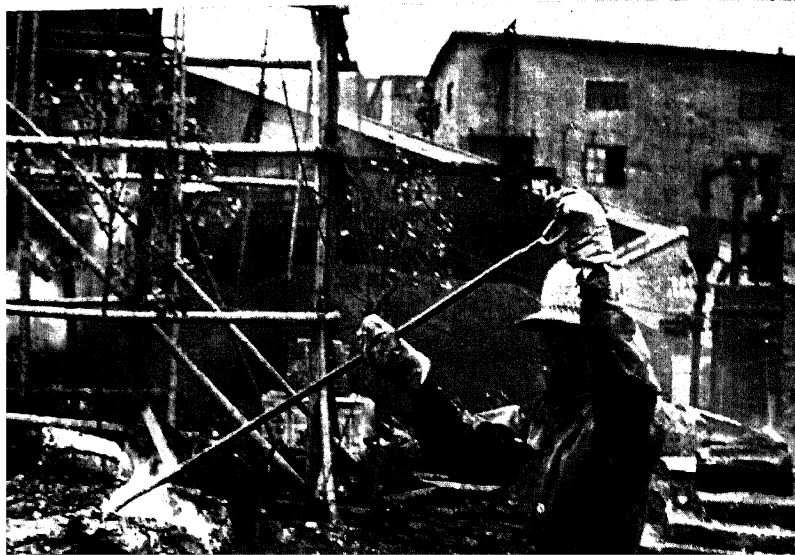
...for a blend between the New and the Old.

The future generation, well indoctrinated in communism.





A factory, with prefabricated concrete pillars, rises in weeks.



The haste to industrialize is symbolized by this man turning out back-yard pig iron.



An American defector in Peking, Morris Wills, leads a split existence.

Dorothy Fischer, like other foreigners, is not completely acceptable.





In the communes, where everyone has multiple functions, the peasants harvest the crop . . .

. . .and, with an endless human conveyor belt, they construct a dam.





Women of the communes do an hour's military drill every day.

The children also train, and sing: "Taiwan must be liberated."

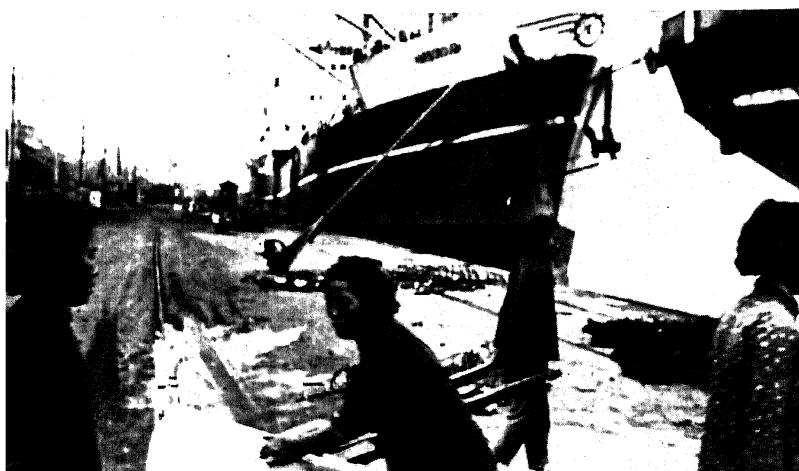




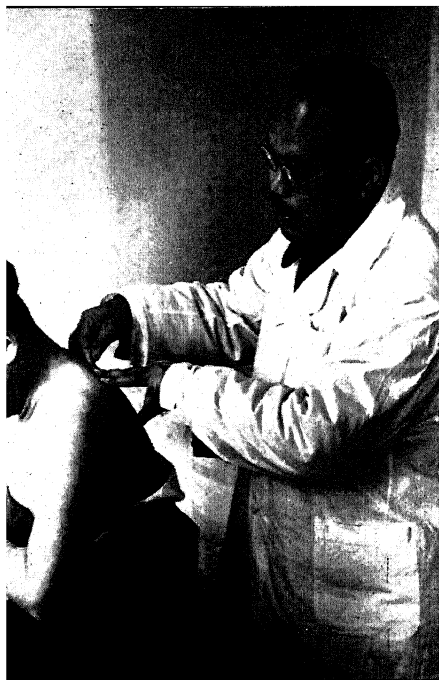
Under communism women have been "emancipated" from household chores.



Women work in Peking textile mills.



They also work as stevedores in Shanghai's port.



Revived glory is given to acupuncture, ancient and nonscientific technique of inserting needles to relieve ailments.

Medical students and the public examine a model showing 365 acupuncture points in the body.





"painstaking reasoning." Talk, talk, talk, never stop talking; forget violence, it may fill an immediate need, but can have no enduring effect, not only on this generation but on generations to come.

Are Mao's admonitions, which, after all, only follow the inherent Chinese pattern for persuasion, taking root? In Shanghai I discovered a telling example of the incredible patience, and use of manpower, in the implementation of his philosophy of "softly, softly." A small boy, aged about ten, became tired of wandering the streets. And so he lay down on the road, atop some trolley lines. Traffic pulled to a halt, and a crowd gathered, and the boy stayed there, grinning up at everyone. "Please now, you should move," pleaded a motorman. "It is not correct of you to do what you are doing." The onlookers murmured their support for the motorman; still the boy grinned back. To a Westerner watching the scene with some incredulity, the first reaction is to say: "Why the deuce don't they just pick him up, spank him, and send him on his way?" But the Chinese responds to this suggestion in a horrified voice: "Chairman Mao says we must never use corporal punishment. We must use persuasion." And so, for a half hour, the crowd "reasoned" with the boy, until he had enough and decided to trundle off home.

Perhaps it all seems like fantasy to us, but this is the kind of gentle coercion that is having effect on six hundred and fifty million Chinese. Other procedures, of course, are also employed, among them the daily compulsory courses for everyone in political "learning," and the confessionals. Persuasion, criticism, and confession go hand in hand and are usually conducted in a group, so that pressure doesn't appear to stem from officials but from the people themselves. In Shanghai I had to quit the office of one of the few remaining Western businessmen because his Chinese staff were about to commence their afternoon discussion of "unity-criticism-unity." In this collective purging, each Chinese is supposed to point out any greedy or ambitious habits of his co-workers, so that ultimately they can all toil together more zealously. In case enthusiasm for the new ways of China should begin to languish, the party keeps up the excitement with an endless succession of propaganda rallies. *Kai hui* is both the "right and duty" of every citizen to conduct or attend a patriotic meeting. And the youngsters must not be

overlooked. They come out in great numbers, to learn what the government wants them to know about the Western world as well as the internal needs of their own country. In this manner, this supplementary diet to the steady indoctrination in school courses, the future of the system is protected, for Truth, as defined by the regime, must slowly and steadily be absorbed, starting with the youngest age. If philosophies of the past, such as Confucianism, were gradually inculcated over many generations, then communism can do no better than emulate—at a more intensive and scientific pace, of course. The propaganda is everywhere—slogans over school buildings, slogans painted on the pavement or hung up in the form of banners in a factory workshop. And the street rallies feature not only talk, talk, talk. They draw the crowds by the sound of music and dancing and actors' voices. The new government has converted the popular arts to its own needs. Before, the villain of a play was a corrupt official. Now, as portrayed in a skit on a street corner, he is an American imperialist. In the old days you hung a good-luck motto about prosperity on your front gate at the New Year; now you affix a banner demanding increased production of iron and steel. New wine goes into the old familiar bottles and it slips down easily. Some apologists for the propaganda technique of New China say that, first, it is not so unprecedented in terms of Old China; and, second, it is not so really different from the conditioning experienced in the Western world, where, from an early age, people are brought up to believe that only their system is good and all is evil in a Communist society. The fallacy of this argument, of course, lies in the simple fact that any persuasion in the West is voluntary or self-imposed; it is not inspired by deliberate government decree, nor is it spread without dissenting voices being heard. In China, for any kind of state cause, the crowds are called out. You march along the streets and beat cymbals and drums because you've beaten your production quota; you also stand up and denounce colleagues as "reactionaries" because they expressed views opposite from those of the party.

But, in keeping with the current spirit of "painstaking reasoning," most are rehabilitated through the gentle art of persuasion. "Put as many as a dozen men," say the Communists, "on the job of

saving one soul, of convincing one man that our ideas are right." At least after a while he'll echo the ideas, even if he doesn't quite believe them. For the more stubborn cases, or those guilty of the more serious crimes of working with the Nationalists for the overthrow of communism, there are such establishments as Peking Prison. I found it surprisingly easy to arrange a tour of the prison and to take photographs. The authorities are proud of this institution, since it is spotlessly clean and immensely productive. But it also provides a terrifying, revealing picture of how the brain is reshaped to suit the system. The walls are whitewashed; so are the men's minds. Of the one thousand four hundred inmates, including one hundred women, two thirds are officially classified as "reactionaries." They are mixed with the rest—ordinary criminals whom the People's Courts call "robbers, cheaters, corrupters." The "reactionaries," many of whom are accused of acting as agents for the Kuomintang, serve terms of from three to ten years; some for fifteen years. The director of Peking Prison, Sun Chao-chi, explained it this way:

"The policy of our country is to reform through labor. When the men and women came in they were criminals; when they go out they are skilled workers. First, we let the prisoners confess their crimes. Then we teach them that what they did was harmful to the state and the people. We give them education in political and current affairs, and let them know the international as well as the internal situation. By showing them the future of the country, we give them confidence in their own future."

I asked one of the prisoners, "What was your crime?"

"I was a reactionary."

"What did you do?"

"I was an agent for the Kuomintang."

"What have you learned here?"

"At the very beginning I could not admit my crime. But after a year's learning I now see my errors."

I spoke to a half-dozen others, and received the same mechanical, toneless replies: "I was an agent for the Kuomintang. . . . I now see my errors." Some are former schoolteachers; others held less fashionable jobs. But all had one thing in common: they acted too

sharply or too obviously (or were accused of doing so) against the regime. Their re-education consists first of admitting, under long and patient instruction, that they thought wrong thoughts. The next and more lengthy stage is to teach them that communism is right, that the leaders of the West—particularly American—are warmongers, and that only by hard work and vigilance can China protect herself.

"Eliminate the ideology which is non-socialist," proclaims a slogan painted in red across the wall of one of the cell blocks. In the corridors, on placards, hang poems written by the inmates and dedicated to "peace." A bulletin board displays the photos of prisoners who have fulfilled their workshop norms, their example presumably an inducement to other prisoners to work harder and enjoy reduced sentences. Some Chinese are still executed, but only those, according to the Communists, who are parachuted into the mainland by the Nationalists, purposefully, to perform as spies or saboteurs. Force, of course, is kept in reserve, to be applied if need be, on a wholesale scale. Meanwhile, the binding atmosphere of the nation as a whole is reflected, in minute form, by Peking Prison. Whatever its tender methods, the Chinese Communist experiment in persuasion is likely to prove the most successful example in human history of conformation and mass brainwashing. Side by side with indoctrination, the warning against outside danger is designed to spur the people into greater output. At the prison they produce knitted nylon hose, for export through Hong Kong, and nowhere have I ever seen men work more quickly, darting from spindle to spindle like agitated robots. In keeping with the "leap forward," prisoners even began to build their own knitting machines.

Their schedule includes nine hours a day for work, two hours for "learning." Director Sun pointed to the opinion box and said it was surprising how quickly prisoners learned to express the opinion that they had been short-sighted in not seeing earlier the virtues of communism. I asked: "Does anyone ever write, 'I am of the opinion that I should be released'?"

Director Sun smiled. But he made no comment.

## 5. CHENG FENG AND THE INTELLECTUALS

IF THE masses of Chinese are succumbing to the slow and methodical process of persuasion, what about the impact on the intellectuals?

My visit to Peking Prison, where the most dangerous political thinkers are incarcerated, was preceded by a talk with Chang Hsi-jo, one of the most cultivated men in China. Chang, a graduate of Harvard University and the London School of Economics, speaks impeccable English, dresses in Western style, and instinctively knows how to translate Chinese attitudes into a meaning comprehensible to the foreigner. Now in his mid-sixties, he fills a dual role in New China. A revolutionary at the age of nineteen, under the leadership of Sun Yat-sen, who plotted the overthrow of the Manchu dynasty, he is a link between the old system and the new. Now, as chairman of the Committee for Cultural Relations with Foreign Countries, he is also a principal spokesman for the government. One wonders, in view of his urbane background, how much he really believes of the recitation he gives the foreign visitor.

He had a ready answer when I asked him about the fate of the intellectuals who, during the "rectification" campaign of 1957, openly criticized a one-party system.

"They had seized the occasion to preach things that were against the socialist interests," said Chang. "Of course we had to be serious about this."

"Were any put in jail?"

"Not to my knowledge," said Chang, glancing at the ever-present third man who sat opposite us taking notes.

"Can people express themselves freely?"

"Of course they can," said Chang. "But when they intrigue, that is different. It becomes a political affair, not an intellectual one."

"What happens to those guilty of intrigue?"

"We try to persuade them that they are wrong and we are right. Some go to voluntary labor camps. If there is insufficiency of understanding about socialism, we give them a chance to learn and study. But there is no use putting them in jail. This is fundamentally a mental problem."

Despite the fact that I later met schoolteachers in Peking Prison, Chang was basically truthful about dissident intellectuals. Most do go to corrective labor camps instead of jail, for relatively short periods of a couple of years; there they unlearn their former decadent "bourgeois" ways and study afresh according to party dictates. In company with the masses, they also perform what the Chinese consider a constructive task of manual labor. In the process, what promised to be a fairly flourishing intellectual life, even under communism, is being strangled. Except for formal occasions, such as my interview with Chang Hsi-jo, the intellectual no longer meets the Westerner. Gone are the days, which existed up to two or three years ago, when visitors were received in Chinese homes and conversations were reasonably frank considering the pervasive atmosphere of an oligarchic regime.

Ironically, it was the intellectual class, as much as the peasantry, that was initially drawn to communism by its promises, although for different reasons. For the tenant farmers, communism meant a release from oppression by landlords. For scholars, it meant a return to the old position of authority. From the earliest times until recent history, the most powerful group in China, despite their small numbers, were the men of learning. Only the *chun tzu*, or scholar, was eligible to become a mandarin, and thus administer state affairs for the emperor. This system of an exclusive ruling class was handed down from century to century, and continued virtually unchanged until the collapse of the Manchu dynasty. But in the disorders that followed, from 1912 to 1928, warlords and generals took on new importance. With the rise of the military order came a corresponding decline in influence of the scholar

class. No longer was the *chun tzu* the dominant figure in Chinese life. Instead, two groups of newcomers rose to the major positions of sovereignty under the Kuomintang party: one, the military officers; the other, the merchants and bankers who flourished under the Treaty Port concessions. From their ranks appeared the high-level civil servants. With no state function left to them, a whole generation of scholar gentry retreated to the only alternative profession, teaching. Some smarted under the loss of their supremacy. Others, caught up in the fever of revolutionary days, were dissatisfied with the failure of the Kuomintang to carry out the social reforms envisaged by the late founder, Sun Yat-sen. Still others were humiliated by the existence of foreign concessions in the principal cities and the decline in stature of China, for centuries a fountainhead of wisdom and culture, in the eyes of the world. Intellectual Marxism, among students as well as professors, had a ready appeal in the universities, especially after the Russian Revolution had transformed a backward land, like their own, into a mighty nation.

Chang Hsi-jo, who as a youth was caught up in the ferment of Sun Yat-sen's time, speaks of China's hundred years of subservience to foreign powers: "Some good things came in with the bad things. Freedom of thinking came in, otherwise we wouldn't have had the revolution of 1911. When I was a high-school student, we admired the American and French revolutions. So you might say that Voltaire and Rousseau came together with the Bible, whisky, and bayonet of a foreigner. But the Sun Yat-sen revolution failed because it did not provide the wants of the people, nor did it rid us of foreign domination. The Communist revolution succeeded on both counts."

For men of the old scholar class, like Chang Hsi-jo, who at one period taught political science, the Communist regime meant not only an academic life but also the chance to serve the state once more. The Communists needed the modern *chun tzu* to help administer the country on a far vaster and more methodical scale than any emperor had ever attempted. Moreover, only the educated class was capable of spreading Western technology, without which the ambitious and impatient program of industrial development

could not be pushed forward. Scholars were recruited in large numbers in the ministries; they also had new funds to expand university courses on a mass scale. From the regime's point of view, of course, not all intellectuals, particularly those who had trained abroad and acquired a fresh attitude about freedom, could be considered safe. But they would have to do until the younger generations, well indoctrinated, emerged from schools and colleges. For their part, some of the intellectuals promptly embraced communism wholeheartedly by becoming party members. Others stayed out of the party but co-operated with the regime. If there were fears in their minds about the autocratic character of a Communist system, they rationalized by recalling the history of their own class; for centuries, the scholar gentry had worked, and survived, under constant threat of severe penalty if they incurred the disfavor of absolute monarchs. This traditional lack of total freedom had its even more recent examples. Under Chiang Kai-shek, liberals and left-wingers were banished from universities or imprisoned. Many younger men, early in the civil war, fled from the cities and joined the Communist university at Yenan, in the strongly held hills of the northwest. When the war on the mainland ended, a reverse migration took place. Intellectuals quit Shanghai, Peking, and other centers, and slipped across the border at Hong Kong to escape Communist rule. Among those who remained behind there was at the very least the hope that life would be no worse, and possibly would improve, under the Communists. In other words, they said, "Give them a chance."

But now what do they say? In any talks I had with intellectuals in university or government posts I heard only the expected patter: people were happy, everyone worked with dedication, and standards had risen. But what did they really think about their own lives, their desires, their frustrations? I do not know. All my interviews, by necessity, were arranged through the information department of the Ministry of Foreign Affairs and were scrutinized by at least one or two officials. At no time did I succeed in having an informal chat or a casual, social meal alone with a Chinese. One man, a frequent visitor in the past to Canada and the United States, seemed even more interested than others in his meeting with a Westerner,



despite the fact that we were in the presence of a party member. Instinctively, I felt that he was yearning for the opportunity to ask questions about the outside countries he had not seen in nine years. I asked him if he might find an hour sometime to join me in lunch. He did not say, "I'm sorry, I'm very busy this week" or "I have to go out of town." His eyes downcast, he said, "I'm afraid that will not be possible." It was not possible because intellectuals today, fearful of being denounced as "rightists" and sent to corrective labor camps, spurn any personal contact with foreign visitors. It was not so as recently as early 1957. Westerners returning to China after a long absence were warmly greeted by old Chinese friends, were entertained in their homes and engaged in political discussions. The intellectuals in 1957 were not by any means outspoken; they skirted around delicate subjects involving the regime. But at least they were approachable. Today they are remote and silent.

In the interval has taken place the deadening and mysterious campaign of *Cheng Feng*, or rectification; mysterious because its origins and purposes are shrouded in Chinese logic, which is not always intelligible to the Westerner. The first major reference to *Cheng Feng* in Communist literature was in 1942, when Mao Tse-tung, guiding his forces from Yenan, delivered a philosophic discourse on the need "to rectify party methods." Mao reminded his followers that if the revolution was to flourish Communists, who would be limited to a tiny percentage of the over-all population, must work with dedication and remain above reproach in the minds of the masses. The tendency he feared was for any select group to become arrogant or develop a superior attitude. He warned against the dangers of "eight feet in the party." This quaint phrase was a flashback to the days when mandarins had to write, in civil-service exams, an "eight-legged" essay which encouraged formalism. "Mandarinism," in plainer language, was synonymous with "bureaucratism," and this was to be stringently avoided in the New China, or the masses would lose faith in their directors.

Fifteen years passed by before the Communist leaders, now established in power, revived the doctrine of *Cheng Feng*. Party members, accused an official directive, "use aggressive methods and oppression in their relations with the masses." The *People's Daily*

chastised cadres for "not hearing," for "not listening," for "not taking the masses seriously." An effort to "rectify" these outrages must begin at once! People must criticize freely! This seeming introduction to unexpected liberalism in a Communist state went alongside another invitation to intellectuals. To the artists and writers, Mao Tse-tung had recently said: "Let a hundred flowers blossom." To the scholars: "Let numerous schools of thought contend." These words were intended to encourage artists to develop individual styles, savants to put forth their various theories. But the overriding stipulation was that all must bear in mind the two essentials: the need for socialism and the leadership of the party. In effect, the flowers would not be permitted to grow wild; while they might look different, they would all stem from the same cultivated field. Still, some writers and artists, with moderation, did attempt to break out of conventional forms.

The "hundred flowers" movement was not a campaign for the entire Chinese people. Rather, it was to be taken as a signal for a limited group, engaged in cultural activities, to indulge in "self-expression." *Cheng Feng*, on the other hand, was an out-and-out drive for rectification of abuses committed by party members, and therefore was of direct concern to workers and peasants, as well as to intellectuals. The rectification campaign began mildly enough. Non-Communists were invited to "criticize," while party members occupied themselves in "self-criticism." Students met with professors, factory hands with party delegates; even members of the ruling State Council participated in *Cheng Feng*. Typical of the extremes to which the Chinese go once they start a project, a nation pre-occupied itself with "criticism," to the extent that farm work was neglected and factory timetables went awry. (Eighteen months later, during the fantastic iron and steel drive, railway timetables were to be upset by the overloading of ore and ingots.) What did the people say in their inspired mood of "criticism"? Edgar Faure, the former French premier who was in China at the time, relates in *The Serpent and the Tortoise* that now that they had the unfamiliar chance to express themselves they did not know what to say. At first they simply complained that sports competitions wasted too much time, or that professors used obscure language in their

lectures; when they spoke of the party itself, it was simply to reiterate the safe warning first uttered by Mao, that the walls must be broken down between the members and the masses.

But within a month a few people began to make more penetrating points. Scholars suggested that students being sent abroad should be chosen on merit and not for political reasons. This heretical outburst was climaxed when a newspaper editor urged more than superficial housecleaning; he demanded that the "coalition" government, which existed in theory, should have more seats in it for non-Communists. Journalists, teachers, and writers joined in similar cries. In one town, students, who suddenly picked up the new fad, paraded through the streets and posted anti-Communist slogans. Then the lid came down. The *People's Daily* shouted: "Anti-socialist snobbery. . . . Beware, the class struggle is still going on." The proletariat must put the intellectuals right! And so, in the usual pattern, workers' rallies, organized by the party, condemned the critics. The initial phase of the rectification campaign ended as abruptly as it had begun. It was supplanted by the new phase, an inverse crusade against "right-wing deviationists."

Why was *Cheng Feng* not only permitted in the first place but activated by the party leadership? If cadres were overzealous in their dealings with the masses or acted in an officious fashion, why did the party not clean house behind closed doors instead of exposing itself to the world? I put these questions to several party members and invariably received the same answer: *Cheng Feng* is a continuing process, an effort to do away with the bad habits of some government officials and bureaucrats; it will start and stop as needed; this cleansing is nothing to be ashamed of, and therefore can be done in public; it is a reminder that "we discuss, we criticize." This balderdash, I am convinced, is actually believed by a people who take their press and party word as gospel. After all, were there not many tangible results? Did not the *People's Daily* report that the first phase of *Cheng Feng* led to ninety thousand suggestions for improving the metallurgical industry?

The real reasons why Mao initiated the campaign are not clear. Possibly there was genuine concern that party cadres were beginning to lose touch with the masses. But another theory is that he was

motivated by the uprising in Hungary, and, to win favor with malcontents, wanted an airing of semi-liberal views. Or was *Cheng Feng* simply in line with the basic policy of keeping the nation in a permanent state of psychological excitement? One day you go after flies and mosquitoes, the next day you go after bumptious functionaries. Or perhaps it was a deliberate and cunning plan to lure unrecognized opponents into a trap. Maybe it was a combination of many motives; but whatever they were, there is no doubt that Mao underestimated the reaction to the chance for free expression, especially among intellectuals. They went too far. The principle of "criticism and self-criticism" overnight became "denunciation and confession," and the "hundred flowers" wilted and died. Heretics inside the party, as well as people outside it, underwent an orgy of confessions: of misguided former ways, of the faults in their upbringing and education. They now fully realized, they said, what was required of them in the New China.

But were there executions? With one or two exceptions, it does not appear so. The newer technique is to kill the spirit rather than the man. Officials in some government ministries were thrown out of office. At Peking University, where the sharpest criticism was voiced, older professors were downgraded, while others were sent to corrective camps. And to discourage any recurrence of "bourgeois" notions, all faculty members now are liable to the same part-time stint at manual labor as their students. So, too, must cadres and government officials join peasants and workers for periods in the communes or on construction sites. The visitor to Peking today invariably is taken on one of his first sight-seeing tours to the Ming Tombs reservoir and dam, twenty-five miles northwest of the city. The dam, a mammoth earthen structure 630 yards long, 75 yards wide, and 30 yards in height, was completed in the summer of 1958 in the fantastically brief period of 160 days. Between 200,000 and 400,000 men, women, and children "volunteers" from Peking worked on the project, among them philosophy professors whose finely manicured fingernails had never before been sullied by soil. Even such personalities as Mao Tse-tung and Chou En-lai showed up for a few days, to cart gravel, earth, and clay in buckets slung over their shoulders on bamboo poles. Photographers were present,

of course, to record the scene, so that Chinese elsewhere could reflect on the humility of their leaders.

There is no reason to assume that Mao or Chou were acting merely as "vote-catching" politicians; their eyes were obviously on the cameras, but their propaganda efforts were likely motivated by the current mood, which compels even university students to combine education with labor. Joseph Needham, the noted British sinologist, says in a letter to the editor of *New Statesman*, January 31, 1959:

There is no question that at the present time a great mystique of manual work has grown up in China. I believe that this is a true expression of the mass feeling of the people, canalized by the party leadership, but by no means something imposed from above. It was inevitable and necessary that it should happen some time if the Chinese people were to coalesce into a single, unified, and as far as possible, classless society. In China of the olden days there was a great traditional aloofness of the scholars (the civil servants of the mandarin state) from manual work—perhaps nowhere in the world was this more marked. Now the Chinese people are determined to overcome it. There may be exaggerations in particular times and places due to excessive enthusiasm, but the movement is fundamentally sound.

It would also, I believe, be an error to think that the largest number of toilers on the Ming Tombs dam site were there out of fear or compulsion. I stopped to see the finished dam en route to the Great Wall, twenty miles farther west. My guide, a college student, recalled pointedly the legend that four million Chinese died building the wall in the days of the early emperors. "They were all slaves," he said bitterly. "But I came to work on the dam and reservoir for two weeks through my own choice." Was this statement nonsensical? Not essentially. To many Chinese the Great Wall does indeed represent slave labor, while the Ming Tombs reservoir and dam are symbolic of the spontaneous urge of today's Chinese to create a new nation. The people who worked on the dam, many of them during vacation, received no pay, supplied their own food, and slept in tents. It would be comforting, but misleadingly so, to

shrug off this effort simply as forced labor. Many Chinese undoubtedly were pressured by party representatives at their factories and offices, and they went rather than face even more intensive exhortation. Others were shamed into it by public opinion—which demands patriotism, as distinct from communism, from everyone; you might say it was the same kind of influence that impelled some men at home to volunteer for the army during the war. Indeed, badges were issued to those who had participated in the dam's construction. Men I met later said with embarrassment that they did not possess a badge because they had been occupied at the time in absolutely essential work and could not get away. But others did get away out of purely patriotic inclinations. I asked a doctor, who had no need to leave his hospital ward even for three days, "Why did you go?" He said, "I am Chinese, I want to build my country. What greater satisfaction than to see something rise in front of your own eyes?" The tangible, everyday reminder is there for everyone to see. The Ming Tombs reservoir, a huge man-made lake, irrigates vast stretches of cotton and wheat fields.

Speaking of this kind of endeavor, Chang Hsi-jo adapted a phrase from the West: "You can force some of the people some of the time, but not a whole nation all of the time." He refuted, of course, my charge that intellectuals, as one group alone, were being forced into a life not necessarily of their own choosing. "We will not permit them ever to feel superior to the people," said Chang Hsi-jo flatly. But in this process of developing an obedient, conformist class, does not China run the grave risk of regressing into the past? Scientific, enquiring minds are essential if technological advances are to be made. Yet even students, who must combine studies with practical labor alongside peasants and workers in order to reach the ideal of a classless society, return to their classrooms too fatigued to think or read. The vicious circle is even more tragic in terms of teachers and scientists, who, in addition to their manual work, are the victims of *Cheng Feng* and unable to debate, to discuss, or to theorize in academic freedom. The leadership might ponder again the words spoken by Lu Ting-yi, director of the propaganda department of the Communist party, when the ill-fated "hundred flowers" movement was introduced. "History," declared Lu, "shows that

unless independent thinking and free discussion are encouraged, academic life stagnates."

But the leadership perhaps is satisfied to think of the immediate compensation. The rectification campaign is in its final phase. Indoctrination and the reluctance to talk frankly have taken hold. If there is any appreciable discontent in China, it does not present a threat to the regime.

## 6. "TOPPLING THE OLD IDOLS"

"Our Party and our country now need a host of people who think, speak and act with courage and daring, who dare to topple the old idols, to make innovations and create new things."

LIU SHAO-CHI

Vice Chairman of the Chinese Communist party  
and Chief of State

A MAIN part of the story of New China is contained in an exhibition given each autumn by students of Peking's universities and colleges. Here the visitor is offered a glimpse of the hopes, pride, and achievements of a young people who believe, with utter conviction, in their own destiny and the future of their country. The older Chinese are more difficult to assess. Settled in their ways, some of them undoubtedly regard communism as merely another phase in Chinese history, which has known dynasties and republics, civil upheavals and natural disasters. They may recall that fifteen million people perished in the Taiping Rebellion in the middle of the last century, and many millions more have since died because of floods, drought, warlords, and internal strife. Today, warlordism has ended, droughts have been replaced by bountiful harvests, and each man is ensured enough food for his physical needs and peace of mind. If some of the older people, then, are passive or indifferent toward communism, they are satisfied at least by a strong measure of security. In contrast, the young people, more than being simply satisfied by security, are *active* in following the dictates and ambitions as laid out by the Communist party. To some, communism



itself is the inspiration; but to others, I believe, the word is "patriotism," a natural and understandable desire to build a backward land into a flourishing and powerful nation, capable of sustaining self-assurance and commanding respect in the outside world. In the process of reaching for high goals, the young men and women of China demonstrate a mixture of vanity regarding what to us are sometimes elementary attainments, and a frantic haste to catch up with the West. At the student exhibition, my guide, a nineteen-year-old youth named Jen Fang-chen, proudly pointed to samples of hydrochloric acid, ball bearings, ink, and other common products, and said, in a tone intended to command awe, that undergraduates had made all these things by themselves.

Jen Fang-chen also explained how mining students spend summer vacations searching for uranium and coal deposits, and then, silent, he let his eye wander to a poem written in huge letters on one wall:

"Looking for jewels,  
Looking for jewels,  
The more the better.  
If we can't find them  
In the earth—then  
We go to the moon."

So far it has not been necessary for the Chinese to go beyond this planet, or even their own borders, to find natural resources. Uranium is plentiful, and coal production in 1958 was 270 million tons, 55 million tons more than Britain's. The goal this year is 380 million tons, to fire the output of aircraft, motorcars, and heavy machines, which China is now manufacturing for the first time. But the moon is more than a figurative ambition. Jen Fang-chen turned to a display of dry cells made by students. "This one," he said, picking up a roughly finished object an inch long, "is good for sputniks." He paused and added in measured voice, "It is better than the Soviet model and three times better than the British." Here, of course, was a slight touch of arrogance, but also the unasked question: Why should the Chinese not be capable one day of sending their own space ships into far reaches of the universe? And here, too,

was the current battle cry: Do anything faster, and better, than foreigners can do.

In their haste, the youth of China are making lavish claims. Jen Fang-chen: "Some bourgeois dentists did not think it possible to install a fixed bridge without grinding adjacent teeth, much to the agony of the patient. But now a young party member, Wang Lei, has invented such a method. Our dentistry students also studied types of inlay wax described in an American journal. They found the American wax was no good, so they made their own, and threw away the magazine."

The claims, however, are not confined to achievements—mythical or otherwise—in relation to foreigners alone. Jen Fang-chen: "Before, one professor took five years to compile a Korean dictionary of 50,000 words. Now, students compiled a dictionary of 100,000 words in sixteen days and nights. In total, students at Peking University compiled dictionaries in fifty languages and translated twenty-one books in only two months, an objective the professors had said was impossible to fulfill."

This is what is meant by "toppling the old idols," or winning results, despite scoffers, and always bearing in mind the need to concentrate twenty years in one day. If the old professors are synonymous with backwardness, then let them fall in fragments; they are the idols who must be sacrificed in the race toward progress and new stature. If the professors once said that students should first spend time with books, before turning their learning into practice, were they not being bourgeois and inflexible in their thinking? We, the young people, understand how to think and to put the words of Liu Shao-chi into "daring" action. Look at the professor who sought a certain fertilizer for twenty years and obtained no results. Now, students and teachers together achieved success in one month only. It is all right, sometimes, to listen to the wisdom of teachers; but it is we, the students, who must show the way. It is teamwork that is required, with guidance always from the beloved party, which knows best of all the total requirements of the nation. In some coal mines only two problems were solved in six years; but now, in forty days, students solved 110 problems.

That was Jen Fang-chen thinking aloud, echoing the thoughts of

a dozen other students with whom I spoke the same day. Later on, I saw some of the students in a commune, helping the peasants construct an earthen dam in twenty days. The dam, I learned subsequently, collapsed a few hours after coming into operation. But what does it matter if some of the results are not so successful? There are other people, and other dams, to take over; human energy and the good earth abound in China, and both can be spared. What *does* matter is time; and if a statue, twenty-three feet tall, can be finished as a tribute to workers in four days and nights (as it was), so much to the good. And if the teachers and students at the Institute of Aeronautical Engineering can build a twin-engine plane in a hundred days and nights, it is even more to the good, especially since the plane can actually fly. The fifty dictionaries that the students compiled in record time? What about the quality? The students themselves insist, of course, that they are better than any produced in the past. The 110 problems "solved" in the coal mines? Minor or major problems? "Major" problems, naturally, says Jen Fang-chen, without further amplification. It is this preoccupation with speed, punctuated by endless statistical illustrations, that tells of a drive and fever unmatched at any time in China's past. Professor Fitzgerald says it is akin to a "religious revival," a fanatic passion, especially among young people, to mark progress by quick material achievements. And no one can waste time by questioning whether the results are all they are said to be. The main point is whether the spirit is present, the courage to "topple the old idols."

Jen Fang-chen, when we paused for the cup of green tea that every good host must present to his guest, handed me a copy of an article about a man named Li Shih-mei. I had already read this account of the prowess of Li Shih-mei, who is today a rather celebrated figure, because, as Jen pointed out, here is a man who without formal education had achieved what no one else was ever able to do—he "totally" destroyed termites. The account, as published by *China Reconstructs*, is worth relating in full. It gives an insight into several aspects of current Chinese attitude: the ready manner in which extravagant claims are received, the tribute to the party for recognizing a "discovery," but most of all the need to press on, "to make innovations," to penetrate the "closely guarded

secrets" of the capitalist world, and to spurn rejection by disbelievers.

This is the story of Li Shih-mei:

"Termites are fiercer than tigers," is a common saying in South China. These dreaded white ants (*coptotermes formosanus*) can do enormous damage to crops and property, boring their way into the timbers of houses and causing them to collapse without warning, attacking ships, documents, railway sleepers, and sluice gates with disastrous effect. None of the methods of treatment hitherto discovered has been one hundred percent successful—the most that could be hoped for was a temporary lull in the insects' destructive activities. It is no wonder, then, that a stir was created when Hweicheng, a small town in Hsinhwei County, Kwangtung Province, completely wiped out all its termites. Equally interesting was the fact that this state of affairs was due to a man who had never managed to complete his secondary education.

Pure chance led 35-year-old Li Shih-mei to interest himself in the termite problem. The house of one of his relatives was found to be infested, and the exorbitant fee demanded for its treatment by a local firm (then in private hands) made him angry. Determined to learn how to deal with the pest himself, he moved to Canton and sought apprenticeship with one of the many small firms manufacturing insecticides there. All the seventeen concerns to which he applied turned him down. Their trade secrets were so tightly guarded that a proprietor would not teach them even to his daughters lest, if they married, his sons-in-law might become his competitors.

Li Shih-mei turned to books. Day after day he sat in the public library poring over entomological tomes. He haunted new and secondhand bookshops, purchased works in foreign languages, and got his friends to translate for him verbally. In seven months he had gained considerable knowledge of the termite and its habits, but was not much further ahead with methods for its extermination. He decided to tackle the problem from the practical end.

Armed with a chemical formula he'd worked out from the books, he went from door to door offering to treat the pest for nothing but the cost of his materials. On the basis of repeated tests, he varied his formula until he found one that proved both lethal and inexpensive. In the next three years he successfully treated over 2,000 houses and innumerable sluice gates, bridges, boats, trees, and crops—much to the dismay of the agencies that had refused to teach him, who now tried to win him over with offers of high salaries.

But Li Shih-mei was not interested in rewards. Having made an examination of about 1,800 termite colonies, he had reached some conclusions unknown before. He claimed, for instance, that the “kings,” one of the four classes into which entomologists divide these social insects, are actually of two kinds—one which mates with the “queens” and one which “commands” the “workers” and “soldiers.” Of more immediate importance was his discovery that every main termitarium (nest) has one or more water tunnels which are the transport life-line for its inhabitants, and if these are destroyed the whole colony can be exterminated without using any insecticide at all.

Slightly aghast at his own daring, he requested an interview with the Hsinhwei People's Council and told them of his findings. Within a week they had organized a training class, provided him with several assistants, and helped him to work out a plan to put his discovery to use. Things began to move fast. With his colleagues, Li Shih-mei carried out a survey of all the 5,000 houses in his home town: 1,388 were found to be infested, and these, with 9 bridges and 1,560 telegraph posts, they treated for a total cost of 376 yuan—a sum which, expended on proprietary compounds, would scarcely have covered three buildings.

The news that a “local expert” had succeeded in filling some gaps in national scientific research excited widespread interest. The All-China Federation of Scientific Societies arranged for him to give a series of lectures in Peking, Shanghai, Nanking, and Hangchow. He was made a member of the National Society of Entomologists, and later invited to teach in the biology de-

partment of the Sun Yat-sen University in Canton. The Institute of Entomology in Peking has appointed several research fellows to work with him, and it is planned to set up a termite research center for South China to summarize his experiences and develop them.

The moral of the story, as seen by Jen Fang-chen, is the need to combine academic learning with practical experience. This, of course, conforms to the present party policy, which says that "education for education's sake" is an archaic luxury in which progressive China cannot indulge. If a barely schooled man like Li Shih-mei could make such a major contribution to his people, how much more could university students do? By taking their textbooks to the countryside, the students would apply theoretical knowledge to practical problems, and, simultaneously, learn to understand, and appreciate, the thinking of the peasantry, and so avoid any danger of class consciousness. That, in essence, is what Mao Tse-tung had in mind when he decreed his now famous doctrine of "education combined with productive labor."

Just how first-year philosophy students of Peking University were going to improve their studies by living for twelve months in a commune is not clear. The idea, according to the announcement I saw at the university, was that the students would now relate their theory to manual labor, and at the same time would help set up home workshops for the peasants. In the case of mining students, of course, there may be some practical application to the three months that they spend at the mines. But philosophy students? And history students who in the past learned about emperors? ("Not very useful learning," commented Jen Fang-chen.) Now the history students are also in the coal mines, ostensibly to gather the history of the laboring people. If these efforts are distracting, and at variance with the old concept of textbooks absorbed in a more scholarly atmosphere, the students, by and large, have made no protest. Jen Fang-chen: "Our new educational policy serves the proletarian dictatorship. Chairman Mao says everyone who receives an education must develop morally, physically, and intellectually, in order to become truly socialist-minded." What it adds up to, of course, is that the

party is taking no chances with future "intellectuals," after the ill-fated "hundred flowers" movement of 1957, when old intellectuals highly embarrassed the regime by their outspoken comments. Today's students receive a leveling off, and so much indoctrination at the grass-roots level that presumably they are less likely to present embarrassment to the regime. Many undergraduates were linked with professors for "deviationist" or "rightist" notions during the "hundred flowers" movement; but these, like the professors, have been effectively silenced, partly through physical labor.

Some of the foreign exchange students (non-Communist) with whom I spoke at Peking University confirmed that today's undergraduate body is politely obsequious at the very least, and at the other extreme highly devoted to the policy of "education and productive labor." All university students today spend as a minimum their summer vacations in the countryside or in factories. And even during regular term they may be seen at campus blast furnaces, or in adjacent fields planting and harvesting their own crops to add to the national output. Some of the students unquestionably suffer from fatigue, and on one campus I was told, by a rather talkative and shamefaced young man, that he and some of his friends had drifted back from the communes with the excuse that they were suffering from strained backs or mythical ailments. "But," he assured me, "we will return to the communes very shortly." I do not think it is misleading to assume that the majority of young Chinese are genuinely dedicated to the cause of building China, under leadership of the Communist party; and if this leadership demands that everyone do manual work, then everyone will do manual work. It is more than a compulsory effort; much of it stems from an inward desire to sweep away old notions about academic training, just as other notions about life in Old China are being swept away. The young people are the most fervent protestants against rigid family patterns of the past, which laid down a strict code of loyalties, first to parents and kinfolk, at the expense of national well-being. They are also against any attitude that retains "idols" in the path of China's progress. In a way, their surging movement may be likened to the wave of Lutheranism that spread across Europe in the seventeenth century. The constant

formal indoctrination, of course, is designed to take advantage of this latent protest, which was only waiting for a dynamic movement like communism to be let loose.

Not all of the young people, as I have mentioned, work on behalf of communism. But the majority, it may safely be said, work from at least a motive of nationalism or patriotism. And even those who are attracted to ideology as such must prove themselves, over a long period, worthy of complete acceptance by the party. One of my interpreters, a woman of about twenty-three, said that her father had been a "capitalist." Brought up with the benefits of a fairly well-to-do background, she nonetheless felt compelled to argue with her father in support of communism. "He hasn't exactly seen my point of view," she told me, "but he is coming around. After all, he was misguided for many years." Her one ambition is to qualify for party membership. The Communist party in China numbers fewer than 2 per cent of the population—12,720,000 members. To join their ranks, you have to demonstrate and sustain unquestioning faith and obedience, as well as a thorough knowledge of Marxist aims and philosophy. The desire for membership is not motivated by any special privileges, for Chinese Communists, unlike their comrades in the Soviet Union, are not yet treated to any excessive financial gains. Still in the spirit of a religious revival, those who preach communism work in an austere, dedicated fashion, their reward the gradual conversion of the masses.

Popular on the Peking stage while I was there was a play in which a young girl asks a man, "Do you think that one day I will be considered worthy of membership in the party?" The man ponders carefully and long, and finally says in a deep tone, "It is possible." With that happy note the stage is illuminated by a burst of fireworks, and the curtain comes down. If this appeal sounds ludicrous to us, it does not to many of the young people I met in my travels in China.

Some 660,000 college and university students, according to Communist figures, are now receiving regular courses in Marxism. They are also being taught to build dams, automobiles, and railroads, in addition to their chemical engineering and aeronautics;



some, for the first time in Chinese history, are learning the principles of nuclear physics. Largely through education, China hopes to become a great power; by 1968 she intends to produce technicians and scientists on a level with the United States and the Soviet Union. Under Mao Tse-tung's slogan, "The million teach, the hundred million learn," illiteracy is rapidly being eradicated. When the Communists took over in 1949, an estimated four out of five Chinese were illiterate. Now the party claims 80 per cent literacy, due partly to a streamlined list of 600 to 1,000 characters, which the peasants are learning in commune night schools. But ideography, cumbersome picture writing, is giving way to a Romanized alphabet, like our own, which is now taught in primary school. The new alphabet, when it becomes universal in a generation or two, will mean not only a more facile written language but a common spoken word, eliminating the present difficulty of a man from the south, who speaks Cantonese, making contact with a northerner who speaks Mandarin. There are now 25,000,000 children in kindergarten, and more than 100,000,000 in primary and secondary schools, all being brought up to reject old ideas if these do not conform to the philosophy of New China.

Like Communists in the West, Chinese party men oppose religion, since any doctrine other than Marxism poses a potential threat. "Toppling the idol" of religion in China, however, has not presented the regime with the same problem it did Communists in eastern Europe in the 1940's or in Russia after 1917. The Soviet regime was confronted by a unified and strong Christianity, whereas in China a majority of the educated class had long been agnostic or atheistic; even among the peasants no single faith is dominant. Confucianism is a form of ethical teaching rather than a religion in the Western sense. The other leading philosophy, Taoism, which was buried over the centuries by a collection of rites and superstitions, is carried on by priests who lack a cohesive doctrine or central organization; and so it is relatively simple for the Communists to convert temples into museums or schools as they choose.

In general, however, even the better organized religions of Buddhism or Islam are permitted to be practiced—with the proviso that

every temple or mosque conforms to a kind of licensing law. Buddhism has about fifty million followers, but constitutes no real menace since physical violence would run contrary to religious teaching. The Moslems, on the other hand, who number about 1 per cent of the population, have long had a history of unrest and are treated as a national minority. In theory, at any rate, neither Buddhists nor Moslems are persecuted because the regime does not wish to antagonize countries of southeast Asia or the Middle East, where Buddhism and Mohammedanism are widely supported.

The fate of Christians is a more somber story. Christianity was treated, from the first days of the revolution, as a device of "Western imperialists." Roman Catholic priests and missionaries were imprisoned or expelled, and some, according to Communist admission, were shot. Those Protestant and Catholic churches that remain open are operated by Chinese ministers and priests who have been forced to cut all connections with their parent bodies overseas and to pledge that they will not seek converts or engage in open-air preaching (it is the party, of course, that has the sole right to arouse the people). Catholic priests, compelled to declare their loyalty to the regime and the People's Republic, have been excommunicated by the Vatican; with no bishops left at liberty, other priests cannot be validly ordained. The Catholic Church's future is therefore very limited. Protestant churches do not face a similar dilemma; but, without outside funds to support them, they are completely dependent on their own Chinese followers.

There are about four million Christians in China, more important relatively than their number would indicate because they include men and women from the professions and sciences. But, with conversions prohibited and Communist indoctrination of the young people taking hold, the outlook for Christianity in China is indeed bleak.

## 7. THE PEOPLE'S COMMUNES

**W**ANG FENG-SHU, a seventeen-year-old girl, is battalion commander at a "people's commune." She directs the work, efforts, and lives of 1,595 men, women, and children. Wang Feng-shu is young for the job; but then, as we have seen, this is a young person's country. The only thing that is old is a commune's meaning: ownership of everything by all the people. The idea is as venerable as Karl Marx, and yet the most revolutionary process that has ever embraced any country, including Russia, the mother of communism. Soviet leaders, in the early days of their revolution, did set up a few trial communes; quickly they abandoned them, because the semi-Westernized Russian people would not tolerate communal living. A commune represents the end of individuality, and at the very least a curtailment of traditional family life. Wang Feng-shu is a minuscule link in a vast, awesome network in which children are herded into nurseries and everyone becomes three beings rolled into one: a farmer, a factory worker, a militiaman. In other words, when the harvest has to be gathered, you go into the fields; when there is a demand for iron ingots, you work at the blast furnaces; and, in between, you learn how to handle a rifle. A whole new society is thereby bred, for in return you are on an equal level with the next man. Each man receives only a little pocket money (eventually he will receive none); the commune provides free food, shelter, clothing, medical care, and education. This is more than simply a theory. The first communes were set up only in July, 1958. The incredible part, in line with China's frantic haste to develop, is that within three months 98 per cent of the entire rural population was organized into communes, even if only on paper.

Today 500,000,000 Chinese live in a total of 27,000 communes.

I met Wang Feng-shu at Hsushui in Hopei Province. Each commune, for production purposes, is organized on military lines and is divided into several work brigades and battalions. Wang Feng-shu, one of many officers, was overseeing the gathering of corn. The harvest, she said, with considerable pride, was "seven times" greater than in the previous year—thanks to better irrigation, increased use of fertilizers, "and above all the enthusiasm of the people." Whether or not there is universal enthusiasm is, of course, impossible to know. But from what I could ascertain, people appeared to be working hard and generally accepting life in a commune as a material benefit. Whatever it robs in individuality (a Western prize hardly valid in the East, where hunger is the watchword), it makes up for in security. To succeed, Chinese communism must feed the biggest population in the world. It must also satisfy the peasant that it is primarily in his own interest that the most radical social experiment in human history is now under way. The future of communism in China is locked in the land. It was here that it had its beginning.

The Russian Revolution was fundamentally a revolution of city workers; it was speedy, and the civil war that followed lasted only a few years. Only later on, after the urban revolt was consolidated, were the farmers brought into it, many against their will. This marks the essential difference between the history of communism in the Soviet Union and in China. The Chinese Revolution is basically of the peasantry and for the peasantry, just as previous uprisings, such as the Taiping revolt in the last century, were by farmers who rebelled against absentee landlords and harsh bailiffs. Although Mao Tse-tung is the son of a peasant, Chu Teh, Chou En-lai, and other Communist leaders are not themselves of immediate farm descent. But they began their guerrilla warfare in the mountains and remote rural areas, recruited their armies from the sons of farmers, and survived with the support of the farm population. This support lasted for the twenty-two years required to turn the Nationalists from the mainland. All along, Mao and the others devoted their attention to winning over the peasantry in the areas they controlled: they set up honest administrations, con-

trasting with the corruption synonymous with the Nationalists, and inaugurated land reform, which meant that each farmer finally possessed his own little plot and was rid of the ancient abuses of landlords and bailiffs. During a long period, from 1931 to 1949, the Communists gave only a second look at the cities and industrial workers. Even today, in the establishment of communes, the movement is designed primarily for rural areas; communes, at the moment, are not being pushed in the cities. Mao Tse-tung, the architect of the commune, is obviously aware that success or failure of communism depends on whether farmers, who make up four fifths of the population, accept or reject his philosophy and aims.

It would be oversimple to suggest that farmers could forcibly overthrow the Communist regime should they disapprove; the Communists, after all, control a strongly disciplined army equipped with modern weapons. But Chinese history tells of several examples of peasant uprisings, ill fated though they were, that so weakened dynasties that eventually they were prey for newer dynasties. It cannot be assumed that Mao has forgotten the lessons of history, which demonstrate that oppression cannot be carried too far. Therefore, what to us may seem measures of excessive regimentation or violation of human rights, to the Chinese may be perfectly in order, so long as the results mean a better material life, free from upheaval and starvation. Millions of Chinese in the past died because of unequal distribution of food or natural disasters, such as drought and flood. The commune not only promises an equal share of food for everyone; by installing roadways and irrigation ditches and dams on a widespread pattern, the communes also offer protection against the much-feared natural disasters.

For the first few years after they took control, the Communists contented themselves with dividing the farms of former landlords into small plots, each barely large enough to sustain one family but sufficient to appease the hereditary and psychological hunger of tenant farmers, who in the past had tilled the soil for someone else's benefit and now at least enjoyed the pleasures themselves of private ownership. Such a deviation from Marxist principle was temporary and expedient. While gaining the confidence of the new small landowners, the Communists gradually introduced "mutual-aid teams,"

who taught the use of improved seeds and sought to convince the farmers that it was not only in the national interest, but their own, to plant crops according to a fairly scientific plan. The second phase of land reform went a step further. It set out to convince farmers that individual holdings were impractical; that teamwork was needed during harvesting; and, moreover, if mechanization was to be introduced, the patchwork pattern of small farms would have to vanish—a tractor could hardly function over a myriad of individual holdings separated from one another by little dykes of earth. And so the peasants were persuaded to consider all the local holdings as one unit. This was the beginning of co-operative farming. In theory, each man still owned his own plot, but in practice the trend already was toward communal property. The climax of co-operative ownership came when three or four neighboring villages joined together, pooled their efforts, and abolished farm boundaries, so that individual holdings vanished, too. By 1957 most of the rural area was organized in co-operatives. "Outside observers," comments Professor Fitzgerald in *Flood Tide in China*, "will reflect, not unnaturally, that the government of China is very strong, commands an apparatus of enforcement far superior to any preceding regime, and will suspect that intimidation or even an open show of force has played a major part in establishing the new system. In China no such evidence is visible. There is no concentration of troops or gendarmerie in the rural areas, far fewer soldiers are to be seen in the Chinese countryside than at any previous time in the past thirty-five years. There is no evidence at all that the establishment [of the co-operative] met with passive resistance, still less with open defiance."

Why did the peasants, then, accept so docilely the confiscation of the land that had been given to them for their own possession? Professor Fitzgerald, who lived in China for many years and understands Chinese mentality with a depth shared by few Westerners, says that basically the co-operative was a legalized form of the type of protective society the peasants had tried to form, secretly, so often in the past.

The Chinese peasant is a shrewd man [writes Fitzgerald]. He has had a very long experience of new governments of all kinds,

mostly unfavorable to his interests. He and his fellows have also developed over the centuries a great capacity for organization, usually of a clandestine kind. The old movements such as the secret societies, the quasi-religious sects, and their overt manifestations in risings and rebellions, were all designed to protect the peasants against injustice, oppressive landlords, predatory officials and disorderly soldiery. There are now no landlords, no warlord armies, no bandit gangs. There is a very powerful government which exercises a control greater than ever before, presses forward with new and strange policies, but claims that these are in the interests of the peasants themselves. This claim can still be measured against the universal knowledge of the shortcomings and oppressions of the previous regime. The government had given the peasants the land and despoiled the landlords; now it wishes the peasants to pool their land, but still manage their own affairs. The first requirement may seem to many of dubious value, but the second is a great reassurance.

The older peasants also, presumably, rode along with the co-operatives because they were bewildered by the swift changes. They were inclined to let the direction of local affairs fall into the hands of younger people, youths who were infected by a revolutionary wave of enthusiasm for the new ideas presented by the party. The managing committees of the co-operatives were mainly composed of young men and women, just as the communes, which supplanted the co-operatives, are largely directed by such youths as the seventeen-year-old Wang Feng-shu.

The commune is the final stage in land reform and goes much beyond the co-operative. While the co-operative interested itself only in agriculture, the commune extends itself and integrates rural industry, fisheries, transport, and everything else that makes for a self-contained economic unit—in fact, 27,000 self-contained units. Physically, the commune is not very startling, not much more than a collection of villages scattered through open countryside about the size of a *hsiang*, or township. Shangchuang Commune, Hsushui County, Hopei, where Wang Feng-shu works, embraces

forty villages and has a population of 56,000. For purposes of major projects, such as dam construction, Shangchuang is linked with other communes in the county, so that 320,000 people may be considered to function in concert. But it is not the physical make-up that stands out in my mind. It is what the commune represents *spiritually* that establishes it as a fascinating and, from a Westerner's viewpoint, a disturbing mechanism. In theory, the ultimate stage in the transition from socialism to communism has almost been reached. The principle of "from each according to his ability and to each according to his work" is being supplanted by the principle of "from each according to his ability and to each according to his needs." In the process, an anonymous, personalityless society is under cultivation, with the peasant expected to produce children for a mass experiment in obedience and Marxist inoculation that makes even the Soviet case history insignificant by comparison. How much of a loss of family identity the peasant is willing to trade for new security is as yet an unknown factor, and already the regime has seen fit to announce some words of reassurance that the family unit is not really threatened. Still, Wang Feng-shu, with a fervor notable in all young Communists, told me, "The family does not count any more. We provide all the needs."

I asked Wang Feng-shu whether there was any resentment among older people that a youth her age should be taking such a direct part in their destiny. Wang Feng-shu, a rather pretty girl, opened her eyes wide and expressed surprise at the question. "I was chosen by the people," she said simply. Wang Feng-shu, as I later confirmed, had indeed been elected to the commune committee by a show of hands at a mass meeting. She was, of course, one of the comparatively minor officials, but nonetheless representative of other committee members, who must satisfy the wants of the "constituents." The cynical observer of China may claim that committee rule, even at the low level of the commune, is a sham, a synthetic device perpetrated by the regime to lull the masses into a false belief that they possess self-government. But qualified historians argue that the survival of regimes and dynasties in the past depended on winning, and holding, the approval of the governed, the vast majority of whom were peasants. Mao Tse-tung, it may



be presumed, understands this need, and, whether for false or sincere motives, has ensured that grass-roots direction, which had its start in the co-operative, is continued in the commune. For their part, the peasants gratefully acknowledge a measure of self-government in the hope that they will have a real influence on policies close to their hearts, particularly in agriculture. The validity of this degree of self-rule may not be so difficult for the foreign observer to accept once the underlying feature is remembered. Simultaneously with committee rule, the machinery of persuasion and indoctrination ticks along smoothly. Every peasant attends, for at least two hours each day, a class or a rally or political meeting in which he hears over and over again the theme that the party knows what is best for all. The older people may easily weary of constant exhortation, and, rather than invite even more of it, slump into a state of confused or indifferent acceptance. The younger people, filled with ardor, willingly try anything the party suggests.

In Peking, when I spoke to senior officials about the rapidity with which communes had been set up, I was told that the movement was "spontaneous," that even the grand planners had not expected 98 per cent of the peasantry to be organized along communal lines in the improbable space of three months. I was skeptical of this official version of the way things happen in a Communist state. At that early stage in my visit, I still visualized an omnipotent Mao Tse-tung, in the hallowed confines of an office in the Forbidden City, pressing a button and intoning, "Let there be communes." But, as I later learned and saw for myself, this is not the obvious or simple manner of the regime of China. There is, of course, admitted "direction" from above, but the emphasis is on subtlety rather than the crude and barefaced dictation that animates the Soviet Union. In the case of the communes, an experimental one was formed as early as April, 1958, but little more was heard of the switch from co-operatives until July, when Honan Province announced the "success" of its own "Sputnik People's Commune." Mao Tse-tung went down to Honan on an inspection tour, was duly impressed, and, according to Hsinhua news agency, "indicated the correct direction to take in organizing people's communes." Mao's words were lavishly reported in press and radio, and after

this the movement gathered incredible momentum. Like everything else that happens in China today, once an idea catches the public imagination every loyal party worker wants to do the same thing at the same time. Implementation of any of Mao's philosophy, in other words, is carried out by young enthusiasts who simply read the *People's Daily* and then go out and beat drums and proclaim, "Chairman Mao came, and happiness came with him." Within the few months, China's 700,000 co-operatives were converted into communes. Most of these were nowhere near the skillfully organized state of the communes of Hsushui County, which was one of the pioneer areas and a showplace, but at least they represented a final step toward the ideological goal: "Ownership of means of production into ownership by the people as a whole."

Chatting with Wang Feng-shu and some of her senior comrades, I could easily sense the vigor with which they approached their own people, in rallies and in village-to-village marches, inciting them into acceptance of the commune as the end result of all their labors and the beginning of the happiness promised by Mao. "Many of the villagers," said Wang Feng-shu, "were so inspired that they renounced the few pigs that they kept as their own stock. The pigs now belong to the commune." There was slight exaggeration in Wang Feng-shu's report to me, as we shall see in later developments, but nevertheless she had pinpointed the ultimate objective: the elimination of any kind of private possession. Even now, all land and industry are the property of the commune and are administered by the commune committee, which also runs the home militia. China's new-style mandarins are not, as might be expected, academic experts sent out from the cities and universities. Nor are they, in the Soviet style, alien party bosses suddenly thrust into command of a people who would resent strangers. The ones I met, all under the age of thirty, came from the district, were the sons and daughters of local farmers, and, in fact, had gained Communist party membership only in the past few years. This employment of native cadres served, of course, to heighten the impression of genuine self-government. It also was meant to ensure that any local party men, who might take on slothful or officious habits, would be under the watchful eye of kinfolk who would remind them

of their duties to the commune, as well as to the party. At Hsushui, I was told with great emphasis that only the committee chairman and vice chairman spent their full time at paper work; all the other members, including Wang Feng-shu, had to work at least half time in the fields or factories. Wang Feng-shu's commune of Shang-chuang comprises twelve work brigades, each in turn made up of two or three battalions. Wang Feng-shu commands her unit of 1,595 souls with great devotion and fidelity to the orders of the brigadier above, a man aged around twenty-eight. "Having these battalions," she explained, "gives us great flexibility. When there is need for people in a factory, or to work on the irrigation ditches, it is simple to move a whole unit, rather than to pick up a few men and women from here and there, as you must do in a capitalist society. Right now, with the harvest to be collected, most of the units are in the fields." Wang Feng-shu was plainly proud of the great field of corn, waving gently in the sunshine as far as the eye could see. Women and men husked the corn, methodically and diligently. When I asked to speak to some of them, Wang Feng-shu produced first a man named Wu Lo-ming, a lean peasant of about forty-five. Now through an official interpreter, obviously, I was unlikely to discover for certain what Wu felt or thought. But the story he told coincided in fundamentals with the stories others told both here and in other communes. Ten years ago Wu worked for a landlord; then the Communists consolidated their power and divided the land into tiny plots. Wu received his share and worked it himself until co-operative farming was introduced. Even with joint effort shared by his neighbors, said Wu, production was on a small scale, because irrigation depended largely on outlying districts with which there was little liaison, and crop yields were very uncertain. Moreover, said Wu, when farming was inactive during the winter, he had no other resource or industry to fall back on. But now, in the commune, he insisted, life was orderly, and he was kept busy, if not tilling the soil at least stoking the blast furnaces.

Does he work as hard now as he used to? "I work harder," said Wu, "I have more motive." But how does he feel about once having had land and now owning nothing, not even a farm cart or a pig? "I am happy because now I have nothing to worry about," said

Wu, echoing the words of other commune members. This—the security it offers—so far is the main essence of the commune's appeal. Wu's wife does not have to fret about where food for the next meal will come from. Instead, the two of them march off to a communal mess hall, where they share meals with five hundred others. They receive, free, all the sweet potatoes and vegetables they can eat, and pork twice a month. This may not sound like much to us, but in this particular part of China the peasants used to eat meat only twice a year, at festivals. Wu's wife, who puts in a day's work digging irrigation ditches, no longer stitches together shoes or clothes. Wu is now entitled to pick up two garments a year from the commune's own clothing workshop, and he knows that when he is old there is the "happy home for aged people." It is all rather drab and depressing by Western standards. The "happy home" I saw was no more than a stone hut with bare earthen floors. A dozen men and women, in their eighties, lived in three rooms; but in former days old people who had no children to look after them did not even enjoy mud floors. They were reduced to begging for survival. At the moment, the "happy home" at Shangchuang is occupied by men and women who have no sons or grandchildren to support them; and even though it is a showplace, a pioneer model, the ultimate intention is that similar institutions will be provided for all elderly folk, so that they can pass their last years without burdening their families. The state guarantees dignity not only in old age but ensures its own stake in young age. When a couple is married, the commune pays for a reception for twenty guests. And when a baby is born, the commune hands out a gift of a chicken and other extras. There is something naïvely touching about all this, but when people tell you about it they have tears of gratitude in their eyes.

They also speak with thankfulness about their own small industrial revolution. Ten years ago there was no industry of any description in Shangchuang. Now the farmers have set up tiny plants that produce alcohol and sulphuric acid, and they make simple farm implements with the iron they themselves smelt from the ore that comes from nearby mountains. There are still very few machines, but nevertheless a few do exist; and the people escort

you down the village roads, past the model pigsties and the freshly whitewashed huts, proud to show off in a vast field a lone tractor, almost ludicrously lost amidst the horde of manual laborers. The muscles are still available, even if the machines are slow in coming in, but the point the men all make is that the machines are coming. A small steam donkey-engine wheezily and erratically grinds corn; when it isn't required for grinding, it is dismantled and carried by hand to the pig-iron furnaces to turn the blast fans.

A few years ago even a primitive steam engine was unknown in Shangchuang. The start in mechanization is in keeping with the policy of encouraging the growth of cottage industry alongside agriculture. If it appears a laborious process, say the Chinese, it is because they have learned from Russian mistakes. Unlike the Soviet Revolution, which created chaos and dislocation by attempting a single massive leap from the hand plow to the combine harvester, the Chinese transformation encourages local communes to develop as much as possible their own technology rather than rely on machines coming off assembly lines in the cities. Local peasant initiative is plainly evident in Shangchuang and in other parts of Hsushui County. Wang Feng-shu is one of the few educated persons in her village. Yet she and two other committee members were able to draw the plan for a small dam, which was nearing completion while I was there. Actually, the credit for the diagram goes to the local schoolteacher, who had a cousin in Shanghai send her an old technical book; the teacher simply copied the diagram, and Wang Feng-shu and her comrades adapted it so that packed earth could be used instead of cement, which was needed for building sites. One of the rising buildings, a single-story affair, was to be used for the manufacture of farm tools.

In the meanwhile, a score of smithies toiled in a makeshift shed, converting old plows into what Wang Feng-shu called "modern" equipment. The plowshares were being extended about a foot for the deep plowing that government agronomists claimed would increase the crop yield. Nearby, a half-dozen women were engaged in the processing of ball bearings. The government had proclaimed that ball bearings made even the wheels of crude farm carts turn more efficiently, and so, characteristically, virtually the whole

country took up the challenge of carving ball bearings by hand. Some of the women were slicing an iron rod, which they had produced in their own little back-yard blast furnace; others were grinding the pieces with stones; while still others rounded and polished the end product. It was, of course, a tremendous expenditure of human energy, but then this is China we are describing; manpower is cheap, and machines are not. I asked Wang Feng-shu how quickly she thought her commune's farm fields might be fully mechanized. "Maybe in a year or two," she said, a trifle optimistically in view of their present primitive state. But her next statement was the telling one: "Anyway, we cannot wait for the big equipment. We will make do in the meanwhile with the little machines." And, she might have added, with the abundance of muscle power. In Hsushui, five thousand men and women worked at a complex of blast furnaces, hacking iron ore out of a nearby hillside with crowbars and picks, then heaving it into the furnaces made of stone and mud.

The resourcefulness of the people of Shangchuang, and all the communes of Hsushui, may be partly attributed to the particular history of their region. During the war with Japan, the neighboring hills were occupied by Communist guerrillas, who swept down to rout the Japanese from the villages. The Japanese kept returning, and the area became a kind of no-man's land, trading hands no fewer than twelve times. Local government was soon disrupted and eventually vanished entirely. Left to their own devices, the peasants learned to harry the enemy and to help the guerrillas who, in line with official Communist policy, found time to teach them something of self-management. During this unsettled period, the peasants seized the land and ran their own community. Later, under an established Communist government, they were the first in China to form co-operative farms, and among the first to set themselves up in communes. Hsushui's background undoubtedly made transition comparatively easy, and the county is intended as a model for other areas undergoing the change from commune in theory to commune in practice. In some places, only the rice is prepared communally; each family brings to the mess hall its own meat and vegetables. In other communes, every bit of food is cooked by squads of women

who are assigned to this task and none other; the families eat all they want, provided each member has done his or her stint of daily toil. In a few communes, no one receives any money reward; in others, payment varies from one yuan (40 cents) to eight yuan (\$3.20) a month.

But basic features are common to all communes. All property is nationalized, all people are expected to adjust to the immediate demands of their local economy, even if this means firing bricks one day and picking sweet potatoes the next.

Chinese energy and ingenuity are other universal features. In one commune, where the peasants had heard that artificial light can speed the growth of crops, electric bulbs hang over an experimental rice paddy; the farmers now say the rice grows at night as well as in the daytime. The residents of one inland county wanted a spur-line on the railway; there was no local steel for rails, so they made cast-iron ones and, to prevent splitting, used thousands of wooden ties, spacing them a few inches apart. In another commune, where neither steel nor iron was available, and transport was needed to move the locally made fertilizer, the inhabitants used wooden rails, replacing them every few weeks as they wore out. The over-all result is the "great leap forward" in agriculture as in industry, with local effort taking credit for record, bumper harvests in rice, wheat, cotton, and other crops. The Chinese claim that in 1958 they doubled their grain output (to 375 million tons), and became second only to the Americans as wheat growers. China, they also say, now takes first place as the biggest cotton producer in the world. Perhaps the statistics are inaccurate; no one knows whether the Chinese are deliberately exaggerating or whether, in their enthusiasm, local cadres add up too quickly. But there is little doubt that the over-all output, as viewed by foreigners, bespeaks of a considerable gain.

In every commune, the visitor is saturated with facts and figures about this season's harvest and assured that next season's will be even greater, thanks to closer planting, deeper plowing, wider use of fertilizer, and rapidly expanding irrigation systems. Devotees of the commune, like Wang Feng-shu, insist that all this has come about because peasants no longer need to feed, clothe, or house

themselves, and are thus free to concentrate on working for the community, "under proper and organized direction, instead of the selfish and unproductive ways inflicted on them in the past." This Marxist dialogue aside, the peasants appeared warmly clothed and well fed, and among the children I saw no signs of distended bellies or distorted limbs usually associated with malnutrition. Westerners who knew China before 1949 say that the material standard of living of the ordinary Chinese has risen appreciably. But what is happening to the other, the spiritual, side of their lives? Enough uneasiness has been felt to cause the regime to take a second look at the communal society it has spawned.



## 8. "ONE HAND ON THE HOE, ONE ON THE RIFLE"

THE family of Wu Lo-ming, the peasant who said he did not mind losing his land to the commune, shares a stone hut with two other families. In the usual style of China, Wu, his wife, and two children all sleep in one bed. In a few years, when the "high houses" are built, the Wus expect to enjoy the luxury of a one-room flat to themselves. The old cottages and dusty roads of the villages are due to vanish, according to ambitious plans of the commune. The plans, crudely but boldly sketched on the whitewashed sides of buildings for all to behold, in awe, call for a physical community closely knit together. The "high houses" will be two-story apartment blocks resembling barracks, if present city dwellings are the models. In the sketches, the "high houses" are built around huge quadrangles, which, in turn, contain scores of kindergartens and schools, laundries and workshops, canteens and mess halls. At present the Hsushui mess halls, hastily improvised out of old barns, seat barely five hundred people at one time. But the communal mess halls of tomorrow will handle thousands, with crews of women working full time in the kitchens, so that even more women than today will be released for "productive" work. As chilling as this physical herding may seem to us, it does not appear to disturb Wu, for it simply adds up, in his perspective, to greater security. But the big question is: What will happen to the children and future family relations?

Before entering China, I had read, largely in the United States press, reports that families had already had been split up, with husbands and wives living in separate dormitories and meeting

only a few hours a week under a so-called "Saturday-night" arrangement of privacy. ("The birth-control advantages of the system," commented one news magazine, "are obvious.") I found no evidence to support these reports, which, I believe, do a disservice to readers because they fail to recognize the subtlety of the Chinese Communist techniques. So far as I could determine, there was no effort to isolate wives from their husbands; on the contrary, even the "high houses" of the future call for what the Chinese consider lavish, modern living—a one-room flat per family, with the operative word "family," and the attraction, presumably, an assured dwelling for everyone, with no fear of eviction. It is easy to dramatize the vision of male and female societies, with the commune functioning as nothing more than a vast stud farm, in which the state can raise children as it sees fit. Such a concept does not take into account the history of Chinese peasants, who are capable of developing at least passive resistance against blatant measures that are contrary to their own interests. Nor does it perceive that a far simpler, and more insidious, master plan is already under way. Thanks to the highly developed art of persuasion, and innate patience in dealing with the human element, the regime is able to move in gentle ways, extending itself to what it believes is the limit, then withdrawing slightly under public pressure, but still keeping in mind the ultimate objective, the attainment of a thoroughly conformist society. It may be fashionable for us to think in the Orwellian image of the state snatching children from their mothers, "as one takes eggs from a hen." But this is not quite the way it is done. In China, the women are "emancipated" from housework; they are off in the fields or factories from sunup to sundown. And so it is the "duty" of the commune to provide crèches or kindergartens for the children, cared for by old *amahs* who are incapable of manual labor, and who are taught a few basic loyalties to the system and the party by teachers who themselves have an almost missionary zeal. The mothers and fathers, meanwhile, see their offspring only briefly in the evenings. Later on, the plan is to send children to boarding schools, so parents will meet with them even less frequently while the children learn intensified rituals in Marxism. These measures, of course, run counter to traditional, close

Chinese living, when at least mothers stayed home with the youngsters and inculcated loyalty to the family. One of the questions Westerners asked among themselves while I was in China was whether it is normal even for a Chinese who once lived at poverty level, or below it, to accept any violation of family life in return for an improved material standard. An even bigger question was whether the state would recognize symptoms of discontent and alter the trend before communism destroyed itself. The answer to both questions is a qualified "yes."

Even before the communes were introduced, the regime had transformed, drastically, the fundamental structure of family life. The ancient feudal saying, "Hens cannot crow, women are not human beings," was replaced, during the early days of the co-operatives, by the official eulogy: "Women are able and skillful. They lead in work and study. If you dare challenge them, you have to work hard and keep your eyes open." In the "liberation from household chores," women were removed from family surroundings, and soon formed one half of the country's agricultural workers. In 1958 alone, during the "great leap forward," fifty million women were added to the labor force. I saw some of them not only at the blast furnaces of Hopei Province, hacking iron ore or heaving coke alongside men, I saw them in the factories of Peking, operating lathes or crating goods for export. I saw them on the docks of Shanghai, toiling as stevedores and hauling sheet steel. The harbor master, showing me around, said vigorously, "Before liberation, there were only two kinds of women in Shanghai—the rich ones who drank tea and idled, and the 'blossoms of the street.' Now everyone is doing a useful day's work." There is, for instance, Huang Pao-mei, a spinner in the state-owned Cotton Mill No. 17 in Shanghai. She won national fame, and has been feted in songs and a play, because she devised a system of eliminating knots in thread joints. "Old Granny" Tsao Yi-hsiu in Yunnan Province was similarly acclaimed because she caught over ten thousand weasels. In Wuhan, according to the magazine *Women of China*, two ordinary housewives, Chang Shu-chuan and Yang Chu-chen, succeeded in producing oxalic acid from sawdust. Six peasant women of the No. 9 Production Team of the "Fearless Advance"

Commune, under the female leadership of Yang Kwei-lin, established a record wheat harvest for Honan Province.

Ten years ago these names would have been known only to immediate families. But then, ten years ago, the women of China still lived much as their ancestors did centuries before them. A relative few, of the intellectual class, managed to break away from tradition and seek careers in professions or city offices. But the vast majority were immersed in what the Communists now call the "Three Cares"—cooking, sewing, minding the children. In the south, they sometimes helped their peasant husbands in the rice paddies, but elsewhere they generally kept busy in the confines of their huts. According to an old expression, a woman left her home only on three occasions: her wedding day, her pilgrimage to mother-in-law, her burial. How do the women react to their "emancipation"? There is little doubt that the younger ones, many of whom are sold on the regime and system, are content. Higher education and the fields of medicine and engineering have been opened to them. In 1948, the last full year of the Nationalist government, only 27,000 women students were enrolled in colleges and universities. By 1958, they numbered 102,000, with the highest proportion, 40 per cent, in medical and pharmacy courses. In Old China, a few women studied science or engineering; today, one in five science students is a woman.

But what about the older women, or others who are not eligible for, or interested in, professional careers? Their story is more difficult to piece together. Certainly on the face of it you would think there is resentment, first against any change, whether good or bad, of deep-seated customs, then against a government that strives to transfer children from family surroundings to the clinical atmosphere of communal nurseries or state boarding schools. I met one woman who clung tenaciously to her five-year-old daughter as though she would never see her again. "Tomorrow," said the woman quietly, "I must enroll my child in a nursery." In providing nurseries, the state not only argues that it is doing so in order to release women for "productive labor" in the national interest; simultaneously, it has laid on a tremendous propaganda campaign designed to win acceptance by stressing the material advantages to

the child. The campaign is carried out both in the rural communes and in the cities, where communes are not yet being established but where women are expected to follow the "productive" examples of their sisters in the countryside. Cheng Chin, of the Peking Hsinhua Printing House, records this experience to comfort other mothers:

"When my second daughter was born, I made up my mind that I wasn't going to repeat the mistakes I'd made with the first. Li Min, I decided, was going to be a nursery baby. But I have to admit it was not without some misgivings that I handed Li Min over to the nurse the first day I was back at work. Would they pick her up if she cried for long? I wondered. Supposing she got diaper rash? My eyes followed the nurse carrying the baby to the nursery and then I went back to work. But everything was as it should be. Later I learned that the nurse would pick up the babies every now and then and play with them. I have given up worrying and can give my whole mind to my job." Cheng Chin then related a few practical points about the nursery, which is attached to the printing house. While she was nursing Li Min, she was given twenty-five minutes off to feed her, "both morning and afternoon, without deduction of salary." The nursery charge was only one yuan (40 cents) a month. When Li Min had an egg yolk every day, the charge went up to 2.40 yuan (96 cents) a month; but the maximum on a full diet was only eight yuan (\$3.20) a month. As Cheng Chin pointedly declared, the child was getting better nutrition than she would at home.

In most rural communes there is no charge whatever for nurseries. While the quality of diet varies from commune to commune, depending on the regional food available, it may be assumed that the feeding of children is given priority. It is this kind of material "common sense," the party is convinced, that will lead to recognition of the virtues of "toppling the old idols," including rigid family relations. In any event, even if the more reluctant or suspicious women hesitate to fall in line, there are enough Cheng Chins around to ensure that propaganda and indoctrination will be steadily absorbed, and at least the next generation will emerge in the pattern desired by the state. This pattern was echoed by a miner's wife, Li Shu-chi: "We work neither for fame nor for

money. We work for socialism." But will the communes become little more than breeding grounds in which the state will raise children in a completely conformist mold? This may well come about, though not, as we have already discussed, in the blunt fashion that the unimaginative mind grasps upon. It is far easier to visualize people at the point of a bayonet than a Pied Piper's flute, some willingly going along with the dictates of party policy, others resisting, but themselves vulnerable to the slow process of persuasion. The mechanism of the Chinese Communist apparatus is as basic as a simple farm plow, upturning old earth to discard old seeds and plant new. But in one essential the mechanism differs from the plow: it can gently put back some of the old seeds, while enough of the new ones linger to take root. In accepting Mao's philosophy of the communes, the local cadres leaped ahead three feet. And then, when the party sensed that the peasants, pliable as they might seem, were wary of a potentially drastic upheaval of family life, the regime pulled back one foot. But a considerable gain, obviously, had been made.

There is something of a parallel in the birth-control campaign of 1956-57. State planners had long been conscious of the population problems that an industrial and agricultural reformation would unleash. Since earliest history, China's army of peasants had occupied its time and energy with the most fundamental of land tools, the hoe and the sickle. With few bullocks or horses available, it was the human hand that did the tilling and the reaping. But latterly, the army was being mechanized; with the promise of tractors and combine harvesters, millions of people on the farms, now in manual labor, would ultimately be made redundant. Some planners claim that the projected factories in the communes will be able to absorb the men and women no longer required on the land. Nonetheless, the population rise, 15 million new Chinese each year, is further aggravated by the steadily declining infant mortality rate. The paradox of better living standards bringing on its own problem for more mouths to feed is matched by another dilemma. In order to build up industry at the rate demanded by the regime, more labor is needed at the moment, hence the heavy recruitment of women. But how will work be found later for the men and women coming off

the fields as the tractors come out of the factories? And is it not true that industrial revolutions in the past, in other parts of the world, have shown substantial automatic increases in population? In trying to solve these questions, the state planners went contrary to old Communist principles; they advocated family planning. In this deviation from the teachings of Marx, and even of Mao Tse-tung, party members rationalized among themselves that pregnancy deprived the state of many work hours. But for public consumption, the birth-control campaign was launched with the slogan: "In the interests of women's health, home life, and national prosperity." It was accompanied by lavish displays of posters that left little to the imagination about how to use contraceptives.

But the campaign was a failure, particularly in the rural districts. Peasant women, with ingrained Chinese habits, felt that family planning was evil or immoral, and they resisted it. Today, though contraceptives are openly displayed on shop counters in the communes, the campaign no longer is pushed. Party apologists, in their new rationale, have returned to the old line of discrediting the Malthusian doctrine, which holds that population rises at a greater pace than the means of increasing food production. "We no longer are afraid of a large population," Yung Lung-kwei, director of economic research of the State Planning Commission, told me in Peking. "Population goes up by 2 per cent a year, but, since the 'leap forward,' the harvest increases by 100 per cent." The current official version is that China can handle, and needs, a vast number of people. This approach has particular appeal among young people, who, in the new mood of nationalism, look to a powerful nation emerging in the near future. But, typical of the contradictions to be found in China, it is the young people who have succumbed to the campaign calling for family planning. Where, even among the educated classes, large families were once favored, two or three children are now considered the norm.

It is possible that the reluctant peasants will gravitate naturally into having smaller families, as part of their declining involvement in family affairs (and weariness from long hours of manual labor). But the main point is that the regime, in sidestepping its delicate and unpopular campaign for contraception, emerged with no loss

of prestige and some gains. If it suits the regime's purpose, birth control unquestionably will again be propagandized. In the meanwhile, the government, after the hasty and long plunge into collective living, is handling doubts about the communes in a similar, skillful fashion. An admission that mistakes had been made, and that a steadying hand was necessary in the development of the communes, came only a few months after the movement had spread across the country. The Central Committee of the Communist party issued a long and largely theoretical document, reflecting the bitterness among peasants about some aspects of communal life. But it would be an error to consider that the document implied any intention of the regime to turn aside from its basic policy of establishing a thoroughly equal and moneyless society, and to make everything and everyone subservient to the state. What the document did do was to confess, not for the first time in the regime's history, that cadres had been overzealous in translating the words of Mao Tse-tung; less haste and more thought for the welfare of the peasant were required. Peasants, in objecting that they could not build a new society and new towns and factories overnight, were absolutely right, the Central Committee tacitly admitted. And so, one of the major complaints, about fatiguing, sixteen-hour workdays, would have to be rectified. Henceforth, decreed the Central Committee, the peasants must not be worked too hard; everyone must have eight hours for sleep and four hours for meals and recreation (with no change, naturally, in the two hours a day for ideological studies). Where there had been deviations and excesses, claimed the ruling body, it was the fault of impatient local party organizers and not part of official policy.

This rap on the knuckles of the local cadres was, I believe, genuine enough and not merely an attempt by the hierarchy to absolve itself of blame. If the merciless pace had been maintained without any murmur from the peasants, the Central Committee undoubtedly would have considered itself most fortunate and would have issued no public manifesto. But in the circumstances why not placate peasants, and reassure them that the party has the interests of the people at heart, by censuring individuals rather than the philosophy behind them? The Central Committee document



was almost forecast during the conversation I had earlier with Yung Lung-kwei of the State Planning Commission. Yung called the spread of the communes "a phenomenon," and assured me that Peking had not foreseen the hasty manner in which they would be taken up around the country. "We will have to look for imbalances created by the cadres on the spot, and correct them very shortly," he said. I do not think that Yung, in stressing the "spontaneous" nature of the communes' growth, was trying to insist that collective living was imposed from *below*. It is quite apparent that Mao himself had formulated the communal concept for what he believed to be China's own needs. But once the go-ahead signal was given, a detailed schedule was not issued from the rarefied atmosphere of Peking. Rather, it appears that the movement was accelerated by the scores of thousands of loyal and fanatic party followers who had emerged from peasant ranks and were now anxious to prove that they could make the communes work in their own districts.

But it is equally clear that the cadres form only a segment of the peasant population and that any major moves in communism must have the approval of the masses affected. The regime is still highly sensitive to, and responsive to, any reaction from below, as indicated by the Central Committee's statement. If young devotees like seventeen-year-old Wang Feng-shu go around proclaiming, "The family does not count any more, we provide all the needs," some clarification from the upper stratosphere is required. If cadres or functionaries are too impatient in their methods of "persuading" suspicious mothers that nurseries are a blessing, then some reassurance must be given that a breakup of the home is not threatened. Madame Tsai Chang, president of the Chinese Women's Federation, set the stage when she declared that the policy was only to "destroy the old feudal patriarchal family," not ordinary family life. Then the Central Committee repeated the pledge and added, "It must be known that this patriarchal system had long ceased to exist in capitalist society and this is a matter of capitalist progress." Thus arises the question of Confucianism versus communism. Confucius, the famous sage of twenty-five hundred years ago, taught that political order, the order of national life, began with the regulation of family life, with the emphasis on "filial piety,"

the respect and obedience of children for parents. After this could come respect for authorities of the state. But many historians argue that Confucianism as such, a code of ethics and a ritual of social order, never played much of a part among the vast mass of peasants. Its influence was mainly among the mandarin or ruling class, and among intellectuals, and this influence was largely eliminated long before the Communist revolution. The height of its disintegration came in the period of Dr. Sun Yat-sen, the father of modern China, who led the revolt against the Manchus in 1911 and established the first republic. Sun Yat-sen taught that the old abiding loyalties of Chinese family life, transcending all others, must disappear, and in their place must be implicit obedience not to elders but to the urgent task of reshaping and reconstructing the nation. Over and over again he repeated from Mencius, the Chinese philosopher who ranked next to Confucius as a moral teacher, "The work of man can change Heaven." The educated classes took to the new doctrine, and the political revolution of 1911 intensified the social revolution that was already underway; the "small family" came into being, that is, the young married man lived only with his wife, not with all his family. But among the peasants a form of practical Confucianism remained. Not only did fathers expect their sons to stay with them, to help eke a living from the soil, but whole clans clung together in a sort of mutual-assistance society. Patriarchy, according to the Communists, was therefore dictated more by economic necessity than by sentiment. In other words, mothers and fathers expected filial obedience because it ensured some protection for them. But now, the argument goes, it is the state that provides the security.

Clearly, any lingering of the "patriarchal system" presents a troublesome obstacle to a state determined to instill its own kind of loyalties. In attempting to soothe peasants, the Central Committee insisted that not only is ordinary family life consistent with a communal society, but parents may take their children out of nurseries "any time they wish." Moreover, the "misconception" that a switch-over to communal life means complete abandonment of personal belongings was officially removed. Peasants, said the committee, may retain small farm tools, some livestock, clothing, bed-

ding, furniture, and even their houses, if they still happen to own a house. But the emphasis was on the family and reassurance that even the barrack-like towns replacing the old villages would be "picturesque townships" with apartments suitable for "family living." Suggestions abroad that communes were destroying family life evidently irritated the party leaders: "There are a considerable number of stupid fellows in the world, including Mr. Dulles of the United States, who frantically attack our people's communes. This Dulles knows nothing about our country, but he pretends to be a China expert and feverishly opposes the people's communes. What makes him particularly heartbroken is that, as is alleged, we have smashed that very, very wonderful family system that was handed down over thousands of years."

But what does it all really mean? Local cadres were rebuked for "exhibiting certain overbearing attitudes" and for being "unwilling to do the patient work of educating the masses by persuasion." They were in no way told to give up the "persuasion," but rather to alter it by being more gentle and more serene in convincing parents that crèches and nurseries are best for their children. ("Softly, softly, catch monkey," is an old Chinese saying.) There is no evidence that peasants, fearful of even greater exhortation or public pressures around them, have removed their offspring from nurseries in wholesale numbers. Nor is there any sign that the regime has forgotten its unrelenting plan of weaning children from parental influence in order better to indoctrinate them in state teachings in state schools. On the contrary, a few weeks after the Central Committee's pronouncements, propaganda was stepped up, and the Chinese press reminded cadres of a dictum by Liu Shao-chi, who is second only to Mao Tse-tung as the party's leading theoretician. "Handling children," said Liu, "is more important than handling tractors or pumps." One paper (*Kuang-ming Jih-pao*) commented, "If a student gets Communist education in school and receives non-Communist education at home, the result cannot be satisfactory." The emphasis once more plainly shifted to boarding schools, which facilitate "unified plans for study, labor, cultural, and social activities. . . . The children eat, live, labor, and study together in a Communist atmosphere." The emphasis, not unpredictably, was

also on nurseries and kindergartens for the younger children, as disclosed in another publication (*Chung-kuo Ching-nien Pao*): "One of the most important measures to mold them into a new type of person is to adapt juvenile education to the social needs. Children must go to nurseries and kindergartens to begin collective life early and must live as boarders from primary school to college, to rid themselves at an early stage of their mental development resulting from the influence of backward and selfish concepts born with the old family institution."

Even the notion that peasants may now keep a couple of chickens or pigs or "private property" may be considered as fanciful in terms of the avowed ultimate target. The Central Committee in its statement said that the complete attainment of socialism would now require at least fifteen years, instead of the six years originally envisaged, and still "more time" would be needed for the final transition to communism. But it also restated the case for the communes with determination. The establishment of people's communes, said the leaders, was "correct and of historic significance . . . an outcome of China's political and economic development." China, in simpler language, would still have collective rather than individual ownership, with everyone working in a paradise "according to his needs." The minor delay in schedule, upwards of fifteen years in a country that used to think in centuries, may be considered as nothing more than a tactical change, to provide a necessary breather for a people who had been pushed at a shocking pace. The regime, as we have noted, can turn the heat on and off at what it considers the proper psychological moment. Apparently Mao Tse-tung considered the moment for a slight cooling down arrived a few months after the transformation from co-operatives to communes had taken place. But strategically all is the same, with the intention to establish the first "true Communist" society in history. Mao has based his program on an intimate knowledge of his own people, gained during his many years of living and working among the peasants. He has shrewdly anticipated in the past how far he can go with them, and there is no reason to assume he has guessed wrongly over the communes. He operates on the realistic belief that the communes have already brought tangible results; and now that he has retired

as head of the state in order to concentrate on the bigger job as chairman of the Communist party, he is clearly dedicated to the one task: the absolute and lasting success of the communes.

He has also, in the reluctant view of some non-Chinese Communists, established himself as the leading philosopher and Marxist of the Communist world. Aside from the Russians, who are embarrassed and pained by the striplings advancing to real Marxism (Khrushchev defensively called the communes "reactionary"), East Europeans are both wary and disturbed. They consider communes, which represent the ultimate in collective society, unworkable among Europeans, who will accept socialism, but not up to the point where it turns into communism with everyone sharing alike and completely relinquishing individuality. The Soviet Union has made co-operative or collective farming more appealing by allowing farmers to sell some produce privately and garner the profits. Poland has virtually abandoned collective farming. But the East Europeans fear that among their ranks are theoreticians who may try to follow China's example. A Czech in Peking told me that he was afraid that some of his extreme doctrinaire comrades in Prague were talking a bit too loudly about "true communism" and suggesting that the pattern in China should be copied. I visited one commune with a Polish correspondent. On the way back I asked him what he was going to write about. "The way the people make iron and steel," he said. "And the commune itself?" I asked. He shook his head and replied, "Much too delicate."

There are, of course, still unanswered questions in China's own future with the communes. Theoretically, each commune is supposed to be self-governing and self-sufficient, relying on its own agriculture, fisheries, and industry for its upkeep. But some communes obviously have richer resources than others. Will they be expected to subsidize poorer ones? How will a balance of trade or barter be achieved between neighboring communes? I asked these questions of Yung Lung-kwei, of the State Planning Commission, but he said simply that details were still being worked out. The communes obviously galloped ahead before anyone could think of the reins. Yung did say, however, that communes will be expected to collect some taxes—from such sources as communal slaughter-

houses and cinemas—pay a portion to the central government, and use the rest for schools and hospitals. What is left over, said Yung, can be handled in one of two ways: "The old way is to distribute money among peasants and workers according to the work they do each day. The new way is to give them free clothing and food, and a little personal spending money." What happens, I asked, if a man needs money for travel to Canton? "If it is for an official or work reason," said Yung, "funds could be deducted from administrative revenue." And to visit a sick mother? "In our present savings campaign we do not visit sick mothers."

While local governments are encouraged to run more industry, Peking still maintains control over national projects, such as hydroelectric development that will benefit large areas rather than individual communes. But Mao, in keeping with the classical precepts of Communist society, has proclaimed: "The function of the state will be only to deal with aggression from external enemies and will not operate internally." If there is really an effort to establish a classless and moneyless society, with each commune self-governing and responsible for all its own services, when will the state government wither away? The planners cannot give a firm or logical answer. They merely say that "democratic centralism" still exists. But an even more tantalizing question involves the human factor. As the hydroelectric and irrigation projects expand, and impersonal industry reaches the required level, will future generations demand more material rewards for themselves? This has been the pattern in Russia, where pots and pans have had to follow the construction of power plants and years of individual privation. Will the regime in China see that these demands are satisfied? If so, as people experience the comforts of the material world, will they be content with a hypothetically classless and moneyless society, or will they try to grope for more individual gains?

In the meanwhile, present generations already are receiving their indoctrination and regimentation, so that presumably they will grow up to believe in life as it comes. In a Shangchuang kindergarten, typical of other communal kindergartens, I saw, next to more prosaic toys, a neat stack of tiny wooden rifles. The youngsters, after a rigid schedule of "community play" behind a bamboo fence, were

about to have their afternoon drill. Clutching the rifles, they sang two songs in my honor. One was called, "Taiwan Must Be Liberated." The other, sung even more loudly, was, "Socialism Is Good." The Chinese argue that there is nothing sinister about the military training of six-year-olds. It is all part of the expansion of a "socialist industrial army," the kindergarten teacher assured me. But I could not help remembering the editorial commentary I had seen in *Red Flag*: "Although the organization of agricultural labor along military lines at present is for waging battles against nature and not human enemies, it is nonetheless not difficult to transform one kind of struggle into another."

More fundamentally, of course, the military drill is in keeping with the process of regimentation—the unrelenting plan to instill discipline, so there can be no questioning of the regime's philosophy or dictates. While the kindergarten children fondled the wooden rifles, their mothers and fathers, coming from the fields and factories, were also about to start an hour's training. The mothers, armed with carbines, marched along a dirt road chanting, "We carry rifles and guard our country." The slogan of the commune is: "One hand on the hoe, one on the rifle."

## 9. MANNERS, MORALS, AND AMERICANS

THIS is Shanghai 1959, once the lustiest city in the Orient, where "reason and persuasion," and a stern code of morality, or prudery, make it as exciting as a slumbering village. The pedicab coolie of 1949, riding his bicycle-propelled rickshaw, expected at least twice a day to receive a firm kick from a cop for some minor traffic violation. Now the undignified word "coolie" no longer is used, and the cop reverentially says, "*Tung-chih*, comrade, you should be more careful of the way you drive." And for a half hour the cop calmly chastises the pedicab driver for turning without a signal; the lecture is conducted with masterful aplomb. Maybe the pedicab driver, who vividly recalls his hell-bent career as a private operator and the passengers who impatiently demanded to be ferried to Kiangsi Road, longs for the old days. A half hour wasted in listening to exhortation is worse than a boot in the pants. But then, on the other hand, what is the rush today? There are no restless passengers; there are no "street blossoms" on Kiangsi Road, or on the Bund, or, for that matter, anywhere in this metropolis of seven million five hundred thousand. Now the streets are deserted in early evening, and the "blossoms" (or, as *really* old China hands used to call them, "fallen sisters") have been uprooted and transplanted in greenhouses known as reformatories. As productive "flowers," they now toil on the docks, carting sheet steel and loading holds. Foreign sailors, even if they should, in desperation, be attracted to these unfeminine creatures, restrain any impulses to engage in polite exploratory conversation with them. While I was in Shanghai, two Yugoslav seamen were in jail for attempting to "demoralize"



female citizens; and two Swiss businessmen, who tried merely to take a couple of ladies dancing, had just completed a four-month diet of rice and water. In the former case, some political motive may be suspected; Tito and Yugoslavs in general are in disfavor among Chinese Communists. But since Swiss were also arrested, it must be assumed that the new code of austere morality recognizes no neutrality. Foreigners as a whole are blamed for the decay that once marked Shanghai society and spread to other parts of the country.

But for frustrated foreigners there is always the Seamen's Club, formerly the exclusive Shanghai Club for British residents, on the Bund. Hundreds of Norwegians, Danish, and British sailors clutter the marbled lobby, gazing imperturbably past a huge plaster figure of Mao Tse-tung. Off the lobby is the longest bar in the Far East, one hundred and fifty feet of mahogany bearing the faint imprint of martini glasses of another day and the fresher stains of beer mugs. An old-timer, a Norwegian skipper, sips Shanghai Beer No. 1 without enthusiasm and murmurs, "Not like the old days, not at all." And in his saddened eyes is the image of old Shanghai, with its sophistication and scores of night clubs, now a dead relic of the "decadent bourgeois" past. At least, when they closed the lights of the night clubs and the brothels, the Communists had the courtesy to open the antiseptic Seamen's Club. Actually, very few of the old-timers are about. They prefer to stay aboard their ships, to read, to listen to the Voice of America on the radio, or simply to reminisce in privacy. It is mostly the youngsters, the Danes with crew cuts on their first night ashore, who, with no place else to go, show up at the club, looking bewildered in this previously wicked Babylon of the East. Finally, they resign themselves to an evening of "culture" and peer listlessly at the showcase of Ming vases or pick up English-language editions of Chinese magazines in the club's library. Not even a copy of *Punch* or *The Tatler* is in sight. The companionship of laughing ladies? This will have to await another time and another place. "Free love" (even if paid for) not only has been denied the foreigners, it is considered most distasteful (even if not paid for), and a crime, among the Chinese.

It is all rather strange, and terribly quiet, and yet oddly noisy in Shanghai. As I type these notes I can hear the clatter of cymbals and the loud beat of drums outside my hotel window. A procession of workers is passing by, no doubt proclaiming to the world that a local factory has discovered a new short-cut in the manufacture of ball bearings. And across the street I can see other workers on rooftops, bending and stretching to some high-pitched calisthenics. The government has decreed that an hour's exercise each day improves productivity, and now all of China is bending and stretching. Eros is well under control; energy must be expended only in constructive directions.

On either end of the springy carrying pole  
The girl balances two full water buckets.  
Lithely she moves ahead, not splashing a drop  
While the lad follows close behind.  
"Stop for a moment," he begs her,  
"Let me tell you the longing in my heart!"  
Without pausing, the girl laughs—  
"Look at the beads of sweat on your face!  
You can't even keep pace  
With a woman carrying two full buckets!  
What has your heart got to say about that?"

The above is described by *China Reconstructs* as a love poem for 1959. "Of course," says the magazine benevolently, "people still write love poems, but they have a new salty tang, very different from the wistful sentimentality of the old. This sparkling verse reveals two things about courtship in today's countryside—one, the sturdy independence of China's new young womanhood; the other, that neither lasses nor lads can get their heart's desire unless they prove themselves good workers. The lazy ones lose out in love as they do in the fields."

Brother goes on winged feet, carrying baskets of earth.  
Close on his heels comes a girl, also with two full loads.  
"Even if you fly into the clouds," she says,  
"I'll not let you outdistance me!"

This, then, is the mood of the "new people's" poetry, inspired by the Communist party; it reflects, supposedly, the attitude toward romance not only among the peasantry, who form the vast majority, but also among the elite of the cities. In other words, romance is to be based not on emotion or mutual attraction but rather on another kind of compatibility—the desire to toil in harmony for the good of the state. Marriage is to be built on the solid rock of revolutionary ardor, not so much on prosaic "love." How effective is this effort to alter human nature? Here, of course, is a fundamental question; and the Westerner, quite naturally, is apt to conclude that the Communists must fail if they pursue any ambition to reshape the heart as they have set out to remold the mind. Brainwashing may be one thing, argues the Westerner; meddling with the heart is something else.

And yet, viewed in the perspective of Chinese history, the Communist approach to romance is not as foolhardy as it might seem on the surface. Like so much else they are doing to slip new wine into old familiar bottles, the Communists are simply revising the emphasis in male-female relations; the essentials are unaltered. In former days, the vast majority of marriages among peasants were prearranged by parents; bride and groom met the first time during the wedding ceremony. Love, in the conventional Western sense, was not a factor. Now it is the party, through the mechanism of persuasion and propaganda, that tacitly selects the partners. Wives are encouraged to raise the "revolutionary consciousness" of their husbands by talking ideology rather than small, personal problems. So far, even in its early stage, this campaign has succeeded in arousing some public wifely renunciations of husbands for not throwing themselves more fervently into their work. It has also, as I saw, brought about a streamlined wedding ceremony, with the only participants the bride and groom—and a state clerk who issued the marriage certificate after a simple signature from each of the partners. Wong Pei, a factory worker, and his bride, a fellow factory hand, were entitled to a three-day honeymoon. But in fact the Wongs took only a half day off and elected to go back to work together, because, as they put it, this was the least they could do to help the state.

It may be argued that a state ceremony, shorn of the traditional Chinese wedding celebration, runs contrary to instinct and will be resisted. It may also be argued that women, in their new emancipation and freed from the compulsion to accept a mate selected by their parents, may eventually rebel against state pressure in marriages; love, and even sex, will ultimately triumph over all. Perhaps this will be so sometime in the future. But at the present this argument requires examination. China is undergoing a severe diet of moral reformation. There is prudery, a somber "asexual" quality even in the relations between young people. China's earnest young men and women do not indulge in cheek-to-cheek dancing; nor do they walk arm in arm through a park. Even in quiet restaurants, where they might be expected to reveal a soulful eye for one another, they appear more preoccupied with work projects than with personal affairs. The Chinese still smile, but, especially among the young in China, today all of life is serious and sober; and romance can be given little attention in the broader scheme of building a nation. If such a nonhuman condition seems out of character and unnatural to a Westerner, the historian offers an explanation. Professor C. P. Fitzgerald points out that the West has long held an inaccurate picture of Chinese moral values, based largely on the observations of foreigners in seaports. It is true, says Fitzgerald, that rich and powerful Chinese took concubines with impunity; but it is also true that the overwhelming majority of Chinese were monogamous, for the understandable economic reason that a man could not afford to support more than one wife. The wife, in turn, remained the drudge and servant of the mother-in-law. "For such a family," adds Fitzgerald, "the conception of romantic love had no meaning." Nor did the excesses of the wealthy have much influence on the masses. Aside from the fact that concubinage is now illegal—and, in fact, adultery, free love, and prostitution are crimes punishable by prison sentences—the present-day puritanism is closely in keeping with inherent Chinese moral austerity, which by tradition shuns even the representation of a nude human figure in art. If Westerners look on China as a land of debauchery, so many Chinese of old had a false concept of standards in the West. Used to their own high-neck gown, the *cheongsam*, which only suggested

the shape of the figure, they were scandalized by the relatively flimsy and open clothing of European women seen in such principal cities as Shanghai and Tientsin. To these Chinese, the West must be a land of licentious living. In any event, the historian reasons, it was Western impact as much as anything else that led to a loosening of sexual restraints among the Chinese inhabitants of Shanghai and other treaty ports. Says Fitzgerald in *Flood Tide in China*, "Western manners invaded China with Western commerce. A certain element in the Chinese people responded to these influences which were held to be modern as well as Western, and therefore desirable. But to the vast majority of the people they remained alien, repellent, and incomprehensible. It must therefore be considered as possible that the new puritanism, the asexual character of Chinese social life today, is not so much new and characteristic of the Communist regime as a re-emergence of Chinese values. . . ."

How are the Communists playing their role as moral reformers? One needs only to question a half-dozen young Chinese to find a deadening, repetitious order of answers: "Immorality of the past was created by greedy merchants and foreigners who forced young peasant girls into prostitution." "The rich men took concubines, while the poor went without rice." "Under the capitalist system there is a natural exploitation of the human soul." The exaggerations of these claims, the simplicity with which they are presented, go unchallenged. To hear the young Chinese, you would believe that immorality was rampant throughout the nation before 1949, when, in fact, any licentiousness that did exist was fairly well confined to small groups and only in a few centers. But it suits the regime to place the blame on "feudalism," foreign influence, and former capitalists; this is part of the process of instilling a sense of shame among descendants of the capitalists and old *bourgeoisie*, so they will more fervently "topple the idols" and equip themselves for a dynamic role in the Communist society. Young men and women born of the discredited urban or landed gentry are expected, in accordance with party regulations, "to renounce wholly the standpoint, outlook, and habits of mind of their class of origin." The former urban concept of moral behavior enters this renuncia-

tion, and one result is the depressingly staid atmosphere of such centers as Shanghai and Peking.

Another outcome is the stern and rigid attitude toward divorce. If marriages may be easily entered into, without undue formality or ceremony, they may not be easily dissolved; divorce is difficult to obtain in China today, and trial reconciliations are mandatory before courts will grant a decree. In a typical scene at the Peking Superior Court, a young man, aged about twenty-four, and his wife, about twenty, sat on two chairs in the center of a sparsely furnished room, facing the bench which comprised four judges—three men and a woman. The ever-present image of Mao Tse-tung, in the shape of a huge portrait, dominated the room, as though to suggest to everyone that the party would ensure a fair hearing. The wife's petition for divorce had already been rejected by a lower court; and now, in answer to questions from the judge, she stated flatly that her husband was worthless and lazy, and she was tired of being the dominant, strong personality. She had lost any affection she once had for him, and since there were no children the only solution was a divorce. With no lawyers to take up the argument, the proceedings were simple and straightforward. The husband now rose and, almost in monotone, made the point that while they both came from Shansi Province and were of peasant stock his education was far superior to that of his wife, and she was disinterested in spending a quiet evening at home simply reading. If anything, she was the lazy one; they both worked in a factory, but she considered her day's work done when they left the factory and she made no proper effort to clean their room. It was evident from the judges' questions that the court was determined to preserve the marriage. Finally, the presiding judge delivered a twenty-minute oration in which he said that wifely duties, even in the New China, included housecleaning. And then he turned to the husband and berated him for not making a more strenuous effort to elevate his wife to his own educational level. They were told to return home and try again; man and wife left the courtroom together, but without so much as a glance at each other. When I asked my interpreter, a young girl, what the ultimate outcome was likely to be, she said, "Possibly the case will come up again in a few months. But my

own feeling is that the woman does not have a sufficiently strong argument. Divorce must not be viewed lightly." And if the woman now knew her case was hopeless, would she feel free, perhaps, to go out with other men, or even take on a lover? My interpreter was horrified at such a suggestion. So long as the law said they were married, both man and wife would have to abide by all the rules. They could not seek separate domiciles, even if space in overcrowded Peking were available. Nor could they attempt extra-marital relations without risking a jail term.

This threat of punishment may in part explain China's revived adherence to a code of moral behavior. But party coercion alone is not the answer; the fear of public condemnation also keeps people in line, just as it ensures that "volunteers" will step forward whenever the state has a works project under way. And, underlying both practical pressures is possibly something else: the natural Chinese inclination toward moral austerity, which the regime has seized upon to emphasize the propaganda point that all evils in the past, including spiritual ones, were caused by the capitalists and foreigners; now the Chinese must forever cleanse himself of these old influences. How lasting will be this reformation is impossible to predict. But one simple example of Chinese conformism is already evident. These are the same people who once had a notorious vocabulary for swearing in public. According to Westerners who speak the language, and remember the Old China, the incredible thing is that no one today says anything off color, at least within hearing of others. The code also dictates: Don't throw paper on the pavement; don't steal. Everyone behaves accordingly. In keeping with the fantastic but practical obsession with cleanliness, women attendants even swirl damp mops under your feet in railway carriages—not once during a hundred-mile journey but at least a dozen times. You can safely leave luggage unattended for hours on an open railway platform; it will not be stolen. You can also leave your hotel room unlocked, and, in fact, must do so in some cities. In Shanghai, when I protested that my room had no key, the hotel clerk smiled blandly and said, "No unauthorized person will enter your room. This is not the *old* Shanghai." Indeed it was not, to judge from the tales of former travelers who talked only of the

"squeeze" or graft needed even for the smallest services. Not once in my stay in China was I able to tip for anything (tipping is considered a "bourgeois" custom). Nor was I able to quit any hotel without taking with me an assemblage of used razor blades and worn-out socks I had deliberately discarded. I tried it in Peking, and the floor boys chased after me. Obviously they were not going to leave themselves open to the accusation of collecting even rejects. I failed again in Shanghai. Finally, I had to dump the rubbish surreptitiously in a street litter bin in Canton.

This, therefore, is the code of the New China, a code that is kept alive by the mood of "persuasion," which, in turn, also assures implicit obedience in major dictates of communism. If the foreigner doubts the effectiveness of the over-all Communist technique of indoctrination, he need only look at the record of moral reformation. The code has resulted in honesty and marital fidelity, and simultaneously has set the tone, particularly among young people, for a purging of all "bourgeois" notions. It has also, in its rigidity, created a dull and monotonous society, shorn of the kind of humor or color that can be found even in the Soviet Union. For example, a mild government effort has been made in the last few years to brighten up women sartorially, to get them to wear other than masculine tunics and trousers. Fashion shows at the Workers' Palace of Culture, Peking, now feature the traditional *cheongsam* and even modified Western-style gowns (with, characteristically, high necklines). But even in the main centers women have been slow to return to this more appealing, feminine garb. For one thing, most people cannot afford more than the utilitarian tunics, which are mass produced at relatively low prices. For another, some women, in their fanatic quest to establish themselves on an equal footing with men, are afraid of neighborhood reaction, of being labeled "reactionary individualists." Even face powder and lipstick are only now, after years of condemnation, making a sluggish comeback. In one commune, free cosmetics are distributed to women between the ages of sixteen and forty-five. As one member explained it to me, "Before sixteen they are too young. After forty-five they don't need it."

The intellectual may argue against Chinese communism because





A main source of China's energy ...

...hacking ore for blast furnaces ...



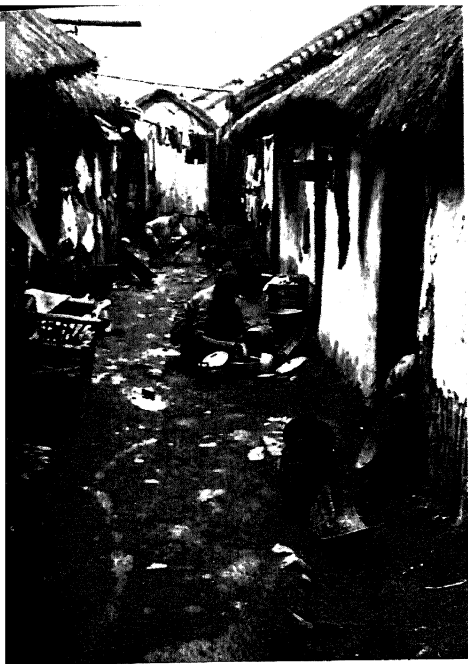
...is muscle power: in the fields ...

...or on a construction site.





In ten years China expects to match Britain in industrial production.



The slums of Shanghai.

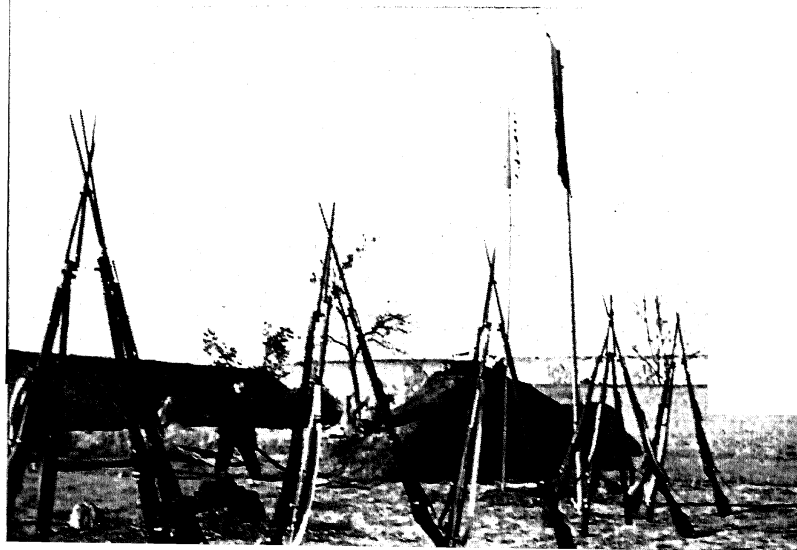


New quarters for workers.



The slogan of the communes: "One  
hand on the hoe. . . .

. . . . One on the rifle."

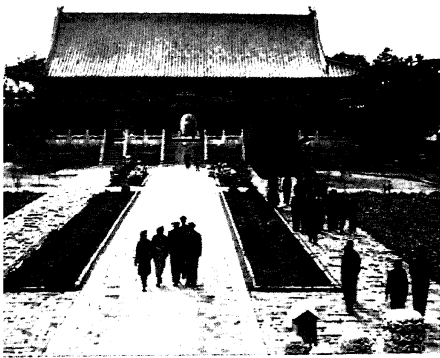




Along the Bund, Shanghai, New China roars while Old China sails by.

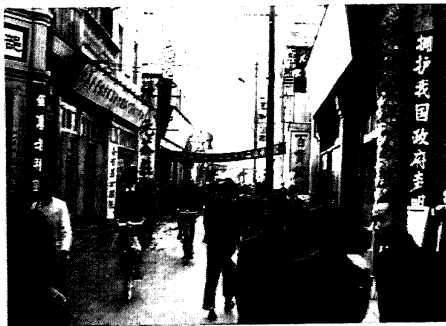
The walls of the British Embassy compound, Peking, remain covered with anti-Western posters.





Russians at the Ming Tombs.

A main street in Peking.



A side street in Peking.

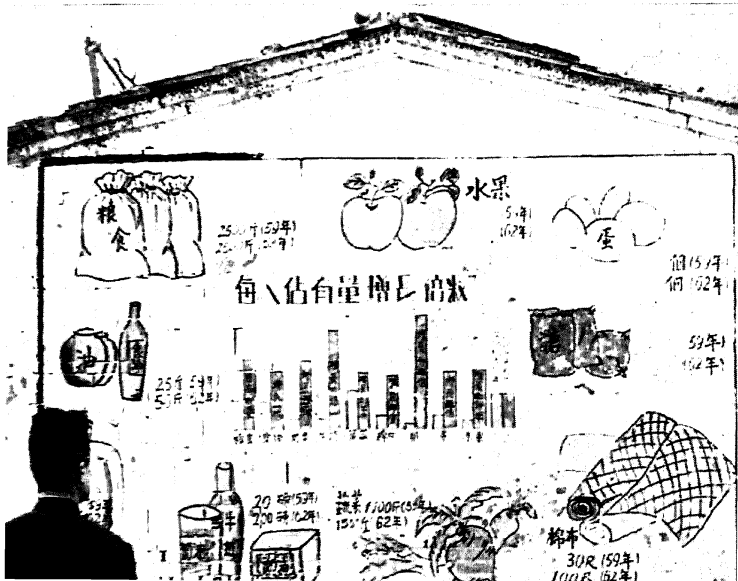
The Sidewinder exhibition.





Wang Feng-shu, seventeen, commune leader.

A commune's goal for the year.



Prison director Sun Chao-chi stands before photos of model inmates.



Prisoners receive indoctrination courses and have work norms to fill.



"I was a reactionary. After a year's learning I now see my errors."





it frustrates academic freedom; the capitalist can find fault with an economy that denies personal gain; the religionist condemns a philosophy that places Marx ahead of God; but all people everywhere can feel united against a system that drains the individual of lightheartedness or wit. All is sober and serious in China today. I found no young people willing to engage in banter or even a harmless discussion of the weather; political overtones had to be present, the *significance* of the weather on the coming harvest. The streets of Shanghai and Peking are empty soon after dusk, for most people, suffering from fatigue, pack up as early as possible and go home. Friends seldom find energy or time to visit one another, or even their beloved Peking Opera. Where, at one time, the opera was heavily overbooked, seats are now readily available. Although the Peking Opera has largely survived political change, some plots have been given a propaganda twist; and in terms of choice in the theater, the Chinese are limited to such loaded offerings as *The Masses Astir* or *Red Compound*, plays that describe, as one announcement promised, "the new spirit of mutual help and comradeship." When they do, on rare occasion, go to the theater, the Chinese can see *By the Banks of the Sangyang River* ("the stirring drama of how peasants along the bank of the river formed their co-ops, built reservoirs and power stations, and finally set up a people's commune"). If this fare does not entice them, there is, at the Workers' Theater, *Song of Youth* ("a faithful portrayal of the revolutionary youth movement in Peking"). Motion pictures are equally alluring. *The East Wind* graphically describes "the revolutionary enthusiasm of the workers in their attempt to build the *Dongfeng*, China's first car." Television is now available in workers' centers in Peking and Shanghai, but the few programs I saw consisted of children's singsongs or documentaries on how to build a blast furnace in your back yard.

There is evidently some desire for lighter entertainment. In Nanchang, where my plane was grounded overnight en route from Shanghai to Canton (Chinese civil aircraft do not fly after dark because of a shortage of safety equipment), I was invited by the local Intourist representative to attend a concert given by a visiting Hungarian troupe. The audience was made up mostly of teen-

agers, who, bright-eyed and enthusiastic, applauded a third-rate violinist who played gypsy melodies and an aged soprano who shakily sang an aria from *Madama Butterfly*. This sort of gayer Western "culture," poor as was its quality, was acceptable because it was offered by Hungarian comrades. In the main, however, neither Western nor Chinese light entertainment plays much of a part in contemporary Chinese affairs. Nor can the Chinese be said to possess a sense of wholesome satire. The Russian theater in 1953, during my first visit there, was somber; today, in contrast, the visitor can find plays that mildly spoof Communist bureaucracy. And the Russians now relate jokes about one another and their system.\* Perhaps, eventually, the Chinese will learn to laugh at themselves, but so far there is no sign that they are emulating the example of their Soviet brethren. Certainly I discovered no samples of current political humor, though I made a determined effort to search for them. The Chinese, still caught up in the sobriety of their revolution, talk statistics.

Oddly, from the Westerner's viewpoint, these statistics, plus the frustration of dealing in a strange language, can provide lighter moments. In Peking, I requested the information department of the Ministry of Foreign Affairs to arrange an interview with the minister of health. The minister, I was informed, was not available, but the propaganda chief of health was; and so I went along, accompanied by Mr. Chen, my interpreter of the previous few days. Mr. Chen is a native of Shanghai and, I am convinced, can hardly speak Mandarin, let alone English. I once asked him to express my gratitude to an official with whom I had spoken at length. But even a simple "thank you," translated by Mr. Chen, emerged as something else; the official, misled into thinking I had asked for the time, glanced at his wrist watch and said it was ten minutes past four.

In any event, we now had a chat with a man named Chang Chao-shen. For an hour, while the usual cups of tea were poured,

\* Irving R. Levine, in *Main Street, U.S.S.R.*, recounts how Russians tell of a citizen who was convicted by a Soviet court for calling the minister of culture a fool. He received a twenty-year sentence—five years for slander, fifteen years for revealing a state secret.

Mr. Chang stared at me peculiarly and struggled politely but vainly to answer some general questions about public health.

"How many doctors are there in China?" I asked.

"I don't know," said Mr. Chang, "but I can tell you about sparrows."

It was only then that we discovered that Mr. Chang was not the propaganda chief of the Ministry of Health. He was, in fact, the chief statistician for the Patriotic Sanitary Movement. Mr. Chen, the interpreter, blinked his eyes in some consternation. But, since we had already lost an hour, I decided to stay a while and hear about the Patriotic Sanitary Movement. China is still engrossed in the all-out campaign against the "four pests"—flies, mosquitoes, and rats because they spread disease, sparrows because they nibble at precious grain. The flies are relatively easy to cope with; millions of Chinese are issued fly swatters, and these instruments of destruction hang conspicuously in hotel lobbies, rail carriages, public buildings, and private residences. Sparrows are a bit more difficult to handle. The Chinese cannot issue air rifles to six hundred and fifty million people; so they've thought up an ingenious alternative. People bang away on cymbals and drums, frightening off the birds that need occasionally to alight on trees to rest. Sparrows drop from the sky out of sheer exhaustion.

After relating the thorough preparations for the shock tactics, Mr. Chang handed me a prepared bulletin:

Peking's headquarters for the war against the sparrow pest ordered a general offensive to start at 4:30 A.M. on April 19. An army of millions of Peking residents went into action. Every house and tree was turned into a fortress. At the appointed time everybody was at his battle post. At five o'clock sharp, men and women, old and young, began the attack. They beat drums, gongs, cymbals, pots and pans, let off firecrackers, and raised a deafening clamor. All over the city, scarecrows and bright-colored flags fluttered on roof tops and trees. After a few hours, large numbers of sparrows, scared out of their retreats, starved, and with no place to rest, perished. Some fled into areas where it seemed to be quiet only to fall into snares

and concentrated gunfire. Operations continued late into the evening to capture those that had somehow escaped the daytime offensive and gone into hiding.

There was a grim seriousness about Mr. Chang, and so the bulletin had to be accepted at face value. He did not care to elaborate on how some sparrows managed somehow to go "into hiding." But I had already heard from British embassy people how they had turned their own compound into a sanctuary, permitting millions of bird refugees to use the trees there. Such is the perfidy of which the British are capable. But the British were highly criticized for granting diplomatic immunity to Chinese birds; eventually the Chinese staff of the embassy shot off firecrackers, and the terrified sparrows flew off.

What happened to them? Statistician Chang, in all earnestness, said: "In the last six months the people have eliminated 1,600,005,000 sparrows." What about rats? Statistician Chang said: "In the same period the people eliminated 1,500,007,000 rats." Mr. Chang swore that the figures were deadily accurate, hence the specific 5,000 and 7,000. As for flies and mosquitoes, 118,000 tons of these were exterminated in the six months.

"How are you so sure it was 118,000 tons and not 120,000 tons?" I asked. "Did people weigh each fly or mosquito as they caught it?"

"Oh, no," said Mr. Chang. "The way we do it is to spread papers on floors and in bushes. We collect the dead flies and mosquitoes in batches, and then weigh them."

At least I think Mr. Chang said all this. I will never know for certain, thanks to the ineptness of Mr. Chen as an interpreter. China has plenty of older men who speak good English, but they are never employed as interpreters. It is much more sensible to take a young man like Mr. Chen, who is about twenty-six, give him a thorough indoctrination course, with English as a sideline, and then turn him loose on helpless foreigners. Really, on reflection, you don't have much fun in China even as a visitor. But if you are patient you can learn a little about Chinese logic. For instance, a diplomat's car was in a collision with a government vehicle, and

he was afraid his Chinese chauffeur would be considered at fault. The state insurance company said it would have to wait for a ruling from the traffic court. Finally it informed the diplomat: "Since your driver is held 80 per cent responsible for the accident, you will receive 80 per cent of the compensation."

The diplomat, so far as I know, is still trying to figure it out.

Aside from members of diplomatic missions,\* the "Western colony" in China today numbers fewer than one hundred men and women. The colony is divided into two distinct groups: the non-Communist representatives of foreign business firms, most of whom are located in Shanghai; Communist renegades and malcontents, mostly from the United States and Britain. Among the American ranks are eleven enlisted men, former prisoners of war, who rejected repatriation after Korea. Occasionally, the existence of the foreign businessmen is enriched by the temporary visit of a trader from their own country, but for the most part they lead stagnant lives shut off from the outside world. The "old hands"—the British, the French—have no place in the New China. Once there were thirty thousand of them in Shanghai; now there are thirty—a handful of Britons, Danes, and Swedes who spend their social hours together or meet for lunch at what is ludicrously called the R.A.F. Club. Bravely they try to cling to import-export arrangements with state agencies; or, more bravely, they try to get out. The difficulty, as hundreds of Western firms discovered early after "Liberation," is that if you want to liquidate your business you must settle on the basis of what is coyly known as "assets against liabilities." This means that accumulated taxes must be less than the value of the business—and it is the Chinese government that decides what both figures should be. No one expects to emerge with a penny. The only hope is that your home office will not have to remit too much money to bail you out (because you're here as a hostage until accounts are settled). It was only on November 1, 1958 (nine years after the Communists took over), that the Sassoon Company, once a big giant in China, finally closed the books on its real-estate

\* Twenty-two nations of the non-Communist world maintain diplomatic relations with Peking, among them Britain, Sweden, Switzerland, and Norway. The missions are small, ranging from two to a dozen officers.

holdings in Shanghai. The startling rumor was that the local manager, a shrewd White Russian, managed to convince the authorities that a luxurious thirteen-story apartment block and several hotels should be enough to pay for back taxes. Ironically, one British woolen mill still plods along as "private enterprise." Its assets were so huge that no amount of artificial taxation could strangle it; while I was in Shanghai, however, the staff, with no textile orders to fill, was engaged in manufacturing three tons of pig iron a day in native-style blast furnaces.

The score or so of American defectees in China, including the former soldiers, lead a life that is neither fish nor fowl. They decry standards in the United States and yet they are never thoroughly accepted by the Chinese. The same kind of split existence applies to about fifteen Britons and one Canadian woman, a former member of Parliament. After talking to several of them, I had the feeling they were fighting a weird inner battle, determined to understand and love Chinese communism despite the inborn Chinese mistrust and suspicion of all foreigners; some are even an embarrassment to the Chinese because they demand equality, which the Chinese are not prepared to grant them. The irony is that the Americans sometimes feel compelled to explain, with confused sympathy, the action and attitude of their old countrymen. Morris Wills, for example, said: "Regarding Formosa, I tell people that America has a pact with Chiang Kai-shek and has to hang on, more or less as a face-saving problem." How does Wills react to the anti-American banners that fill the streets of Peking? "Of course it always hurts a bit," he said, "because I'm an American. But I also feel ashamed every time the State Department blows off in Washington."

I had no difficulty in reaching Wills. I simply took a taxi out to Peking University, waited while a porter found a professor who spoke English, and through him located Wills on a basketball court; it was a practice session for his class team, and Wills, tall and lean, was captain. He was glad to meet me, he said—glad, in fact, for any occasion that brought him a little closer to home. "Not that I'm unhappy or want to leave," he explained hastily, perhaps too hastily as I later discovered. Wills readily accepted an invitation to have dinner with me, and that evening joined me at my hotel.

I found him surprisingly frank in conversation, and, as the evening wore on, openly nostalgic about much of the life he had left behind. Wills was seventeen years old when he was captured in Korea. Now, at twenty-six, he gives the impression of being just another normal, unpretentious young man from a small town; and, indeed, he does come from Fort Ann, in upstate New York, and longs for frozen custard. So long as the conversation kept to everyday items, or even touched on Chinese affairs, I forgot that Wills was not just an average young American. "Why did you decide to stay?" I asked. Abruptly I was swept into another world. A hazy look crept into his eyes, and he replied, almost by rote, "I know the American army and its officers; they wouldn't think twice about trying out germ warfare on people they consider substandard, Koreans and Chinese. Of course it was a limited operation, but that doesn't change it." There it was—the classic horrified answer that bacteriological warfare motivated the American soldiers to desert their country. When I argued the falsity of the charge of germ warfare, Wills laboriously cited "evidence" that it was true. And yet I had the feeling that he did not now quite believe, even if at one time he did believe, the "evidence" he was quoting. But now, caught in his own machinery, he had to cling to some rationale for his action.

Like the other Americans who defected, Wills entered Peking University to study Chinese. He has now become almost fluent in the language, and remains at the university to study Chinese literature. At the beginning, there were twenty-one of the turncoats. One died, and nine have returned to the United States; the Chinese, seemingly glad to get rid of them once they had served their propaganda purpose, readily granted exit visas. About those who went back, Wills said, "Most foreign students find it dull in China, because they don't participate in activities." He paused, and his voice softened. "And I guess they simply got homesick." But in his own case, he continued, he was absorbed in local affairs, took part in sports activities, and occupied all his spare time. The internal conflict was plainly evident. On the one hand, Wills claimed that an academic career is open to him and he would probably remain forever in China; and then he contradicted himself by saying that one day he may go back home. He insists that he is not a Communist,

and I believe him—if only because foreigners are not permitted to join the party. I suspect that the Chinese, who have their own rigid code of loyalties, fail to show complete respect for anyone who has betrayed his own country. Wills, I also suspect, is completely aware of his dilemma: only partial acceptance by the people around him now, and total rejection as a traitor in his own country. But, with great fervor, he says, “My one desire is that our two countries should get together and straighten things out, without causing people to go to war.”

He also says: “It seems to me that in the expression ‘life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness’ Americans have forgotten the first part and concentrated on the ‘pursuit.’” As for his craving for frozen custard, he says that he finds satisfaction at the Peace Café, which makes chocolate ice-cream sundaes of a sort. Wills, who still corresponds with his family in Fort Ann, receives such American publications as *Time* and *Reader’s Digest*, and listens faithfully to radio broadcasts from San Francisco. The Chinese readily grant these concessions, but it is an error to think that they have lavished on their American guests limousines and fancy apartments. Wills lives in a simple dormitory room and receives one hundred yuan (\$40) a month from the Chinese Red Cross. His social life with Chinese girls is restricted by the same rigid rules of behavior that apply to the Chinese themselves.

A few of his American colleagues, however, have married Chinese women: Scott Rush, Lowell Skinner, and Howard Adams, who are now working in factories in Shantung Province, where they earn sixty yuan a month in addition to the Chinese Red Cross allowance. These men will face an additional problem should they ever decide to return to the United States; the Chinese authorities will not permit Chinese wives to emigrate. Some of the other former soldiers are scattered around the country, in schools and factories and farms. William White combines a study of law at People’s University with work in a people’s commune. Jack Dunn was out of reach; he was in a hospital suffering from stomach ulcers.

The rest of the American “colony” consists of an odd assortment, among them Dorothy Fischer, a woman in her late fifties, who told me that it was Tolstoy’s literature that made her become a Com-



munist. She quit the party in New York because "it wasn't far enough advanced," in other words, sufficiently radical; and in 1950 migrated to China with her Chinese husband, Cheng Yao-chun, an engineer. Her son, Hugh Cheng, aged twenty-five, graduated from Brooklyn Technical High and is now also an engineer. A daughter, Xena Cheng, twenty-one, is a student at People's University. So far as I could make out, both young Chengs prefer life in China to America. If there is any conflict within them, they compensate by saying there is satisfaction in seeing a motherland, once the object of ridicule in the outside world, becoming a mighty power. At least this is the way their mother, Dorothy Fischer, defines their attitude. She herself teaches journalism at People's University, though she had no formal training in the subject. Among her compatriots in exile are Bertha Hinton, an instructor at the Institute of Foreign Languages, and Iona Kramer of New York, who is married to a Chinese and works for *China Reconstructs*, the English-language monthly propaganda magazine. Both Iona Kramer and Bertha Hinton were unavailable for interviews; they were off in the countryside helping peasants plant trees. Marcellia Vance teaches English at Peking University; while the home of Robert and Jane Hodes is a sort of mecca for Americans on October 1, the anniversary of the Chinese Communist Revolution. "A party at the Hodes' is just like Christmas at Grandma's," reports Dorothy Fischer. "All the kids in town meet, and everyone relaxes."

But does Dorothy Fischer *really* relax in China? As the American wife of a Chinese, she is subjected to what she calls "almost unbelievably stupid bureaucracy." In the next instance, she hastily corrects herself, lest the visitor leave with the impression that she is disgruntled. What she means to say, she insists, is that the Americans would like to take an even more active part in "the big doings afoot." One day, promises Dorothy Fischer, she will write a book about the problems of American wives in China; this will, obviously, be only mildly critical of the way the Chinese operate. Dorothy Fischer, like the others with whom I spoke, can see no evil, for example, in the strangling of Chinese intellectual life. For one thing, she will not concede that the spirit of the intellectual is being destroyed. What she objects to is a nicety of Chinese regula-

tions. The Chinese are glad to have Americans join the peasants for a stint in irrigation ditch-digging; they also give the Americans some privileges of comfort—when there is a meat or potato shortage in Peking, the foreigners receive a substantial allotment. Otherwise, and this is the rub, they are treated as slight castoffs. Aside from the fact that they are not eligible to join the Communist party of China, they are not even permitted to join in formal political discussions. If university lecturers are called into conference, it is the Chinese who go, and not their American colleagues. If security measures tighten, as they did during the 1958 Quemoy crisis, foreigners are first to be interrogated. You could call it evidence of the abiding distrust among Chinese for all foreigners, or inverse racial prejudice or nationalism that even common ideology does not overcome. Some of the Americans, in complaining about this to the Chinese, hardly endear themselves.

And yet they stay on—some because they are fanatically Communist and want to see the first genuine experiment in Marxism in motion; others, I sensed, because they realize they have destroyed any life that might have remained to them in America. Bob Winter is in a special category, an oddity and not a Communist. Winter quit the University of Chicago thirty-five years ago to take a teaching post in Peking. He visited New York in 1943, could find “no sense of purpose,” and returned to a China still embroiled in the war with Japan. Now he lives in a tiny bachelor house on the Peking University campus, attended by a housekeeper, and occupies his time compiling a new dictionary. Winter is fairly much a recluse; a perennial and real lover of China on an academic level, and therefore tolerated by the regime. He has little in common with the American renegades who are lovers of communism. For their part, the latter tend to gravitate closer to British confreres, among them, Michael Shapiro, who works for Hsinhua news agency, and Alan Winnington, the correspondent of the London *Daily Worker*. The Anglo-American community makes its social headquarters at the International Club, which boasts a dance orchestra, a swimming pool, and a bar that still features pre-“Liberation” Scotch whisky. This whisky, all that remains in China, was enshrined in

the cellar when the Communists seized the club from Peking's former foreign residents.

Mrs. Dorise Nielsen Godefroy represents Canada in the new community. As Dorise Nielsen, from North Battleford, Saskatchewan, she was an "independent" member of Parliament, Ottawa, from 1940 to 1945. She came to China in mid-1957 to take a post at the Institute of Foreign Languages. She was not overly delighted when I dropped by, without warning (the Canadian government had not known of her present whereabouts). I found her in a comfortably furnished apartment decorated with Chinese scrolls and plaster busts of Mao Tse-tung. Why had she come to China? This was one of the very few questions Mrs. Godefroy would answer. "I came," she said, "because I thought it would be interesting to see people move from feudalism to an atomic age." Did Canada, with her own tremendous industrial expansion, not offer sufficient stimulation? "Canadians have fine ideals, but they must be allowed to develop independently. They must not remain satellites of the Americans." Did Mrs. Godefroy, an educated Canadian who knew her own country, honestly believe that Canada was a satellite of the United States? "The evidence is quite clear," said Mrs. Godefroy with impatience. Well, while we were on this sort of subject, what was her attitude toward China's outright occupation of Tibet? Mrs. Godefroy terminated the "interview" and showed me to the door.

## 10. ACUPUNCTURE AND THE PARTY

THE Tung Jen Hospital, in the center of Peking, is a busy and modern establishment. One wing, of gray stone, stands much as it did seventy years ago, when Methodist medical missionaries first built it. But the main portion, with seven hundred beds, was opened only in 1954 and contains the latest in equipment. Dr. Tai Shih-ming, vice director and chief surgeon of the hospital, was proudly showing me through his wards when, suddenly, out of a twentieth-century atmosphere of X-ray machines and operating theaters, we stepped back into the year 500 B.C. We were in the "traditional medicine" section, noteworthy first for the not unpleasant aroma of dried herbs and exotic Chinese drugs made from bark or powdered gall stones of oxen. About forty patients sat in the rows of benches, awaiting their turns to relate complaints to practitioners who painstakingly wrote prescriptions in a script as venerable as their own craft. One woman described her ailment for twenty uninterrupted minutes, while a bearded doctor kept nodding his head. There was no physical examination, but eventually she went away happily, clutching a packet of roots. She would boil the roots at home, Dr. Tai told me softly, and then drink the hot essence.

Our next stop was the acupuncture ward, where a half-dozen people, in various stages of undress, stretched out on cots. Some had long needles protruding from their arms and legs. One man, stripped to the waist, lay motionless while a "doctor" inserted eighteen needles in his back, leaving him resembling a human pin-cushion. A mother pathetically clutched her daughter, aged about

five, and then slipped off her padded trousers. The little girl, wide eyed and bewildered by the scene around her, was suffering from infantile paralysis. Acupuncture, also known as the practice of "needling" specific points of the body, was presumably going to cure her.

Both the aromatic medicines, some made from animal entrails, and the slender needles, some of silver, conjured up an image of ancient Chinese performing feats of medical magic long before Western civilization had even begun to study anatomy. The only trouble, in the view of foreign doctors and the expressed opinion of Western-trained Chinese doctors (before "Liberation"), is that traditional Chinese medicine is mainly magic. Although some sporadic successful results are claimed, acupuncture has no scientific basis whatever; and even herbal medicine is steeped in superstition. Yet traditional techniques are now honored, and even given priority, in the 1959 Chinese scheme of things, because the party dictates medical practice as much as it does ideology.

Dr. Tai, my guide, is a man in his mid-forties. He graduated from St. Johns University, Shanghai, which at the time (1939) was run by Americans, and did post-graduate work at Grace Hospital, Detroit.

I asked Dr. Tai what he thought about traditional medicine. His eyes avoided mine when he replied:

"Formerly, like doctors in the West, I was skeptical. I wanted to know the scientific reason why any drug worked. But there are lots of things in medicine that cannot be explained. They just work, that's all."

"If you have found good drugs here," I said, "why not report them to the West?"

"Doctors would be skeptical, as I used to be, and wouldn't believe the results unless they saw for themselves."

Acupuncture? Dr. Tai confessed that he did not understand what acupuncture did, but sometimes it succeeded where Western treatment, even surgery, failed. "No theory," he said after some reflection, "could explain acupuncture except Pavlov's theory of conditioned reflex."

I do not imagine that Dr. Tai believed I would accept these

inexact answers. Like other Western-trained Chinese doctors, he himself has been compelled to echo them, since they are laid down by a party that now decrees that China's medical approach should consist of three ingredients: the knowledge of forefathers of twenty-five hundred years ago, the experiences of the West, and the mass techniques of public health of the Soviet Union. Pavlov, the Russian physiologist who postulated many theories about glands and the nervous system, provides a convenient cover for acupuncture's obscurity.

Old-fashioned Chinese medicine was condemned by modern Chinese physicians many years ago. Although traditional practitioners, in the hundreds of thousands, carried on in remote country areas which never saw up-to-date clinics, they became less popular in the cities. And then Mao Tse-tung formally gave them new dignity when he declared that their talents had great importance. Today, as a result, all medical students must balance studies between herbs and antibiotics. Experienced doctors, too, are expected to listen to spare-time lectures in traditional medicine. All hospitals are now divided into two sections, so that patients have a choice between modern and ancient treatment. Many doctors, of course, opposed this regression and interference by the regime with the medical profession. But critics soon learned to control outspoken comments when they were threatened with downgrading or expulsion from colleges and hospitals.

There are several reasons for the party's insistence on the virtues of traditional medicine. One of them relates to the present mood of chauvinism, which implies superiority even of old remedies over new, especially since the old remedies are Chinese while the others are foreign. At a student exhibition, a young interpreter told me vigorously how a fourth-year medical undergraduate, working with peasants in the provinces, improved on an ancient herbal prescription for trachoma, an eye disease common in Asia. There was complete acceptance of this announcement, which first appeared in the party paper, the *People's Daily*.

"The Chinese herbs now cure trachoma in five days," said my interpreter flatly and without any questioning of the scientific basis.

The trachoma "cure" is called *Haw Ti Dan*, which, in literal

translation, means "pills dissolving the eye." When I mentioned the student claim to Dr. Tai, he shrugged his shoulders and said that, so far as he was aware, no simple treatment for trachoma had yet been found. Certainly the search was on, because aureomycin, which is effective in trachoma, requires long and costly treatment. And until they can mass produce aureomycin cheaply, the Chinese are looking for remedies in their own roots and barks. This, of course, implies a practical reason for the upsurge in traditional healing. China has progressed remarkably quickly in the manufacture of pharmaceuticals, including antibiotics. Ten years ago, before the Communists took over, the nation could not produce an aspirin. Now it makes all the penicillin its hospitals require. The important distinction is that the penicillin fills the needs only of hospitals, which are still relatively few in number. The output would be consumed overnight if the whole population, especially in rural areas, learned about penicillin's power and suddenly began to demand it.\* Meanwhile, herbs are inexpensive and abundant, and serve the purpose of keeping the people happy. In some cases they even do good. Dr. Tai insists that he performs far fewer appendectomies now, thanks to a root which, he feels, may contain an antibiotic. "We don't know exactly how it works, because the key drug has never been isolated," he said, leading to another question that will be discussed later.

The same logic, dictated by shortages, is partly behind the drive to encourage people to turn to traditional doctors. China has only about 80,000 doctors trained in Western medicine; to reach the standards of the West, she would need close to 500,000. Peking Medical College, which enrolled only 400 students before 1949, now has more than 3,000; the over-all annual intake in China is 8,500. But, since there is no hope of training enough doctors in a short period, health authorities argue that they must use not only medicines the peasants trust but also the men they trust, even if

\* There is no socialized medicine in China. If all the sick people could demand, as an automatic right, anything approaching free medical care, the available facilities would be hopelessly overwhelmed. Some of the rural communes are establishing free clinics. But in city hospitals, patients pay: five yuan (\$2) for a chest X-ray, one yuan (40 cents) a day for a bed. Factory workers are covered by benevolent funds.

they are not always scientific. And so the care of most Chinese remains in the hands of 400,000 traditional practitioners, who picked up their craft through apprenticeship or observing their fathers before them.

But underlying the resurgence of traditional medicine is possibly something far more disturbing than ultra nationalism or a deficiency in trained numbers. Dr. T. F. Fox, editor of *The Lancet*, the British medical journal, put it this way after a month's visit to China: "I fancy that the reason why Chinese medical students still have to spend so many precious hours in learning about traditional medicine is a patriotic or political reason rather than a scientific one." Another Westerner, Dr. Donald Gould of the University of Malaya, carries this suspicion even further. He argues that the family physician, in close contact with the people he serves and an influence over them, is a danger to the regime if he is trained in the critical or almost iconoclastic school of contemporary Western medicine. "The state cannot afford to let hordes of dangerous thinkers loose among the masses," says Dr. Gould (*The Lancet*, September 20, 1958). "The forcible dilution of Western medicine with old magic is an attempt to produce a new species of medical animal . . . still capable of practicing modern techniques but without a perilous turn of mind that asks a sound argument for every thesis." In other words, Western-trained men might spread "rightist" ideas along with their healing, whereas the traditional doctor, steeped in mysticism, is no threat to the regime.

Western-trained doctors have already begun, reluctantly, to recognize the party as the final, competent authority. The party decides where medical progress should be made, or when it should be curtailed. The reason for this, publicly proclaimed, is that only the party is capable of thinking of the welfare of the people. A student told me, "Before the Liberation, doctors shackled mental patients to a bed like prisoners in a jail. After Liberation, the people insisted on revolutionary humanitarian methods. Now, because doctors have concern for human life, mental patients no longer are shackled, and are allowed to wander freely in hospitals. Many are completely cured." While I was in Shanghai, the newspapers were filled with the account of a young "hero of the blast



furnaces" who was rushed to hospital with burns covering nine tenths of his body. Doctors gave him up. But the party decided he had to live, and, as one version reported it, "young Communist doctors cast aside their superstitious faith in scientific research and saved him, proving that what foreign science cannot do, the party in China can do." A motion picture is being made of this obviously exaggerated experience. Another "case history," complete with before and after photographs, depicts the story of a man suffering from encephalitis, a brain disease. When he was admitted to the hospital, his condition was considered incurable. "His breathing failed for six minutes," said a graphic account, "and the old doctors declared he was finished. But the party branch at the hospital said he was not finished, and they convinced the doctors to operate. He was cured." The main flaw in this story is that there is no known surgery for encephalitis.

Party representatives, who are laymen, sit in on every consultative meeting held by hospital staffs. In some cases they do not venture a medical opinion. In others, they give doctors a license to carry on in a fashion that even some doctors themselves deplore. One hospital, for instance, experimented with willow branches in bone-grafting operations, claiming that the wood hardens like bone and thus its use dispenses with the need for costly bone banks. Another hospital sought, and received, permission from the party representative to try a similar operation on a patient before adequate tests had been made on animals. The doctor who related this to me said, with some indifference, "The onus is not on us. The party has accepted responsibility."

Doctors also meet regularly under the chairmanship of the party man for the express purpose of political self-examination, confession of "errors" in thinking, and denunciation of colleagues as "revisionists." While the older and more sophisticated Western-trained doctors shudder at this form of control and indoctrination, they rationalize by explaining that it is precisely the kind of organizing skill of the regime that has led to tremendous material achievements in medicine as well as in industry. Acupuncture practitioners have at least been taught to sterilize needles before jabbing them into patients; herbalists have been persuaded to learn a few

basic principles of hygiene and immunization, and to apply them in the communes and rural areas. Simultaneously, the public has been incited into an energetic and endless campaign to exterminate flies, mosquitoes, and rats because they spread disease. The result is vastly improved sanitation and an appreciable lessening of infection. Amoebic dysentery, once a scourge, is rarely seen. Typhus, in such cities as Peking and Tientsin, has almost disappeared. China is now virtually free from cholera and smallpox. (Like other foreign visitors, I needlessly submitted myself, before the trip, to injections against a half-dozen diseases.) The immunization program has been effective against diphtheria, whooping cough, and other childhood complaints. Infant mortality, since 1949, has been cut by two thirds; and in Shanghai today stands at about 30 per 1,000 births—not much higher than the British figure of about 25. (*The Lancet*, November 9, 1957.)

All these facts and figures would be doubly impressive were it not for the political assault on an essentially nonpolitical profession and the compulsion of men skilled in Western medicine to accept ancient sorcery. "The accent," says Dr. Gould, "[is] not upon using the traditional doctor as a medical auxiliary, not upon encouraging the old to accept the new, but upon forcing acceptance, approval, and admiration of the whole established rigmarole of native therapy." The traditional doctor has been persuaded to trade in his black gown for a white smock, but essentially his methods remain unchanged. They are based on belief, as old as Chinese history, that man is a microscopic image of the universe and was created of the same five elements: water, fire, wood, metal, and earth. The concept even embraced the four seasons, and physicians thought that changes in atmospheric conditions could bring about "injuries of the cold" or "injuries of the heat."

The analogy between the components in man and nature led the first Chinese anatomists to divide the surface of the body into 365 points, corresponding to the number of days in the year. The twelve main vessels, carrying blood and air, and representing the months, are said to rise to these 365 points, thus presenting spots for acupuncture. Insertion of needles in any of these points, including the head, is supposed to open the surface and relieve the

pressure caused by a clash between *yin* and *yang*, the negative and positive forces in the body.

Oddly enough, the art of acupuncture has spread to other countries and is widely practiced today in Japan, and even to some extent in France and Germany. In one hospital in Peking, I met two Indian doctors who had traveled specially to make a study of it, despite the assertions by Westerners that acupuncture is mystical and nothing else. The best a Norwegian doctor could say after a recent tour is that the effect is psychological on some patients with imaginary ailments and they might respond to any kind of faith healing. Nevertheless, acupuncture wards are crowded with people with a variety of complaints—rheumatism, neuralgic pains, cramps, chronic headaches, color blindness, deafness, and mental disturbances. In one ward which I visited, ten people waited for the “doctor.” Eight had come by their own choice; two had been referred by Western-style physicians who could not find any organic reasons for their aches. The “doctor,” a man of about fifty, with black-rimmed glasses and a large black mustache, first felt pulses, then went from one to the other, deftly inserting needles.

The needles, of steel, silver, or nickel, and wire-thin, are said to cause no more discomfort than a pinprick. In any event, I saw no one wince, not even a man who had a series of twelve in a straight line down his stomach (for a kidney complaint). In some patients the needles were withdrawn immediately; in others they were left in for half an hour or rotated, depending on the nature of the ailment. For some people, the “doctor” told me, only one treatment is required; others have to come back a dozen times. Still others respond better to moxibustion, a therapy conceived and recorded centuries before the Christian era. It consists of applying to any of the 365 points on the skin dried and powdered leaves of *artemisia vulgaris* in small cones. The “doctor” ignited a few of the tiny cones on the shoulders of one man, and allowed them to burn down to the skin until small blisters formed. In the case of a young girl, suffering from a dyspeptic disorder, he simply used the leaves rolled up like a gigantic cigar. Waving the lit cigar over the child’s back and knees without touching her, he said the effect of the heat was enough for a cure.

Some effort is being made, particularly in the Soviet Union, to arrive at a scientific explanation for moxibustion and acupuncture, especially since the Chinese claim they are getting startling results in the treatment of poliomyelitis. One practitioner at the Peking Children's Hospital has a devout following of parents who insist that their paralyzed sons and daughters have responded miraculously and in many cases can now walk and run. Modern Chinese, who have looked to Russia for some theories of medicine as well as ideology, and who rationalize about acupuncture, say the explanation lies in Pavlov's theory that the nervous system is controlled by the cerebral cortex. According to these Chinese, the value of heat treatment or acupuncture lies not in any local effect. Rather, the minor shock produced is transmitted by nerves to the cortex, thereby influencing internal organs or limbs. "Nonsense," say Western neurologists. "Acupuncture has no relation to nerves. It is based on cosmogony, not anatomy, and the 365 points laid out on the body come nowhere near nerve endings." Apparently, so long as there are diseases which medical science fails to cure, there is comfort for people who believe that man is just a small replica of the universe and subject to the same natural catastrophes as the universe. Chinese medical philosophy still holds that leprosy and various types of fever arise from an imbalance in atmospheric conditions.

Western doctors who ridicule "needling" concede that there may be some useful applications of Chinese herbal medicine. While herbal medicine is considered basically a mixture of empiricism and superstition, a few Chinese drugs have been established in the West as highly effective, most famous among them ephedrine, from the plant *ma-huang*, used for nasal congestion. But are the Chinese trying to weed out the ineffectual herbs and conduct basic research? Dr. Donald Gould says "no." The aim is to popularize traditional medicine, not systematize it. At Peking Institute of Traditional Medicine, the central temple of herbal medicine, I spoke with the administrator, Yu Chien-min, and the director of research, Dr. Chiao Ching-to. They said that some chemical analysis of herbs is undertaken, but the main purpose of the institute is to train doctors in traditional medicine and to "educate" the public. This

confirmed the fear of Dr. Gould, who said that the emphasis is distorted, that men trained in Western medicine are forced to accept ancient wizardry while the old practitioners are given new glory.

"What can traditional medicine do that Western cannot?" I asked Yu Chien-min.

"Our herbs," said Yu, a nonmedical man, "can cure many types of cancer."

"If herbs are so effective," I asked Dr. Chiao Ching-to, "why not inform doctors in other countries, in the West?"

His answer was at least more specific than the one Dr. Tai had previously given me. "In the Chinese method," said Chiao, "there is no fixed formula or prescription. We use different combinations of herbs depending on the case. For example, in the treatment of meningitis, some patients need blood-cooling medicine, others need heat. In malaria or high blood pressure, it is only the doctor who can decide the exact mixture."

Chiao Ching-to, typical of other traditional practitioners, learned his trade by working with his father, in keeping with a custom of many generations. More than sixty traditional doctors practice at the institute, and I stood by while one dealt with his patient. A woman complained of vague pains in her stomach. The doctor held her wrist for several moments. According to the ancient theory, there are six pulses in the wrist, each connected with a specific organ and able to relay even the smallest internal change, affected by the time of day as much as anything else. It takes a Chinese many years in training before he can distinguish between the sensitive palpitations and their meanings.

The doctor asked a few questions; and the woman talked about her family, her dreams, and her fears. Nodding sympathetically, the doctor made notes on a pad, and then, in beautiful script, wrote a prescription filling a foolscap sheet. Western-trained Chinese physicians say that simply the unburdening of ailments, a superficial form of psychiatry, makes the patient feel better. In any event, the woman gratefully clutched the long prescription and moved on to the dispensary, where attendants weighed out a blend of chopped-up roots, grasses, and animal remains. One of the

ingredients was *jing chen tsi*, an herb which supposedly has the power to dissolve gall-bladder stones.

Some of the herbs may possess healing qualities or even act as antibiotics, but no one knows for certain. Little effort is being made to analyze old prescriptions and isolate the key substance from among the dozens of ingredients that go into a single remedy. The main lesson is in the systematic way the party, for its own purpose, has moved into the field of medicine, just as it has controlled, and stifled, other branches of intellectual life. At the Institute of Traditional Medicine, I saw groups of factory workers, led by party men, engrossed in a permanent exhibition designed to encourage belief in the superiority of Chinese medicine over Western. Worse still was the sight of medical students, carefully shepherdded, listening in rapt attention to the same spiel about the superior wisdom and knowledge of ancestors of thousands of years ago. No one raised a question about the acupuncture charts that hung around the room. A Chinese abroad, or in his own classroom ten years ago, would have been expected to challenge his professor, to demand scientific reasons for the lavish claims made for acupuncture. But now, with party men as their guides, the students were silent. Indeed, one told me that his classmates had invented an electronic device that could trace *chin lo*, the "nerve route" employed in acupuncture.

What will be the outcome of what the Chinese call "the patriotic health campaign"? Now that modern and traditional medicine are being taught side by side, the old textbooks—some dating back five hundred years—are being amalgamated with more up-to-date imports from the Soviet Union and the West. If the present trend continues, even the two groups of doctors will become one. As it is, Western-trained medical men are steadily forced by determined in-laws into an unwilling marriage, and the likelihood is that their immediate offspring will take on more and more of the characteristics desired by the party: obedience and unquestioning loyalty, even at the cost of medical progress.

## II. THREAT ON THE ECONOMIC FRONT

AS RECENTLY as 1952, three years after the Communists assumed power, private commerce accounted for 58 per cent of all retail trade in China; today, it is less than 3 per cent. The remaining entrepreneurs are mostly hawkers who descend in hordes on wayside railway stations selling everything from doughy buns to pencils. But even their days are numbered in the speedy Communist quest to follow the nationalization of all industry with a similar state control of even the most innocuous individual. The pedicab driver who laboriously propels you to the big state factory on the perimeter of town belongs to a co-operative. So does the artisan who sits in a little workroom in Peking fashioning delicate objects of jade. These men are paid according to piecework and might therefore be considered closely allied to private enterprise. In fact, however, since it is the state that is the sole provider of raw materials and the chief seller of finished products, prices and wages can easily be fixed. The co-operative in China, managed by a salaried director, is a handy device for controlling the miscellaneous crafts and arts that cannot be grouped into state shops or factories.

So-called "capitalists" also exist. These are the men whose former businesses are carried on by "joint management." Originally, under Communist promises, the capitalists expected to hang on to their businesses for as many years as they lived. But the government took over the firms, determined how much the original capital investment was worth, agreed to pay 5 per cent interest annually—until 1962—and to hire back the former boss

as manager, along with a state co-manager, who is usually a member of the Communist party. Five per cent interest may be reckoned as better than outright seizure; the only flaw is that revenue goes into a frozen account. It may be anticipated that one day the recipient will be asked to "donate" it to a worthy state cause.

Still, the foreign visitor invariably is asked if he would like to meet some of these "capitalists." Chinese Communists are inordinately proud of the way they have "persuaded" the arch types of a decadent economic system to fall into line; the visitor, in turn, is astonished to hear from the capitalists' own lips descriptions of the fervor and enthusiasm with which they renounced, at public meetings, their old holdings. Foreign residents in Shanghai in 1955, when much of the transformation from private to state enterprise took place, recall the enraptured faces of factory owners who stood up, amidst the beating of drums and cymbals, and proclaimed that socialism is best. There was, of course, a fantasy to the scene of men jubilantly committing financial suicide. Some, perhaps, were genuinely caught up in the ideological fever engulfing the nation. For the others there was undoubtedly the memory of public executions of a few years earlier and a fear that reprisals could take sterner shapes than reform-through-labor. And for all there was the rationale that the industrialist or shopkeeper was at least better off than the landowner. The landed proprietor had had all his possessions expropriated, without any compensation. But the city capitalist was at least still employed in his old firm, with the respectable title of co-manager and a decent salary; moreover, he was not nearly the object of villification that the landlord was. During the October 1 parade, in honor of "Liberation Day," the capitalists march through the streets in step with workers. Invariably they receive a great ovation from onlookers. "Why are the people applauding the capitalists?" a Western observer asked his interpreter. The interpreter replied benignly: "They require sympathy. They were so unfortunate to be born capitalists."

Part of this formal acceptance of capitalists, of course, is due to an early awareness by state planners that they needed experienced and knowledgeable men to run industry while party managers were



being trained. In the meantime the visitor must constantly remind himself that he is in a Communist state. If a shop attendant appears eager to hustle his wares (unlike the Russian who is slothful and disinterested), the chances are it is because he is the former boss and has not yet lost his zest for selling; even the more ordinary employees appear more aggressive than their Soviet counterparts. But this initiative is deceptive; it tends to make the visitor forget that nearly every shop, every factory, every industry is now nationalized and the property of the state, or, as the state prefers to put it, "of the people." In turn, the people are expected to respond with muscle power, China's most abundant and easily harnessed resource, to build up through a series of Five-Year Plans "socialist industrialization." The problem of agriculture is, in theory, now solved through the establishment of "people's communes." Light industries are also introduced in the communes, but it remains the lot of city workers, augmented by brigades sent from the communes, to create the heavy industrial complexes. In some communes, peasants receive no direct payment; their earnings are "banked" for them, or plowed back into the land, and their personal remuneration consists of food, clothing, and shelter. Since urban communes are visualized only for the future, city workers still receive regular wages, an average of \$20 a month. The really outstanding workers, the Stakhanovites of China, are rewarded not financially but with trips to "workers' paradises," rest centers, for a few days a year. Otherwise, in keeping with the policy of establishing all citizens on the same level, workers must be content with three or four national holidays a year and one day off a week. The question, of course, is how long such an exacting pace can be maintained.

In the meantime, the Chinese are claiming some remarkable results, both agriculturally and industrially. At the end of the First Five-Year Plan (1957), industrial and agricultural output was said to be 68 per cent greater than in 1952. With this momentum built up, 1958, the start of the current Five-Year Plan and the year of "the big leap," was held to be even more dramatic and fulfilling. Chou En-lai, speaking at the Second National People's Congress in April, 1959, proclaimed that in 1958 alone China's

industrial and agricultural output increased by 65 per cent, "a speed which has never been attained and cannot be attained under the capitalist system." He pointed out that in 1952 China's steel production was only 1,350,000 tons; but in 1958 it had risen to 11,080,000 tons. And since the immediate goal is to overtake Britain, the oldest industrialized nation in the West, Chou En-lai lost no time in drawing an analogy; he argued that it took China only six years to achieve in steel production what took Britain more than fifty years to do. If China succeeds in her target of matching Britain's over-all industrial strength in the next decade, the impact on the free world will undoubtedly be formidable. Other statistics point up China's boast that she is moving rapidly into the status of an industrial power. While industry and handicrafts contributed only 41.5 per cent to the national economy in 1952 (the rest was agriculture), their share by 1957 had risen to 56.5 per cent. The most recent sample comparative figures of production, say the Chinese, tell their own story:

	1952	1957	1958
Coal	66 million tons	130 million tons	270 million tons
Crude oil	436,000 tons	1.4 million tons	2.2 million tons
Electric power	7,260 million kilowatt hours	19,300 million kilowatt hours	27,500 million kilowatt hours
Locomotives	20	167	350
Freight cars	5,792	7,300	11,000
Motor vehicles	Nil	7,500	16,000

How reliable are official Chinese statistics? Professor Li Choh-ming of the University of California in Berkeley, who has made a long study of China's economy, says: "As far as I could see, there is no evidence of deliberate fabrication." \* Rather, Dr. Li questions the degree of technical competence of Chinese statisticians and the fact that a national statistical service was not set up until 1954; he wonders, therefore, how accurate figures used in 1952 can be as a base for the First Five-Year Plan. He also suspects that some factory managers may not be averse to manipulating data in order to fulfill quotas. I heard, among Western diplomats in Peking,

\* *Economic Development of Communist China*, University of California Press, 1959.

a similar suspicion that commune leaders were exaggerating harvest yields so they could look good in the eyes of higher-ups. Nonetheless, it may be assumed that Peking itself is not juggling figures for the sake of effect. If anything, it may be argued that the hierarchy would not care to proclaim publicly a total grain crop of 375 million tons lest the people demand, in this flaunting of "plenty," a greater share. It may also be argued that specific or exact statistics in industry are in some ways irrelevant. The main point is that Chinese industry has indeed jumped ahead at a rate never envisioned by Westerners who knew the former China, and is progressing at a rate to dispel any complacency on the part of the West.

How do the Chinese do it? In Peking, a city whose only industry in 1949 had been a brewery, I visited a machine-tool factory. Two months previously, a horde of three thousand construction workers, including soldiers, started to erect a wing covering 16,000 square yards. To save time they installed prefabricated concrete pillars first, then the roof, and before the brick walls went up, the lathes inside were turning. When I mentioned this feat to the director of a steel mill, he bragged that the wing to his plant had gone up in two weeks. Such is the haste with which the Chinese are obsessed that they seem to care not at all if cracks appear in wholesale numbers in fresh walls; there is wholesale manpower to repair the cracks. Nor do they seem to worry if apprentices serve only two months before being turned loose on intricate machines. What is required urgently is quantity; the nation, proclaim the banners, needs half a million tractors and masses of combine harvesters (only 545 combines were produced last year). The nation must also learn to stand on her own feet, in days rather than years. Seven hundred large industrial and mining projects were listed as having been put into full or part operation in 1958, and of these only fifty-four were built with Soviet help. In the meantime, a Shanghai pharmaceutical plant, which previously had to import basic ingredients, now makes aspirin from coal tar derivatives which China now produces for the first time herself, and antibiotics. An electronics factory, which formerly merely assembled imported parts, announces that its television transmitters and receivers are superior to similar Japa-

nese models. An instruments factory claims that it is able to manufacture a delicate balance, with extremely high degree of accuracy, at no more than one quarter of the world market price.

Aside from the fact that Chinese industry is intended to elevate the standard of living of the people, it gives the Communists a tremendous weapon in the battle to win over to their way of life such nations as India and the rising nations of Africa.

Chen Ming laughed loudly when I asked him to comment on the fears expressed in the West that China is fast becoming the "new Japan," dumping cheap goods on world markets. Chen Ming, who was once a "capitalist"—he operated an import-export firm in Hong Kong—is the man at the Ministry of Foreign Trade responsible for dealing with non-Communist countries. "The new Japan?" he repeated. "Do not worry about competition from us. We do not produce for purposes of export. Japan is a country that has had to live on foreign trade. A very small proportion of our national economy is based on foreign trade."

But Western businessmen and embassy officials with whom I spoke in Peking tell a different story. They already see a serious economic invasion from Red China, particularly in southeast Asia, and also in Africa. Over the last few years Chinese exports in textiles, cement, sheet glass, rubber boots and other consumer goods have been building up rapidly in Indonesia, Malaya, Vietnam, Hong Kong—to the degree where Japan is now badly hit. Britain is also beginning to suffer. A British bicycle in Kuala Lumpur last year sold for \$35; a Chinese bicycle sold for \$14. The same Chinese bicycle cost \$70 in Shanghai or Peking. Even accounting for a large state mark-up inside the country (wholesale-retail margins are never revealed), the Chinese government, in its drive for trade with the free world, is willing to sell at prices below domestic cost in order to gain acceptance. There are two main, avowed reasons: an urgent need for foreign currency, to enable China to purchase specialized machinery she does not yet produce herself in quantity; an attempt to knock Japan, now the object of a bitter campaign for "toeing the line of American imperialism," out of Asian markets. And added to these two official motives is something

else which the Chinese will not comment on officially but which is becoming increasingly apparent: a desire to spread political influence along with cheap goods and services. It is an established trend that the cold war has changed into a growing and powerful economic war. China, according to Peking figures, now has trade relations with ninety-three countries and regions. In 1958, she exported rice for the first time to Indonesia and other areas; previously an importer of wheat from Canada, she now talks of exporting grain in a year or two. These basic commodities are in addition to electric light bulbs, sewing machines, tools, grand pianos, rubber tires, and dozens of other items which China sells at prices not even the Japanese can match. In a Hong Kong shop, a Chinese shirt costs 80 cents, a flashlight 35 cents, a pair of children's shoes \$1.

China is playing it both ways. If she sells at the lowest prices in the world, she also buys at the lowest prices. Government purchasing agents are scrupulously honest in their dealings, but they also drive hard bargains. "There isn't a thing they don't know about price, quality, and world market conditions," a West German told me. Fully aware that steel mills of Western Europe last year were in recession and needed foreign orders to keep busy, Chinese agents invariably extracted favorable contracts. One Swiss businessman whom I met was invited to Peking on an official visit. When he arrived he was simply told, "Your prices are too high." Unwilling to lower them, he spent the remainder of his time sight-seeing. But other foreign businessmen—British and German and Swedish, principally—admit candidly that they are willing to offer cut-rate bargains in the expectation that future orders will pay off. Although three quarters of China's trade is still with other Communist countries, the tendency toward Western purchases has increased lately. In 1958, West Germany, which did the biggest volume of business of any Western country, trebled its previous year's sales and sold China \$162 million worth of goods, mainly sheet steel and machinery. Britain, which lists China as its best customer in the Communist bloc, sold specialized machine tools and other items to the value of nearly \$75 million, doubling the figure of 1957. With the embargo on nonstrategic materials eased, British traders expect to do even better in the near future.

Other Western countries are also trying to move into the big Chinese market. For most foreigners, China conjures up an image of 650,000,000 consumers, eager and hungry for the products of the world; this is a misconception, for it is the state which is the sole purchaser, and the state can cut off imports at will, as it sees fit. Nonetheless, even the vision of the state as purchaser offers temptations. Although reliable official figures on the extent of Communist China's trade are not available, unofficial estimates place it at \$5 billion a year; and under Peking's current Five-Year Plan it is expected to reach as high as \$10 billion.\* Canada's experience in the market is interesting, because it points up both the potentials and the pitfalls in doing business with Peking. China, which imported \$1.4 million worth of goods from Canada in 1957, boosted this nearly sixfold last year, with purchases of Canadian wheat accounting for about \$7 million of the 1958 total. In turn, the Communists exported to Canada about \$5 million worth of such traditional commodities as peanuts, hog bristles, shelled walnuts, sesame seeds, mink furs, and hooked rugs. The Chinese are determined to balance accounts with Canada; Chen Ming admitted to me that China is in an unfavorable position with most Western countries and must enforce conditions of "link" trade. In other words, the Chinese say: "We'll buy from you this month if next month you buy from us an equivalent amount." This Chinese desire for an immediate balanced trade creates thwarted ambitions for Western dealers. The sales manager of a Canadian paper mill, as reported in *The Wall Street Journal*, April 29, 1959, visited Peking seeking pulp orders for his firm. "The Chinese," he later related, "tried to get me to buy peanuts so they could buy my pulp. The situation was impossible." In self-defense, of course, the Chinese argue that "link" arrangements would be unnecessary if a trade agreement was in effect between Canada and China.

In the meantime, individual traders are up against the vagaries of both Chinese agents and Canadian officials. The representative of a large Canadian manufacturing firm placed a substantial order for burlap; but when he visited China in an effort to learn why

\* *Current History*, December, 1958.

it had not been delivered, he found that his order had simply been postponed for three years. And in Canada, the importer of some Chinese hog-bristle paintbrushes suddenly discovered that Canadian customs appraisers had put on them a dumping duty of 180 per cent, pricing the brushes off the market. (Canada decides that dumping has taken place if goods are sold for less than a fair market price in the supplying country.)

Despite the frustrations, Canadian businessmen are pushing for expanded trade, and large firms send representatives on expensive trips to China simply to reconnoiter possibilities; almost invariably they return excited and armed with the statistic that the Chinese are reproducing themselves at an annual rate almost as great as Canada's entire population. Even if no formal agreement exists between the two countries, Canadians at least are not prohibited from trading with China. American businessmen, on the other hand, are prevented by the United States Trading with the Enemy Act (1950) from any dealings, direct or indirect, with China. There has, however, been a growing demand, notably on the West Coast, for a change in regulations, which had their origin at the time of the Korean War. Sentiment for easing the embargo grew particularly last year, when both business groups and trade-unions searched for new jobs for unemployed men and new markets to supplement those which suffered during the recession. Members of the San Francisco Chamber of Commerce have suggested at least a partial lifting of the embargo. The West Coast, which can look back to the pre-Communist days when trade with China aggregated \$500 million a year, has, of course, a particular stake in urging modification of the current United States restrictions. Leading in these efforts are the World Trade Association and International Longshoremen's and Warehousemen's Union, both of San Francisco, supported by affiliated groups in Seattle, Los Angeles, Portland, and other ports. They point out that many countries, Canada as an example, are engaged in trading with mainland China without formal treaties or diplomatic exchanges, and they argue that if and when the United States ever does restore normal relations, all the business will have been taken up by competitive countries. "They sense, however, that their pleas are unlikely to bring about the

desired change of policy without more general support. . . . Their problem lies in the great difficulty of disentangling the issue of non-military trade from the political issues which threaten peace. They believe that trading would be a channel toward the settlement of those issues and that it is not too late to enter that channel." \* But, as against the West Coast group, there are those who fear the sales competition of a nation which can boast the formidable economic weapon of cheap labor in endless quantity.

The analogy between contemporary China and Japan of thirty years ago has not gone unnoticed. During the great industrial "leap forward" last year, China astounded visitors by her virility and quickness to grasp production methods, and her skill to copy machinery designed by Czechs and Russians. China is also copying American consumer goods (a cheap, imitation fountain pen is a great favorite among Chinese students and is being sold in other countries). But there is one basic difference between China and Japan, making China an even greater threat in the world of trade. Japanese firms, in private enterprise, even thirty years ago had to show some dividends. China does not need to; she can run an export business without profit and account to no one. China, according to one foreign expert in Peking, in producing for export takes into account only two things: the cost of raw materials and the cost of machinery. She does not consider the cost of labor or electric power or other overhead items. (One Chinese trade official tacitly confessed that the bookkeeping losses are written off by charging consumers at home higher prices.) The government can also exert unparalleled controls at home. At the moment, Chinese peasants are receiving an adequate ration of clothing, but it must be remembered that if the government simply granted one extra yard of gray cotton to every farmer it would use up all it now sells abroad, between 400 million and 500 million yards a year. Stated simply, if the regime wants to export a certain product, it can undersell anybody. Partly this may be attributed to a need for foreign exchange, to buy, for example, quality sheet steel which China cannot yet make in sufficient amounts. But other reasons, in the political

\* Harold S. Quigley, professor emeritus of political science, University of Minnesota, writing in *Current History*, December, 1958.



and ideological spheres, may be imputed. The Chinese broke off a provisional trade agreement with Japan last year; they were plainly out to demolish Prime Minister Nobusuke Kishi, who opposed diplomatic recognition of Peking and the return of Formosa to the mainland. The assumption was, of course, that Japanese traders, hurt by the Chinese invasion of their old markets (Japanese sales in Asia and Africa dropped in 1958 by one eighth), would exert pressure on the Japanese government to show a more sympathetic attitude toward Peking. In other words, the Chinese were not above using a subtle form of blackmail to gain political ends.

The Chinese are terribly sensitive to the accusation of "dumping" or attempting to exert ideological influence abroad through the introduction of inexpensive goods, a means of indicating to consumers in such countries as India and Indonesia that communism is capable of harnessing its resources better than capitalism. Chou En-lai, at the National People's Congress last April, spoke bitterly of "imperialist rumors" about "economic expansion" in southeast Asia, and argued that Chinese exports to southeast Asian countries make up only 1 per cent of their total imports; he concluded that there could be "no question at all of 'dumping' or 'grabbing foreign markets.'" But Western assessments \* indicate that trade with China represented about 4 per cent of the total commerce of southeast Asia in 1958. There have been fluctuations of late. Faced with shortages at home, and suffering from transport confusion caused by the introduction of communes and the iron and steel drive, the Chinese exported less rice early this year than last. British and other shippers in Hong Kong, as reported by *The Observer*, complain that it is becoming more and more difficult to depend on cargoes from Shanghai; they refer not only to agricultural produce, but to textiles, bicycles, sewing machines, and other products that have been sent in a flood to southeast Asia and Africa in recent years. Yet it would be foolhardy to assume that dislocations inside China are more than temporary or that there is any lasting slowdown in the export drive. On the contrary, the Chinese are now

\* *The Observer*, London, February 1, 1959.

saying that, while raw materials and agricultural products will continue to be the main exports, in the next few years the proportion of consumer goods and industrial products, such as paper-cutting machinery and some machine tools, will go up.\* The Chinese are already advertising, largely for prestige reasons, motorcars ready for export. As for a slackening in shipping from Shanghai, the analyst can choose his statistics to suit his purposes of the moment. In 1956, Shanghai's port, once the third greatest in the world, was ghostlike; where once fifty ships were tied up every day, only a half dozen appeared in a week. In 1956, China did not have much produce to sell, and the strict embargo from the West made it difficult for her to buy much. But in 1958, with more produce coming out of her own fields and with the embargo eased, China's trading position was vastly improved. In Shanghai harbor, which I visited in November, a dozen foreign vessels were anchored at No. 5 area alone. China, which builds coastal vessels of up to five thousand tons, is now beginning to plan larger, ocean-going ships. In the meanwhile, last year she chartered 163 European freighters, many of them British, to run up and down the coast, picking up frozen poultry or rubber boots for transshipment to foreign ports.

In 1950, China's exports to non-Communist countries were insignificant. By 1958, they had reached a value of \$309 million. Aside from the impact on such businessmen as the British and Japanese, these exports have cut India's trade with southeast Asia by nearly 40 per cent, particularly in such prime Indian products as oil seed and manganese ore. Asians are plainly apprehensive of the determination with which China appears to regard the development of her foreign trade. The government of South Vietnam has forbidden merchants to deal in mainland products; Thailand, whose economy is based largely on rice export, fears that China is attempting to push it out of traditional markets and has retaliated by refusing admission of Communist Chinese goods. Malaya, which accused China of selling textiles at prices that did not even cover

\* With the rise in the level of China's industrial production, the proportion of industrial and mineral products in export trade, as opposed to agricultural products, increased from 18 per cent in 1952 to 28 per cent in 1957—*Peking Review*, April 21, 1959.

the cost of raw materials, this year imposed a three-month ban on importation of Chinese cottons. The Chinese replied by cutting off their purchases of Malayan rubber. In this aggressive kind of economic warfare, China shows both conventional and revolutionary tactics. Simple reprisal, as in the case of halting Malayan rubber, may be one thing; export prices that bear no relation to internal production costs and banking arrangements that have no logic by Western standards are another. The Bank of China, with branches throughout southeast Asia, finances importers on painless, long-term credit, a wholesale practice that is uneconomic for Western banks. When I asked Chinese about this, they invariably smiled and answered rather pompously: "Capitalism works on a profit basis; this is one of the differences between communism and capitalism that ultimately will lead to capitalism's destruction."

Some people in the West are saying, wishfully, I believe, that China now presents less of an economic threat to her capitalist rivals than was feared a year ago. Partly their argument is based on the belief that the Chinese, while they may be able to mass-produce cheaply, are incapable of quality production. The point overlooked here, of course, is that even if a Chinese bicycle lacks the finish of a British bicycle, it sells for less than half the price and is serviceable enough to transport the average Asian or African who previously could not afford any kind of bicycle. There is no reason to assume that when the Asian or African reaches a higher level, and demands better merchandise, the Chinese will not be able to comply. The lesson taught by Japan's trade with the West might be borne in mind. As recently as pre-World War II days, Westerners ridiculed the Japanese as being poor copyists and little else; today, German camera manufacturers testify unhappily about the quality and originality of Japanese products; Swiss watchmakers speak gloomily of the high caliber, and low prices, of Japanese timepieces. The Chinese are still mainly at the copying stage, but, if modern industrial progress depends on technology, the Chinese already are claiming that they have made improvements on the Soviet and Czech machines that formed the prototypes for their factories. West German, Swedish, and Swiss experts whom I met after surveys of Chinese factories spoke with awe and respect about the machine

tools, and even surgical instruments, that the Chinese are now producing from their own designs. The finish may be rough, but the products are sturdy and usable.

Paramount in the battle for trade is this question: The home market can absorb everything being produced in China today, but, for political as well as economic reasons, will the regime decide to cut down on domestic improvements and aim with even more vigor at southeast Asia and Africa? Despite an insatiable demand for development at home, China has embarked on a foreign-aid program of her own, to win friends and followers, or at least to keep them neutral in the struggle between East and West. China helped the Burmese build a cotton textile mill, supplying the complete equipment and specialists. In the Yemen, Chinese engineers are directing the construction of highways and factories. In Cambodia, last year, they designed a cement plant, a paper mill, a textile mill, and a plywood factory. The program was modest at the start, but it is growing. This year the Chinese offered a spectacular plan of economic assistance to Cambodia, the most neutralist of all southeast Asian nations, in a bold effort to outstrip American aid in this tiny but politically important kingdom. And, announcing the expanded program for the year 1959-60, Peking has revealed that the total cost of Communist China's aid to foreign countries will run to \$250 million. The Chinese claim that by helping neighbors establish themselves economically they are increasing their ability to trade with China. This practical aspect undoubtedly is valid, but the propaganda effect cannot be overlooked. The Chinese, along with the Russians, argue that communism does not have to resort to physical warfare in order to extend itself globally. The threat from China today, in my mind, is not a military one; it is a political and economic one. "Peace" cigarettes, made-in-China, are cheaper in the British colony of Hong Kong than in Peking.

Despite the gains, there have been troubles in some areas. At the National People's Congress last April, Chou En-lai and other leaders conceded that although China in 1958 had met her main production goals in three vital fields—steel, coal, and grain—supplies of some nonstaple foods and manufactured daily necessities were in-

sufficient to meet growing demands. Sugar and soap rations in the cities had been cut, and sweet potatoes had become the diet mainstay in some districts. Moreover, the much proclaimed "people's communes" had not yet begun to pay their way. In theory, communes are supposed to be self-sufficient, trading among one another and passing on profits, through taxation, to the central government for the building of industrial complexes. But the budget for 1959 now includes a subsidy of \$435 million for the peasant communes. In line with past exhortations, the finance minister, Li Hsien-nien, called on the Chinese people to "put up with certain temporary difficulties to bring about a rapid change in the economic and cultural backwardness of China."

These "difficulties," apologized the minister, were caused mainly by the upheaval of transport during last year's concentrated campaign for iron and steel and the pell-mell rush into communes. There is little doubt that the fanatic drive to get everyone to produce iron ingots in back yards caused chaos on the railways. At one point, according to Western estimates, as many as seven out of every ten freight cars moving in and out of Shanghai were serving the blast furnaces. I was held up for as long as an hour on supposedly accurate passenger timetables, while freight train after freight train took priority on the road; cars were overloaded with coal, iron ore, and pig iron. Food appeared to be given only secondary priority; crates of vegetables or baskets of chickens were perched atop the coal or iron. But now the government, typical of the manner in which it attempts to placate the citizenry, has announced a plan for the growing of more vegetables and nonstaple foods close to the cities and industrial centers, to cut the need for lengthy transport. It also proposes to build more locomotives and freight cars, and to lay more than 3,400 miles of new tracks.\* As for the confusion created in the overzealous establishment of communes, the Chinese presumably consider that these units will

\* China, according to figures given me by Yung Lung-kwei, director of the department of economic research, State Planning Commission, had only 30,000 kilometers of railways at the end of 1957; she needs at least 100,000 kilometers.

eventually find their own levels; in 1955, the disorder following the blind rush into collectivization of agriculture proved temporary.

A key question, however, for a nation striving to catch up industrially with Britain is whether there is serious disequilibrium due to hasty or shoddy planning. Steel provides a typical example. As a result of the do-it-yourself iron program of last year, there is a surplus of certain kinds of steel; simultaneously, a shortage exists of other kinds of steel. China must still import in quantity such essential items as seamless tubing and welded pipes. "As long as this disequilibrium persists," argues Wu Yuan-li, director of the Institute for Asian Studies, Marquette University,\* "the country will remain dependent upon imports for special steels while the presence of an over-all surplus is of little use unless, through exportation, it can indirectly contribute to the alleviation of the shortages. But even then the more basic question would still remain unanswered as to whether an increase in steel quantity is the most efficient way of allocating resources."

Wu, an economist who once served in the United Nations, also questions whether the Communists, in their urge for industrialization, made enough early investment in capital construction for the development of agriculture, forestry, and water conservancy (during the First Five-Year Plan this came to only about 10 per cent of total investments in fixed assets through the budget). The machine industry, because of its orientation toward industry in the narrower sense, has failed, according to Wu, to pay enough attention to the production of new farm implements, water pumps, and so on; nor has sufficient emphasis been placed on the construction of factories for chemical fertilizer to keep pace with the increased targets in agriculture. (In 1958, the Chinese produced only 811,000 tons of chemical fertilizer, contrasted with their own estimated needs of at least 5 million tons a year.) Wu sums up a major problem confronting the Communist economy: "Notwithstanding the considerable progress . . . made during the First Five-Year Plan, a noticeable imbalance has emerged between industrial and agricultural developments. . . . Specific bottlenecks are the combined results of

\* *Current History*, December, 1958.

Communist China's technological backwardness, the overemphasis of quantitative expansion, and downright poor planning. . . . All the gaps cannot be filled, nor the mistakes of planning corrected, without the passage of time."

That the Communists themselves are aware of these deficiencies is clear. In the communes, peasants are now exhorted to make more implements and to speed the construction of small fertilizer plants; with these same peasants organized in mobile and immense work battalions, there is also an effort to construct dykes and irrigation schemes to prevent natural disasters, such as flood and drought, from causing the havoc and famine of previous generations. (Peking claims for last year the irrigation of nearly 80 million new acres and the reforestation of about 66 million acres, six times the area covered in 1957.) Whether the new preoccupation with homemade fertilizer will cut into the more basic business of sowing and reaping remains to be seen. The cotton yield last year, though of record proportions, was 31,000 tons less than the goal because picking was slowed when peasants were diverted to steelmaking. But even if China's economy suffers from intense growing pains, Peking shows no signs of panic. Instead, Chou En-lai has called for a "continued leap forward" this year, carrying on the basic pattern established last year, expansion in all fields. The production goals for 1959 include: 18 million tons of steel (an increase of 54 per cent over 1958); 380 million tons of coal (up 41 per cent); 525 million tons of grain (up 40 per cent); 40,000 million kilowatt hours of electricity (up 45 per cent).

Undoubtedly, there will again be dislocations. Peking does not seem to worry about these; China's leaders demonstrate an amazing flexibility in adapting policies to meet any impending crisis. Last year, for example, peasants, among their other chores, were put to the task of "deep plowing," digging hard beneath the earth's surface in an effort to increase crop yields per acre; aside from the question of whether or not the theory of "deep plowing" was sound, peasants, with only primitive tools, lost precious hours of every day's toil, and the regime soon determined that the process was distracting and uneconomic. "Deep plowing" is no longer a feature of agriculture in China, just as individual work on the disrupting

back-yard blast furnaces has been curtailed. But even this up-and-down cycle points to the manner in which the leadership accomplishes its goal: one step backward for every three steps forward. Such gyrations, of course, hinge on the capacity to utilize masses of manpower, and the willingness of the masses to apply themselves. Are the Chinese people themselves benefiting from their exacting and herculean effort? Government officials in Peking told me that by the end of the First Five-Year Plan real wages of industrial workers had risen 34 per cent, while the living standard of peasants had improved 30 per cent. Western economists, who have made a detailed study of Chinese statistics, say that in view of agricultural exports and the concentration on producer industries, standards could hardly have risen at all. Certainly by Western criteria the Chinese lead a primitive existence, and, as I saw from visiting shops in Shanghai and Canton, there is a dearth of consumer goods. But, despite the rationing of such items as meat, soap, and sugar (particularly in the cities), other visitors to China, who could base their judgment on an intimate knowledge of conditions ten years ago, say there is an undoubted improvement in the over-all standard of living, especially among peasants, who constitute the bulk of the population.\*

The emphasis this year is once again on heavy industry, to develop the impersonal complexes, such as hydroelectric projects and steel mills, needed to establish China as a power. The output of producer goods, including capital equipment, has expanded more rapidly than that of consumer goods. In 1952, capital goods accounted for 39.7 per cent of the total output value of industry; the proportion rose to 52.8 per cent in 1957, and to 57 per cent in 1958. Although some relief for consumer shortages of last year

\* A veteran correspondent in the Far East, Robert Guillain of *Le Monde* (Paris), after a revisit to China, deplored, in his book, *600 Million Chinese*, the many mental and physical hardships plaguing the people but wrote that on the whole he was convinced the Communist regime had improved living conditions.

Professor C. P. Fitzgerald, in *Flood Tide in China*, writes: "The standard of living in a Chinese village remains far below that of comparable communities in Europe or in Japan, but it is certainly not falling further below the level of Nationalist and republican periods; it has in fact appreciably improved."



is now expected (the sugar grain crop is intended to rise by nearly a half and the shops say they will have more than vacuum flasks or fountain pens on their shelves), the material improvement of the individual has a secondary place in total plans and is promised only as a normal process of industrialization. In other words, toil hard, build power stations and steel mills, and, as Finance Minister Li Hsien-nien told his countrymen, "be industrious and thrifty"; the rewards will follow. Peking works on the assumption that the average Chinese, under shock treatment, can accomplish far more than he ever believed possible.

In the northeastern city of Port Arthur, an electric power shortage in 1958 grew so serious that a number of factories had to suspend operations and street lighting was heavily restricted. To meet the situation, local leaders, in characteristic Communist fashion, launched a mass campaign among factory hands, miners, shop clerks, and even housewives for the do-it-yourself production of current. Reporting on the results, *Peking Review* said: "By means of ingenious popular inventions, more than twenty new ways of getting electricity from various sources have been found. 'Home-made' devices got power from water, wind, methane gas, coal gas, steam, and oil. In three months thousands of small power generating units, with a total capacity of over 130,000 kilowatts, arose, using old lorry, tank, and airplane engines, repaired steam engines and improved turbines. As a result, scores of institutions in Lushun [Port Arthur] now supply their own power needs."

Charming and colorful as is this report, it points up one of China's most urgent needs: the harnessing of nature's energy as well as human muscle. China is rich in coal and has a considerable potential of hydroelectricity. But the old Chinese epigram, "Gems uncut are useless," pungently summarizes the problem confronting planners. Chou En-lai, at the Second National People's Congress, put it another way: "We are still backward in science and technology and we will have to work still harder in these fields." And so a two-prong campaign is under way: to increase, by great amounts the production of energy; and to turn out hordes of scientists who will look ahead to nuclear power and also help China catch up with

the most advanced nations in general technology. The objective is to train scientists in the next decade, numerically and academically, on a par with Americans and Russians.

In Peking, I had a long conversation with Jen Sheng, deputy director of the Chinese Academy of Sciences. If China, he held, was far advanced in science and mathematics two thousand years ago (the old Chinese made amazingly accurate predictions in astronomy), she had fallen far behind the rest of the world in modern times. Up to 1949, the most notable achievement was in geology; Chinese devoted themselves to discovering and tracing the origin of glaciers. In contrast, the contemporary list of achievements includes the building of electronic computing machines, a 10,000-kilowatt atomic reactor, the largest in Asia, and a 25 million-electron-volt cyclotron. The cyclotron had come into operation shortly before I arrived in China. "It can't be compared with anything in the Soviet Union, the United States, or Britain," said Jen Sheng, "but probably within five years we will have our first experimental station for electricity from nuclear energy." He made this statement quite casually and without the usual braggadocio identified with younger Chinese. As a scientist, Jen Sheng based his forecast on the cold knowledge that brainpower and manpower were being amassed in awesome quantities. In 1949, the year the Communists consolidated their rule over the mainland, 117,000 students were enrolled in colleges and universities, with 30,000 in engineering. Today, the figure stands at 660,000, with 177,000 in engineering alone; three out of four university students are in applied or general science. The Academy of Sciences, which coordinates the work projects of all universities and science establishments, has undertaken fifty-seven major tasks dealing not only with nuclear energy but with the development of automation and jet propulsion.

All over the country scores of thousands of scientists are assigned to research in such diversified fields as electrical engineering, hydrobiology, and petroleum engineering. One establishment alone, the Institute of Geological Prospecting, has its battalion of 600 teachers and 6,000 students busily engaged in geophysical exploration and prospecting for minerals, oil, and natural gas. There are signs

that China may be poorly endowed in oil, and such reserves as are known are largely in remote districts in the northwest province of Kansu or in Sinkiang. Nonetheless, through efforts of the institute and similar bodies, new wells are constantly being brought in; oil production rose from 122,000 metric tons, in 1949, to 2,260,000 metric tons in 1958. The present difficulties in oil explain in part the hustle for uranium, which is more accessible. Jen Sheng said the emphasis would be on atomic energy for locomotion, and already plans are drawn to build ships with nuclear power plants. In the meanwhile, coal, which has served China over the centuries, continues to provide the basic source of natural energy, with steam plants generating electricity. In addition, engineers are assigned to the job of taming rivers and tapping hydroelectricity. Seven thousand Chinese experts were marshaled to see what they might do to harness their greatest river, the Yangtze. This river, which drops in stages about 10,000 feet during its course of 3,420 miles, has long thrown up a challenge; planners have now decided to master the Yangtze gradually. The first major step, a hydroelectric power project, with a capacity of 20 million kilowatts, is to be built near Chungking within fifteen years. "It will be," claimed Jen Sheng, "the biggest power project in the world." A dozen other hydroelectric projects are under way, including those aimed at controlling the Yellow River. A large dam in the Liuchia Gorge, Kansu Province, with a capacity similar to Boulder Dam, is part of the first stage of development of the Yellow River; the Chinese say they will complete this dam within three years. Work has also begun in the Sanmen Gorge, Honan Province, on a dam four hundred feet high and three quarters of a mile long, with a capacity of over one million kilowatts. The Yellow River has overflowed its banks more than fifteen hundred times in known history and changed its course on the lower reaches twenty-six times. The intention now is not only to get electricity from it but to halt floods and increase irrigation of surrounding land sixfold.

The muscles, in the tradition of centuries, are furnished cheaply by hundreds of millions of Chinese laborers; the brains by engineers and young men who are only now reviving an adeptness and proficiency in science first recognized thousands of years ago. In

their eagerness to catch up with the newer nations, these men demonstrate a capacity for hard work and concentrated study unmatched anywhere in the world. At Peking University, which has ten thousand science undergraduates, I was struck by the intensity with which students applied themselves, both in classrooms and well-equipped laboratories: twenty-six hours a week, plus at least two hours of political philosophy, plus spare hours of digging and planting near the campus, plus vacation months in the communes. The physical strain may yet take a heavy toll; and professors may find the curtailment of academic freedom, since the rectification campaign, deadening. Yet the few scientific observers who have visited China, such as Dr. J. T. Wilson, head of the Geology Department of the University of Toronto and president of the International Union of Geology and Geophysics, have come away impressed by the determination of the Chinese to elevate the quality and quantity of their science.

What is the caliber of research in China? Dr. Wilson, in *Business Week* of March 14, 1959, was surprised by the weight given to basic as well as applied science; every one of the fifty institutions under the Academy of Sciences is doing fundamental research, while university researchers are also concentrating on basic research problems. Where does guidance and literature and information come from? Jen Sheng told me: "We have the Institute of Scientific Information, whose task is to get data from the whole world. We study the scientific merits of any country, no matter how big or small, friendly or antagonistic." Dr. Wilson, who toured several universities and institutes in various parts of the country, believes that libraries compare favorably with all but a handful of scientific libraries in the United States and Canada. An example is the modern library of the Institute of Geophysics and Meteorology in Peking, which boasts at least four hundred journals on geophysics and related subjects, all up-to-date. The Chinese do a vast amount of translating and multilithing of textbooks and standard references from Britain, the United States, the Soviet Union, and Germany. They combine the best from West and East, and are as selective of Russian ideas and techniques in science as they are in other matters, a trend that will be examined in the

next chapter. Laboratories that came under Dr. Wilson's critical eye were found to be uniformly good, equipped with optical instruments, such as microscopes and polarimeters, from East Germany and Czechoslovakia. Even in isolated institutes, in the upper reaches of the Yellow River, laboratories were well maintained and up to Western standards.

In the old days, Chinese graduate students used to go to the United States, Britain, or Canada for advanced studies. These scientists, from Yale, California Institute of Technology, Cambridge, or McGill University, may now be found in key posts scattered around the country. Communist China, while turning out new cadres of scientists at a rapid pace, has an imposing nucleus of experts to draw upon. One, as listed by North American Newspaper Alliance, September 22, 1958, is Chien Hsueh-sen, who won a master's degree in aeronautical engineering at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, became chief of the research analysis section of the jet-propulsion laboratory at the California Institute of Technology, and later professor of jet propulsion at the same school. Chien is considered one of the great men in his field; he is now helping to shape a jet-plane industry in China. There are others, such as Hsien Chia-lin, formerly of Stanford University, California, who are authorities in the atomic field. Since 1949, the Chinese have gone to Moscow for their higher studies; but now, in coming back, they pass on their knowledge at such establishments as the Chinese University of Science and Technology. This unique university, opened last year in the western suburbs of Peking, trains only the brightest and most specialized graduates in the most advanced branches of science, including geochemistry and nuclear physics. To make the point that they have emerged into the twentieth century, the Chinese, with Soviet assistance, but nevertheless labeling it a Chinese project, talk of launching very soon a satellite in the orbit of a startled world.

## 12. THE RUSSIAN-CHINESE COUSINS

**G**ORKY STREET, Moscow, on a Saturday night is almost like Main Street, U.S.A. At least the shopwindows are ablaze, and Russian couples wander hand in hand, pausing to glance at the fairly abundant display of goods or into one another's eyes. Sometimes the young swains even try to pick up girls and lure them into an evening of vodka drinking or dancing to Western-style jazz bands. But off Tien An Men Square, Peking, the mood is severe and stifling; the Chinese are not out for an evening of gaiety. They are on their way home, footsore, after a day's strenuous labor, which leaves them with little but the thought, expressed by Mao Tse-tung, that "twenty years are concentrated in one day." The material incentives in life belong, at the moment, to their Russian cousins. The Chinese must be content with ideology.

The Russians, in retreating from theoretical communism, work and live in an atmosphere that has a heady capitalistic flavor. The Chinese, in their "leap forward" to Marxism, renounce personal gain and take on an austere puritanism. In three visits to the Soviet Union since 1953, I felt an odd kinship with the Russians. Here was a people with some European background and at least a healthy measure of lust and individual ambition; if the Russians intend to spread *their* way of life, it will be, at the reverse rate they are going, a substantially watered-down version of even socialism. But in only one visit to China I was ill at ease and disturbed. The Chinese show a grim purposefulness, an almost religious fanaticism on their road to social and economic order; this road, engineered for Asian conditions and mentality, leads not to less communism

but to its fulfillment—and it bypasses the more human signposts of the Soviet Union.

The North American can feel almost at home in Moscow, where the press complains that some officials are guilty of padding expense accounts. Certainly it is refreshing to know that no waiter, taxi driver, or porter will refuse a tip. The Chinese, on the other hand, are busy disclaiming the "bourgeois theory of material incentives." Corruption, I was constantly assured, has been thoroughly eliminated in China, along with mosquitoes and flies; and indeed, although I did see a few flies, I ran into no evidence of dishonesty or even the black marketeering that is now widespread in Russia. The Chinese waiter, in vehemently spurning a tip, is responding to a mass movement that still takes its slogans and responsibilities seriously. It may well be that the Chinese, who are only in the tenth year of their revolution, will release symptoms of greed when they reach the economic level of their more sophisticated forty-one-year-old cousins. But today, on the approaches to a classless society of equal distribution, they lead an existence of common austerity; party members enjoy none of the material benefits, such as motorcars or private apartments, of their comrades to the west. On the contrary, in company with students and office clerks, they must join the peasantry in the fields for periodic purges of any sense of class consciousness.

The Chinese, like the Russians, say they are still only in the transition phase from capitalism to communism; in other words, under existing "socialism," each is still paid according to his work. There is a fundamental difference, however, not only in the circumstances and approach to the revolution but in the peoples involved. In the Soviet Union, it is socialism plus Russians; in China, it is socialism plus the Chinese. Edgar Faure, the former French prime minister, in *The Serpent and the Tortoise*, put it this way: "Communism in the Chinese manner is Karl Marx gone to school with Confucius; it is a lesson in courtesy, patience, and prudence. . . ." Faure, in making this point, was talking about the shrewd manner in which the regime was able to consolidate the co-operation and support of all classes of the population. But more could be said about the separate natures of the Chinese and Rus-

sian populations. If Nikita Khrushchev speaks of the need for "material interest" or incentives in life, and obliquely takes a rap at Maoism, it is with the knowledge that the Russians are westernized enough not to relinquish totally individuality or even "bourgeois" tastes. But the Chinese, in their plunge into communal society, demonstrate a greater capacity for conformism. Perhaps this is due to the inculcated and close family allegiances of the past, dictated, as much as anything else, by the economic necessity of everyone working together for self-preservation; the "people's communes" now intend to take over the role of protector. Such historians as Amaury de Riencourt (*The Soul of China*) contend that the Chinese have always veered toward "an inherent fundamental socialism . . . a lack of true individualism in the Western sense." \* In addition, the Chinese now blatantly reveal an ingrained conviction of moral and intellectual superiority; "foreign barbarians," in the Chinese mind, may not be capable of a change in social behavior, but the Chinese are. Russians, it is becoming increasingly apparent, are included among foreigners.

China's leaders have slowed down slightly in their timetable. The final conversion to "true communism," it is now said, cannot begin for another fifteen years. But in the communes, the military-like organizations which harness all the peasantry on equal lines, the campaign of "persuasion" and exhortation goes on remorselessly. The peasants, although permitted at the moment to retain privately a hog or a few chickens, are expected to renounce all personal possessions. Since such an essential as clothing is now provided in exchange for service, and since food is gathered by the commune as a whole and then doled out to residents in community mess halls, there is a lessening need for money. In some communes, in fact, remuneration takes the form of a cigarette stipend. The motto, "All for one, and one for all," which the Chinese loudly recite, may not be quite a reality, but it is becoming so; whereas in Russia the slogan

\* "It is not altogether clear whether Sun Yat-sen envisaged a socialized community, and there is evidence that his views shifted between an extreme form of state control and a looser, and perhaps more tolerable, 'orbit of social reconstruction.' Within certain definite limits, he appears to have approved of Marxism and its underlying spirit of deliberate and unyielding conformism." (Stephen Chen and Robert Payne, in *Sun Yat-sen, a Portrait*)



might aptly be, "More for me." If the visitor to both countries needs any reminder of the diverging directions of Marxism, he need only stop in Moscow's open food market. In this teeming shrine to capitalist enterprise, collective farmers who have satisfied the state with delivered quotas can feel free to profit from the family plot by making private sales. For their part, city dwellers can apply for long-term, low-interest loans from state banks—to build their own homes. By contrast, the communal concept in China dictates that even the mud huts that still remain the property of some peasants will be torn down, to be replaced by "high houses," the two-story apartment blocks owned and operated by the commune.

There are, of course, practical reasons why China is able to move so rapidly toward the Communist utopia of "to each according to his needs." For one thing, she is benefiting not only from Russia's mistakes but from her own requirements. If the Bolshevik Revolution tried to build on a proletariat by appealing to city industrial workers and then inflicting itself on the countryside and hostile *kulaks*, the Chinese Revolution is faced with no such dilemma. Four fifths of China's masses are on the land; China's Communist leaders, who lived among the peasants and began as leaders of a peasant uprising, bypassed major cities until the collapse of the Nationalists in 1949. During the guerrilla campaign of twenty-two years' duration, the Communists, who had only tenuous contact with the small industrial class, survived through the support of the peasantry, to whom any riddance of an oppressive landlord system was bound to be regarded as an improvement.

This foundation of Marxism on a peasant economy may be heresy, since it does not follow the theory that first an industrial society must exist; but even here Mao and his colleagues are profiting from Russia's experience. During the twenties and thirties, the Russians were compelled to concentrate on establishing heavy industry not only out of any doctrinaire considerations but also for defense. Mao's "leap forward" was based on his conviction that China could embrace communism before becoming a major industrial power. This he could afford to believe; protected by an alliance with Russia, which ensures against outside attack, China feels

no urgent compulsion about heavy concentration of industry for defense. At the same time, she can avoid the costly disruptions to life and machinery which beset the Soviet Union during its first Five-Year Plans. The current Chinese dictum must be borne in mind: "Don't think exclusively of big mills and factories in the cities, which require time to put into proper motion; build them, yes, but simultaneously let industry grow in the communes alongside sweet potatoes." The hundreds of millions of peasants who stoked coke ovens, turning out crude iron and steel, may in effect be becoming a pseudo proletariat, but their roots are still in the land which they understand; in terms of total population, only relatively few have been transplanted to cities and alien environments. If, in the overenthusiasm characteristic of any drive in China today, commune cadres overloaded freight cars with iron ore and ingots, causing havoc on the railways, this dislocation was minute compared with the early Soviet blunders. The formidable reshaping of Chinese society will not prevent the growth of heavy industry to which the regime is dedicated; rather, it will absorb labor that otherwise would have been forced to wait many years before the benefits of heavy industry made their way to the rural areas.

But possibly the most pertinent single difference between communism as applied in Russia and China is the relative absence of class warfare in China. History, of course, has some bearing here. Pre-revolutionary Russia was not an "occupied" country. But the Chinese, with great bitterness, still make propaganda of the fact that their country for over a century, and within memory of anyone over the age of twenty, was territorially divided and "protected" by foreign powers amidst constant warlordism. This gave rise first to a desire for internal order, and then, alongside intense nationalism, a cry for autonomy—features not necessarily connected with Marxism but nonetheless seized upon by the Communists. Past humiliation, as well as future "plenty," was a weapon of no small proportion. The establishment of peace on the mainland, after years of disorder and internal strife, was gratefully received even by "capitalists," who were then skillfully plied with the patriotic doctrine that China no longer would be subjected to external domination.

A Chinese *émigré* group does exist, as witness the refugees who now overcrowd the British colony of Hong Kong; but even this situation, from China's point of view, is not as damaging as the exodus of the nobility of Russia in the early years following the Bolshevik Revolution. The "capitalists" who remain inside China have entered into "joint management" of their old concerns with the state; this is a sham arrangement, in which the former owners live on a much reduced standard but are at least physically secure so long as they comply with the mood of indoctrination. The state, in turn, benefits from their skills and knowledge. "It is easy to imagine," points out Edgar Faure, "how much the progress of the Soviet economy would have been made easier, how different life in Russia would have become, had the regime been able to preserve the co-operation of the best of its *émigrés*." A contract has even been entered into with China's old middle classes, who have become administrators and bureaucrats. China's Communists have discarded class origin as a qualification for party membership; nor is origin held against non-members, so long as they renounce "bourgeois" notions and are willing to serve the state. The closest parallel with revolutionary violence on the Russian model involves China's landed gentry, who were subjected to the infamous mass trials and executions of the early 1950's. But even here, as horrible as were the deaths, available figures indicate far fewer killings than plagued the middle-bracket *kulak* class in Russia. Most Chinese landlords accepted their economic fate, shared with their former tenants a small portion of land, and are now absorbed in the communes. Communism in the Chinese manner decries violence; in reaching for a classless society, it calls on the equally compelling but more inconspicuous technique of "persuasion," or mass brainwashing. It also, without question, appeals to nationalism and patriotism. Since my return from China I have spoken with several American and Canadian Chinese, who talk with anger about the evils of communism; yet it is not difficult to detect even in them a sense of pride now that the motherland, developing at an unprecedented rate, is treated abroad with some respect and a certain awe.

How do the Chinese explain their different approach to com-

munism? The usual rejoinder, when this question is asked, is: "Naturally, we can benefit from the mistakes made in the Soviet Union," or, "There is nothing in Marxism-Leninism against what we are doing." The Chinese gladly admit their debt to Marx, Engels, and Lenin. Photographs of these theoreticians, and even of Stalin, are widely displayed. But nowhere—in the countryside or in such cities as Peking, Shanghai, or Canton—did I see a single picture of Khrushchev or any other contemporary Russian. This does not imply, of course, an imminent falling-out between the Russians and Chinese. Economically, the Chinese still need Soviet support; politically, the Russians need the Chinese; and binding them even closer are theoretical ideological bonds. But it does mean, at the very least, that the Chinese, in going their own way in communism, are not content to be regarded as subservient to anyone. It is not without significance that the Chinese, in modernizing their language, chose the Roman rather than the Russian Cyrillic alphabet. Until a couple of years ago, Russian was the chief foreign language taught in schools; but English once again is receiving some priority. The Chinese are aware that English is a greater international language than Russian, especially in scientific literature, and it suits their own purpose to use it. The Chinese Communists are first and foremost Chinese; they do what they think is best for them, and are not instruments of Soviet Communists. Even Marxism, which after all had its origin in a German mind, is not an exclusive *Russian* philosophy.

The Chinese still go through formal manifestations of an unshakable comradeship with the Russians. In Peking, I attended a reception held by the Sino-Soviet Friendship League in honor of the anniversary of the Bolshevik Revolution; speeches extolled the "great fraternal bonds" between the two countries, and Chinese orators paid tribute to the technical assistance of the U.S.S.R. in the dramatic birth of China as an industrial power. And yet, in contrast, my guide at a student exhibition in Peking pointedly told another story when he motioned toward a model of a radio transmitter antenna and said, "We took it originally from a Soviet design, but it was much improved on by a young Chinese engineer." Some of this may be put down simply as normal conceit

among a people who were submerged during the last hundred years and are now beginning to savor their own strength. But much of it goes further, and can be traced to an age-old belief that the Chinese can do anything better than foreigners. There are open signs that this xenophobia has caught up with the Russians. Almost invariably, in every factory I visited in China, the director used the same phraseology: "This factory was built by Chinese engineers," adding, virtually under the breath, "with some Soviet assistance." This switch in the old star billing was reiterated by Jen Sheng, the deputy director of the Academy of Sciences, who told me nonchalantly, "At first we had to have technical help from Soviet experts so we could learn to handle intricate machines. Now we design about 99 per cent of these machines ourselves."

It is perhaps this thought—that the pupils have learned amazingly quickly from the masters—that stimulated the Russians to take a hard look at the sprouting goliath on their doorstep.

In a sense, the Chinese have a more natural feeling of friendship for the Russians than for any other foreigners. Early in 1923, Dr. Sun Yat-sen wrote: "Our faces are turned toward Russia. We no longer look to the Western powers." This attraction was based not so much on the Soviet system as it was in the belief that for the first time China was being treated on equal terms by a foreign power; the Soviet government agreed to relinquish all the old Russian concessions while others still clung to their extraterritorial rights. And yet China's present leaders cannot overlook the evidence that Russia, willing to accept a government under Sun Yat-sen and later Kuomintang leaders (a government beset by warlords and Japanese invaders), did not want a strong and united country as its neighbor. Chinese Communists fought a precarious and lengthy struggle alone; it was not until success was assured that they received assistance from the Russians, and this came reluctantly and largely in the form of supplies seized by the Soviet Army from the Japanese in Manchuria at the end of World War II. For the Russians the fruits of past imperialism were still tasty. The eastern, maritime province of Siberia, with the port of Vladivostok as its capital, had been created in the 1860's out of a region in which the Manchus, China's old rulers, had claimed sovereignty;

a sizable community of Chinese still existed there until 1937, when the Russians deported them to the interior of the Soviet Union, to a fate unknown to this day. Nor can the Chinese forget that Russian expansion into northern Asia, their own hinterland, was culminated in 1901 with Russian occupation of Manchuria. It was not until 1954, following long negotiations between Peking and Moscow, that Russia gave up her naval base in Port Arthur and the Chinese regained control of their national territory. But what about the old rights to eastern Siberia? These are not mentioned publicly, and it can be speculated that the border between Manchuria and Siberia conceals unresolved tensions.

Will China's kindergarten children, now training with toy wooden rifles in the communes, grow up with expansionist ambitions? Will their eyes turn naturally to eastern Siberia or even the open spaces of Soviet Central Asia, especially since the Chinese have 15,000,000 new mouths to feed every year? One belief I heard expressed among Western diplomats in Moscow is that the Russians are speeding up their settlement of virgin lands in Siberia so that the Chinese will never be able to suggest that Soviet territory is underpopulated and should be put to more neighborly use. Perhaps this is a misinterpretation, designed to bolster our own wishful hopes for an eventual clash between the big members of the Communist bloc, but there is little question that the Russians are uneasy. The few Russians I met inside China unanimously spoke with admiration, but also some misgivings, about China's remarkable industrial growth and what this might imply for the future. In a rare mood of candor, mixed with awe and trepidation, one Soviet citizen in Peking said, "There's no doubt about it—the Chinese are the people of the future." Adlai Stevenson, who toured the U.S.S.R. in 1958, relates similar comments. "One day," he wrote (in a series for North American Newspaper Alliance), "I asked a high official, 'And how about the production of babies in China?' adding that if the Chinese population continues to expand at the present rate the Soviet Union would one day look to its neighbor like the largest, emptiest land in the world. 'Ah, that's the trouble,' he replied unhesitatingly. . . . And whenever I remarked that a UN

commission estimated the population of China in the year 2000 at 1,600,000,000 the look of consternation (on the faces of high Russian officials) was invariable. Nor was I surprised when on a couple of occasions Soviet officials quickly raised their vodka glasses and replied: 'Which is another reason for better Soviet-American relations.' " And another recent visitor to Moscow, Princess Zinaida Schakovskoy, came back with a telling farewell observation by a young Soviet scientist: "Remember this: today we talk about communism and capitalism. Tomorrow we'll both be talking about the same thing: China."

In other words, it is not inconceivable to visualize eventually an accord between Russia and the West, especially if one wants to add to the above omens Moscow's resentment against China's communes. The irony of the situation has not escaped Soviet notice. Russia, which tried communes experimentally in the early days of her revolution but rejected them as left-wing heresy, made it possible for China to leap into a communal society by her military alliance. And yet relations between the two countries cannot be entirely cordial when Mikoyan, in speaking to Wall Street bankers, refers to Chinese "hotheads," and Khrushchev, in conversation with Senator Hubert Humphrey, condemns communes as "reactionary." This does not mean, of course, that tomorrow the Russians and Chinese will be at one another's throats. It would be comforting for us to think this, but unrealistic. Both sides are anxious to avoid any breach, the Russians because the "monolithic" character of the Communist movement is already damaged by the Titoist "revisionist right," the Chinese because they still depend to a large degree on Soviet economic aid. Both contenders for the title of "leading theoretician of the contemporary Communist scene," Mao and Khrushchev, have been careful in public statements to give each other big brotherly embraces. Khrushchev, at the Twenty-first Communist Party Congress this year, went so far as to concede that the Chinese, in building communism, may adopt their "own peculiar forms." Still, between the lines were unmistakably bitter notes when he dealt with the "new phase in the building of communism and some questions of Marxist-Leninist theory." Khrushchev did not mention Mao by name, but it was obvious to whom

he was referring when he accused "comrades" of having distorted Marxism. "Some comrades," he commented, "say that the principles of communism should be introduced more quickly. But to switch over to distribution according to needs when the economic conditions for this have not yet been created . . . means to inflict damage on the building of communism." And on the question of personal incentive, which the Soviet Union is encouraging and China is abandoning, Khrushchev had this to say: "Lenin declared most emphatically that without the material interest in the result of their labor it was impossible to raise [workers'] productive power. . . . Some scientific workers say that distribution according to work means the application of a bourgeois law in a socialist society. . . . This is confused thinking because leveling would lead to unjust distribution. . . . Leveling would mean not a transition to communism but the discrediting of it." The conflict of ideology, despite surface demonstrations of fraternity, rages on. In the opinion of Chen Po-ta, one of China's leading spokesmen, Mao's conception of the commune is drawn directly from the *Communist Manifesto*; Mao is the proven successor of Marx and Engels in the construction of a Communist society.

How do the Chinese take to Soviet criticism of the communes? With some inscrutability they refuse to be drawn out. When I questioned Chang Hsi-jo, chairman of the Committee for Cultural Relations with Foreign Countries, he said, "We are partners on a free and equal basis. Partners do not necessarily agree on everything."

"In reverse," I said, "some people in the West interpreted Khrushchev's visit to Mao as a sign that China is now acting the leader."

"Wishful thinking on the part of Western nations to try to show there is friction between our two countries," retorted Chang firmly. "We are soldiers-in-arms in the reform of human society. We have a common belief and a common strategy."

This is probably the real situation today, a conformity echoed both by Russians and Chinese in predicting that communism will conquer the world "peacefully and fully." It would be foolhardy



for the West to imagine that self-protective and ideological roots can be easily cut. If there are internal differences between China and Russia, they are perhaps not much more peculiar than the differences that exist between Western partners, of emphasis rather than purpose. It can, of course, be argued that even in the West economic dependence of one nation upon the other imposes a certain obedience. But in the case of China's relations with Russia, the xenophobia and nationalism of the Chinese must be taken into account. The Soviet role in the industrial development of China is still important, but it is declining. Moscow and Peking signed a new agreement this year by which Russia, over the next eight years, will give aid to China amounting to five billion rubles (\$1.2 billion at the official rate of exchange). While this agreement covers the building of metallurgical, chemical, and other plants, it offers less Soviet endeavor in industrial construction than in the past. In the meantime, the Chinese are pushing ahead as fast as possible on their own, and they grant neither the Russians nor other members of the Communist bloc many special privileges. While I was in China, no foreign newspaperman—from the West or any East European country, including the Soviet Union—was permitted to visit the Fukien front, where guns were shelling Quemoy. Security has rigid bounds, even among first cousins.

In turn, apprehensive Russians may be asking themselves this question: Once China has fulfilled her avowed intention of overtaking Britain industrially, what will be her next target? The U.S.S.R. itself? And will the tail then really begin to wag the dog? In Peking, some Western envoys said that the Soviet Union has deliberately cut down on the export of know-how and supplies, and this has prematurely forced the Chinese into the "great leap forward." It is difficult to determine the precise cause and effect, but there is little doubt about the diminishing number of Soviet technicians inside China. As recently as three years ago, they were estimated in the tens of thousands. Today, according to the calculation given me by an astute diplomat, they total no more than four thousand and their families. I saw none in my visits to several factories; I was told in a few plants that one or two Russian engi-

neers still worked in the backroom, but for all visible purposes these were Chinese enterprises, with machines and control panels manned by Chinese themselves.

Aware of Chinese sensitivity, the Russians are now discreet in their movements. In former days, they swarmed the shops, buying gifts for home in lavish quantities, thus arousing some resentment among less prosperous Chinese. Now when you see them in public it is mainly at such tourist attractions as the Great Wall of China or the Forbidden City in Peking. The Russians live in their own large apartment blocks, take their own bus service to the city center, and buy presents in their own souvenir shops. There is little feeling among them for participation in purely Chinese developments. Some of the women among the colony of American and other non-Russian Communists travel to the countryside to plant trees or work on dam construction. No Soviet woman, however, has been known to be so inspired. The Russians live apart and think apart. East German, Czech, and Polish technicians, who are seen frequently in hotels and restaurants, appear to be more at ease and to fit in better.

How wary the Russians are about the future is impossible to judge for certain. But, at least in conversation with diplomats, they give the impression that they do not understand Chinese moves any more than do non-Communists. This perplexity may in part explain Khrushchev's recent suggestion for an atom-free neutral zone in the Pacific, which apparently would include not only Japan and American testing areas in the Marshalls but also China. In seemingly trying to deny China the opportunity for membership in the nuclear club, is Russia confessing her own fears? Fifteen million new Chinese every year; one billion Chinese in twenty years. While one may reason that differences in approach to communism will not be permitted to alter the alliance between China and Russia, one can also speculate that the Russians, perturbed by the growing hordes on their borders, will be drawn eventually into an alliance with us. In any case, a Polish correspondent felt impelled to repeat to me a current quip: "Thank God we have the Russians as a buffer between us and the Chinese."

As important to the West as is the issue of future Sino-Soviet

relations, perhaps equally momentous is the question of how far communism will succeed in China. Mao's streamlining of socialism and abrupt move toward a communal society have not been without criticism inside the party in China; yet even the doubters appear to have swung around, and Mao's views prevail. It cannot, then, be assumed that any radical departure from present policy will take place in the near future. Nor, from what I could see or judge, can any uprising be anticipated. Communism holds sway particularly among the young people; even the misgivings among older people about the sanctity of family life have been skillfully handled. If parents find state nurseries objectionable, they may now remove their children; meanwhile, indoctrination continues in all its other forms at an undiminished pace. Possibly the peasants, rewarded at the moment with food, clothing, and shelter, will react slowly, in the tradition of previous indignations, and ask whether the price they have to pay in discipline is worth the compensation. But equally possible is their continued acceptance of discipline if the material essentials improve even more visibly. "One has only to observe how little privacy is cherished in China to realize that the loss of freedom may not seem so great." \*

But what about the young zealots of today? Will they continue to work tomorrow with dedication, when the benefits are entirely for an impersonal society around them? It may be argued that the Chinese have far to go to attain the comforts the Russians possessed even in 1917. In other words, the immensity of the task of improving the living of the world's fastest growing population will preoccupy the Chinese for many years to come, and so, in theory, a sense of devotion can be prolonged while communism proves to the world that the ultimate in a classless society is possible. But this doesn't answer the question of distant generations. Will deeper human needs supplant revolutionary ardor? The evolutionary processes that took place in the Soviet Union could take place equally well in China. Once the Chinese have built up an industrial complex of machinery, will a craving for individual rewards force the regime to revert to the "bourgeois" law of incentives? This was

\* *London Times*, December 17, 1958.

the experience in Russia, where thirty-six years, most of them under Stalin, were spent on the creation of impersonal hydro-electric projects and steel mills. It was only after more moderate leaders assumed power that the Russians began to sample, for the first time, cheap cameras and clocks; this led to a demand for better cameras, and cars. The differences between the material standards I saw in Moscow in 1953 and 1958 were tremendous; and the lines between classes were even more sharply drawn, those who were most important to the state received the most.

The young women of China so far do not express the yearning of their cousins in Russia for the pretty things in life. But the question is: How much time will elapse before they do emulate Russian women, who now go to fashion shows at the GUM department store and demonstrate an interest in styling that was completely lacking a few years ago? Ballet and movie stars in the Soviet Union have bank accounts and apartments far more lavish than their comrades on the working-class level. When this situation reaches China, what name will be given to Chinese communism?

Side by side with the material rise in Russia has been a loosening of the stern discipline of the past; whereas in China there has been a tightening-up, with intellectuals induced to a frightening degree of conformism. Among young people in Russia today, one notes heartening signs of intellectual ferment, caused largely by a disenchantment with Stalinism. The young people are not disloyal to their system or regime, but they feel that greater and freer expression, in the arts and other fields, is essential if the country is to progress. When will the same cycle reach China? When will the young people there become disillusioned with Maoism?

## 13. WHAT WE MUST FACE

IF one reports that China is advancing industrially and technically at a staggering rate, to a large extent by a popular national effort, does this make him a pro-Communist? If one also reports that the price of material gain is intense conformity and denial of intellectual liberty, does this earn him the label of anti-Communist? The truth is that each of these two facets of contemporary Chinese life fits into the same picture. On one hand, I felt awe and admiration for the vast and speedy construction of a nation; on the other, I felt abhorrence for the restraints placed by Peking on the soul of man. In China today there is a frenzied haste, markedly on the part of young people, to achieve the goals set forth by the leadership, as well as an almost supreme self-confidence. But the "leap forward" in production targets is accompanied by an equally frenzied "anti-deviationist" movement aimed not only at the intellectuals but against all who oppose the move forward, even when the move is designed to submerge old forms of family allegiance and replace them by piety toward the state.

In effect, the higher the economic rise in China, the greater is the human degradation by Western standards. Whenever I saw men, women, and children, with sacks over their shoulders, milling through jammed railway carriages at midnight, looking in vain for seats, I had to remind myself that they were not traveling from village to town on pleasure or personal business; such journeys would be considered wasteful and noncontributory to mass welfare. Instead, these people were being moved from place to place to help in new construction, without any opportunity to object or demur. But for the majority in China was there ever real privacy

or personal security in a Western sense? And is there not now compensation—the older ones may reason—in the promise of improved diet and assurance that clothing and shelter will be provided?

Why have the Communists been able to take such quick and disrupting paces and gain a large measure of acceptance? Are the Chinese not the same people who existed a generation ago, with the same resources and habits and needs? Aside from a totalitarian system's relentless ability to mobilize resources, and to keep force in reserve as a reminder that the more gentle persuasive methods must not fail, there are two major reasons why assent has been forthcoming. I am convinced that for many Chinese the security against sudden and violent death is a main factor; even if old landlords have been executed, the simple peasant knows that his own life is not in jeopardy so long as he complies with current dictates; this is in sharp contrast to the not so far gone days of warlords and battles between Communists and Kuomintang troops, when death could sweep aside the innocents without warning. Peace of mind and stability have come back to the mainland for the first time in this century.

There is also an equally compelling factor: security against slow and nagging death caused by drought and famine. The Communists, through the tapping of waterways and the wholesale construction of irrigation projects, have taken tangible steps to prevent a recurrence of natural disasters, which in the past killed Chinese by the tens of millions. If, in the process, the Chinese are hard put by long hours of toil, their time spent is no more arduous than in the past, and they are comforted by fuller rice bowls. If the democratic theorist deplores the absence of individual expression and the commonplace of regimentation, he might bear in mind that even older Chinese men and women cannot look back on a Western type of democratic government and therefore can suffer no loss of something they have never known. In any event, the older people play little part in the shaping of New China. It is the young people who are bearing the main brunt of indoctrination, and the young people who are adding their orientated brains to organized muscles. For them, the attraction of what is taking place in China is, as

much as anything else, the feeling that their nation is shaping its own destiny and solving its own problems. In this mood of nationalism and patriotism, they have much in common with the people of other newly emerged countries of Asia and Africa.

I do not mean to imply that the regime is loping along in complete bliss and without problems. It has hostile and rebellious Tibetans on its hands; and internally there have been reports of armed flare-ups by some of the minority groups, among them Moslems, who have been demanding greater autonomy. The minority peoples of China number 35 million, or 5.4 per cent of the population, and are scattered mainly in thinly settled, relatively barren provinces. They include the Miao and Chuang (branches of the Thai race), the Mongols, the Uighurs, and others who are really nomadic tribesmen and historically difficult to bring into line. The regime, to ease its task of spreading political education, has created several so-called "autonomous" districts and subdistricts where the minority peoples are concentrated. But in practice it is the Chinese themselves, the "sons of Han," who maintain the political, economic, and military control; this has created, reportedly, some dissension. China has long been embroiled with Tibetans and some of her internal minority groups. Over the centuries, whenever China was strong, Chinese legions swept into the Himalayan countryside of Tibet, eventually to be driven out. And inside China proper, the Manchu emperors, in the nineteenth century, faced two major Moslem uprisings and a secession movement in Sinkiang Province; in more recent times, the Nationalists had to quell Moslem rebellions in Sinkiang.

It remains to be seen whether any present troubles with minorities will prove to be more than traditional pinpricks. Of bigger moment is the question of how much acceptance China's 500,000,000 peasants are giving to communal life, and whether there will be eventual resistance against the violation of two old traditions: family cooking and family teaching at home. I do not believe that there is deliberate separation of families as such; the effort is being made openly, as has already been explained, to destroy the rigid influence of the father. That this destruction of the patriarchal system may have some effect, especially among younger generations,

is indicated by the cunning with which the regime has approached its task. Women's wages are now "banked" for them or paid directly to them, not, as in the past, to their fathers, who doled out, or did not dole out, an allowance as they saw fit. The fathers, it is argued, are now cared for by the state, anyway. Assuming that this aspect of Chinese life may be altered without discord, it does not, however, mean that all changes are equally tolerable. The communes provide mess halls, so that housewives can be taken from the kitchens into the fields and factories. But will the emotional needs of family life be compensated for in vast, impersonal dining rooms shared by hundreds of strangers? The regime is apparently becoming aware that communal eating, which robs families of their few moments of union, has aroused some resentment; commune leaders are now saying that "some" home cooking is permitted. Of course, since commune leaders determine the allotment of meat and vegetables, they can easily regulate just how much home cooking will be permitted; they can decrease the amount if they sense a greater willingness on the part of the masses to share in mess-hall meals, or, conversely, if need be, increase it. The regime's attitude toward education is more rigid. Children are to be taught in nurseries and schools, in accordance with ideology as much as with standard educational requirements; and such family teaching as parents may inculcate is purely secondary and in fleeting moments.

It is too early to assess the full, or lasting, impact of the communes, though some conclusions may be drawn. This new system of rural organization enables peasants to pool together greater resources and achieve not only greater agricultural output but their own industrial economy. Ideologically, it funnels the peasants into a Communist mold of common ownership as a means of production. Politically, it offers the state the chance for firmer control spiritually and tighter planning economically. And another highly significant advantage cannot have escaped Mao Tse-tung in his vision of the communes. In the event of a nuclear war, in which a central government could be paralyzed and industrial cities destroyed in a few days, China might still carry on. Developing their



own leaders and small industries, communes could at least manufacture small arms and administer themselves.

But the main problem for China, with or without communes, remains something that not even a totalitarian regime has been able to control: population growth. While immeasurable muscle power may now be an asset in the building of a new nation, the test of the regime's success will be whether it will be able to accommodate China's immense numbers of people, growing at the rate of 15,000,000 a year and already overcrowding her food-bearing regions. Some Western agronomists question the high yields the Communists claim in food production; they predict also an ultimate decline in living standards, because, they say, there is a limit to the potential yield per acre. Despite the Communists' boast that they have disproved the Malthusian doctrine, there is, therefore, a suspicion that the new mouths will suffer. Western economists who have examined Chinese statistics say, further, that the faster the population increases, the lower must be the rate of capital formation available for raising per capita net product; in other words, consumer goods will become even more scarce.

These, then, are some of the perplexities confronting the Communist leadership. Only future historians will be able to relate how, or if, they have been resolved. In the meanwhile, it might be well to remember some words once uttered by Mao Tse-tung: "You start with a blank sheet of paper. There is a disadvantage, but also an advantage, because you can write what you wish. Nothing is absolute; disadvantages have their advantages, if you see them." Presumably this may be interpreted as meaning that any continued shortages may prove in their way an asset to the regime, since the people will be preoccupied with working toward newer and higher goals, fighting always their chronic problems and never stopping to ask whether another way of life might be better. We tend always to look, wishfully, to troubles of antagonists, to exaggerate them perhaps, or at least to hope that they will lead to internal upheavals. For twenty, thirty years we spoke of anxieties inside the Soviet Union, of debilitating deficiencies, of "uprisings" by Ukrainians, of counterrevolutions, of "inflated" statistics of production. And so we are shocked and surprised now that the

Soviet Union has, instead of turmoil, a strong unity and an impressive economy which is growing, it must be deplored, at a faster pace than that of the United States. Allen Dulles, director of the Central Intelligence Agency, warns that while United States industry increases output at a rate of little more than 3 per cent a year Soviet industry expands at a rate of 9 per cent. Nikita Khrushchev's boast that Soviet production will one day equal or even surpass that of the United States can no longer be regarded as absurd. The safe, and realistic, assumption about China—if we are to know how to shape our own political and economic strategy—is that it, too, will overcome any present difficulties and will grow, rather than decline, in strength.

We like to think of a sullen, smoldering Chinese mass held in line at gun point, ready at any instant to break loose. We forget that, while some undoubtedly are coerced into acceptance of the system and regime, there are others wholeheartedly behind it. We conveniently overlook or distort history in bolstering our comforting, but delusive, arguments in expectation of a wholesale uprising. We say that never in the past have the Chinese tolerated an imposed regime, and we cite the example of the Taiping Rebellion of the last century. But the Taiping Rebellion was aimed at the overthrow of foreign Manchu lords; there is no parallel with current history. The civil war caused by the Communist Revolution was of one Chinese against another Chinese, one system versus a second. This was not a revolution inflicted on the Chinese by alien forces against the wishes of the people. It came from within, with the support of the peasants and even of some of the intellectuals. And yet Walter S. Robertson, then United States assistant secretary of state, thus addressed the Canadian Club of Ottawa, on March 13, 1959, "The fanatical Marxists of Peking come no closer to representing the will and aspirations of the Chinese people than the puppet regime of Budapest comes to representing the will and aspirations of the Hungarian people." Robertson, until his retirement in July, was sometimes described as the architect of America's China policy.

In Hungary and Czechoslovakia I saw, and felt, the effect of an imposed revolution, an alien force subjugating peoples who, par-

ticularly in the case of the Czechs, had understood true democracy and a Western style of living. I shall always remember one evening in Prague in the company of a group of newspaper editors; the utter dejection, the hopelessness with which they regarded their lives and destinies. "You can leave, we must stay," one man told me. In both these European countries it was difficult to find men and women who spoke with any enthusiasm about their system or regime; depressed, defeated, the Czechs and Hungarians must accept a melancholy way of life thrust upon them by a foreign power. It is not so in China. People may look hapless and wan from overwork, and some do indeed leave, but it would be utterly ridiculous to assume that the great majority of Chinese have dissociated themselves from the system and are secretly or fervently awaiting "liberation." It would be nearer the facts, I believe, to say that by and large communism has been embraced, especially, it must again be stressed, by the young people. One can legitimately wonder how important the individual self really is in the old Chinese pattern. Many historians point cogently to the philosophy of old China, which spelled out regimentation in everyday society, beginning with the father of the family who ruled those around him with an authoritarian hand, extending right up to the emperor, who was the father of the nation. Communism, in effect, has replaced the discipline of the father with the discipline of the state. Any discontent is more than outweighed by the revival of nationalism and the sense of achievement; and for those who are not yet fully convinced, there is the constant process of indoctrination or persuasion.

It should not be so surprising that persuasion can be effective among the Chinese. We ourselves are subjected to open and "hidden persuaders" in our everyday life. Our advertisements tell us that if we do not eat a certain cereal for breakfast our energies will wane; if we do not use a certain brand of soap we will never be suitable for marriage. The advertiser has learned that if he tells us often enough we will buy his line of goods. The Chinese buy communism, and support the sponsors, for much the same reason. We, of course, have a choice between at least two cereal brands; the Chinese have no choice, which means no

distraction, no confusion; for them the one-way road is set out clearly, and all that is now required by the propagandists is concentrated effort.

If the Chinese are guilty of conditioning, so, too, are we to some extent. But we ought not to follow the Chinese example of a rigid or closed mind. If we are to learn how to deal with them, and the threat they present, we must accept a few basic facts and not be blinded by our own attitudes or standards, or swept into confusion of always looking, hopefully, for a situation which does not exist. When Mao Tse-tung retired as chief of state, retaining his more important post as chairman of the Communist party, some Western analysts immediately inferred that a fall-out had taken place among the hierarchy, that there was disagreement over the introduction of communes, that rival factions were competing for power (just as any changes in the Kremlin promptly inspired "reports" that the Soviet leadership was about to collapse and this meant the end of communism). Westerners were reluctant to accept the plausible explanation that Mao's resignation was something he himself had requested, as relief from the tiresome burdens of handshaking and other formalities that attend the office of what is, in effect, figurehead president of China. There is no valid evidence of discord among the rulers of China; on the contrary, all indications point to a united and collective leadership. In the changes announced last April, Mao remained chairman of the party and the dominant personality in the country; Chou En-lai remained premier; and Liu Shao-chi took on Mao's old post as titular head of state. Liu, as the long-time master theoretician of the party, second only to Mao himself, has an almost unmatched reputation for purposefulness and devotion to doctrine and to the party. While relatively unknown in the Western world, his writings—*On the Education of a Communist Party Member*, *On the Party*—have become the guideposts both for old party members and young aspirants. His philosophy follows closely that of Mao, who is now able to devote himself fully to consolidating communal life and to producing, in writing and propaganda, a logical dialectic to serve as blueprint for underdeveloped countries in Asia and Africa. Mao has obviously come to feel that, with careful theorizing and planning, the

ultimate achievement of a full-fledged Communist state is possible in his lifetime. He is also throwing out the question: If the Chinese are able to double, or even treble, their output of food and products within a few years, why should not the Indians or Indonesians be able to do the same? This, then, is the real situation glaring at the West: arguments for the preservation of democracy can have little effect among newly emergent peoples striving desperately for material advancement. The West's approach, in trying to understand the needs of Asians and how to cater to those needs, must be positive. The Chinese are meeting and facing up to *their* problems. Are we facing up to *ours*?

Indian diplomats whom I met in Peking spoke hopefully of their own intended social democracy being able to withstand any internal or external pressures. But in candid moments they also admitted that they were terrified by the cold, efficient, mechanical way in which communism is able to harness resources and deliver to masses of people material gains which a free and democratic system has not yet begun to match. Example may be the most powerful weapon the Chinese possess today.

Since the end of the war, one billion Asians and Africans have achieved independence and broken away from old European rule. More than a score of new sovereign nations send their representatives to the United Nations Assembly. These nations are all underdeveloped, and their people live on a subsistence level, undernourished, most of them without the barest of health or educational facilities. Their income is estimated, by United Nations officials, at approximately \$100 a year per person. In the more advanced countries of the West, by contrast, the average per capita income is \$800; in the United States, it is more than \$2,000. In reaching independence, Asians and Africans have gratified a nationalist urge, but the pangs of physical hunger remain; just as Asians and Africans awoke to the fact that they need not remain subservient colonials, so too they are now aware that material impoverishment is neither a natural fate nor an act of divine decree. They are looking to see in which direction lies their greatest opportunity for more food, shelter, and the essentials of survival. So far, the majority

are uncommitted in their decision as to whether it will be the system represented by the West or the system now applied in the Soviet Union and China. Their decision will affect not only themselves but the future of the entire world. "If Asia and Africa finally reject communism, as Europe has already rejected it, Soviet dreams of world-wide victory will be just as finally exploded," prophesies *The Economist* of London (February 14, 1959). "If they accept it, liberty will be doomed—in both the Old World and the New; for a 'free world' comprising only the Americas and western Europe could not withstand a Communist system that controlled three quarters of mankind—unless it sacrificed its own freedom to some form of total discipline."

I have seen something of Asian countries, among them India, Pakistan, and Malaya. What disturbed me was not so much their abject poverty; this I expected. But I was not quite prepared for the arguments, largely by intellectuals, that pointed implicitly toward communism. Since these countries graduated from European rule, and were subjected to European influences, technical as well as political, one would think they would automatically turn, in their own quest for industrialization, to the West, the original home of technocracy. That this is not the case is borne out by the simple statement repeated over and over again: "You simply do not understand that Asia is not the West. Our own problems are more closely akin to those of China, once also a completely backward country with no technical advantages. Now look at the way the Chinese are achieving strength and better standards through discipline." The fine points of Marxism-Leninism are seldom heard; what counts bluntly with most Asians is technology, not ideology. Sidney Hook, chairman of the department of philosophy at New York University, recently spent six months in six countries in Asia on a Ford Foundation Fellowship. He reported how he was struck in India by "the will to believe" even alleged achievements of the Communist regimes, "the positive eagerness to accept claims on their face value when made by officials of Communist countries. . . . The productivity of the Western world is taken for granted. No matter what tremendous feats of technology and productions are achieved in the West, they elicit no enthusiasm. Again and again I was told:

‘We have more to learn from China and the Soviet Union than from the West.’” \*

In all the Asian countries the first consideration is food, and then the problem of how to use the best resources of agriculture not only to raise the living standard of peasants, who comprise the bulk of populations, but to boost industry; in other terms, to convert raw products into finished goods. If, to Asians, it becomes clear that the Chinese system, which has tackled burdens allied to their own, can offer an alternative more promising than any provided by free enterprise, it will be virtually impossible to restrain the swell that local Communist parties will be able to command. Whether we like it or not, India, whose masses make up more than 40 per cent of the uncommitted world, is now the symbol of Western institutions in the East, of democracy's way of letting man accomplish things for himself, by himself. China is the symbol of the totalitarian way, of organizing man into an impersonal machine, so the broad group can benefit. Ten years ago the front between democracy and communism was in western Europe; today it is in Asia. If the shadow of Russia clouded the world in the last decade, it will be the figure of China that stands out ominously in the next decade. No struggle in the past has been greater than the one now going on between India and China. India follows a road marked with human dignity; China represents the road of regimented controls and denial of individual rights. The vital question is which of the two countries will show the way for other underdeveloped countries, and whether even India itself will survive in its present form.

Both India and China began to reconstruct their economies about the same time, 1950. They started with similar, low standards, and the task of feeding huge numbers and creating employment for armies of jobless, and shelter for their families. A superficial contrast is not enough; in Calcutta I found women and children sleeping at night on the pavement outside my hotel; in Shanghai the beggars have disappeared from the streets. It can be argued, validly, that the Chinese beggars have been sent off, arbitrarily, to the

\* *The New York Times Magazine*, April 5, 1959.

communes. But the harsh, unpleasant fact is that China has pushed ahead of India in most phases of her economy. Her food production has doubled, while India's has risen by less than 50 per cent. According to authoritative estimates, India, at present levels of agricultural growth, will have a food production deficit of more than 25 million tons in 1965. China, too, faces food problems as population enlarges. But these she can possibly combat by the militant mobilization of work teams in the hundreds of thousands, who last year alone opened up to irrigation 80 million acres of crop-bearing areas—six times greater than India's biggest irrigation project, the Bhakra-Nangal on the Sutlej River in the Punjab. Available data indicates that the rate of China's over-all industrial expansion in 1958 was at least three times as high as India's; the per capita production of such basic items as steel, cement, and machinery was considerably higher. Even though India has stepped up the percentage of capital investment during her second Five-Year Plan, the ratio of gross investments to national income still lags appreciably behind that of China. When each began its own Five-Year Plans, India generated almost as many kilowatt hours of electricity as China; by 1962, China plans to double India's output of electricity. In 1949, China and India produced about the same amount of coal; at present rates of production, China next year will be mining almost four times as much coal as India. Aside from these internal expansions, China, significantly for the rest of Asia, has become a major trading nation and is now able to repay her loans from Russia and other members of the Soviet bloc. India, continuing to need considerable assistance, has been compelled to reduce, drastically, her foreign-exchange reserves to meet her investment gap.

Shortly after my return from China, I was invited to participate in the annual conference of the World Affairs Council of Northern California, at Asilomar, on the Monterey Peninsula. The theme of the conference was: America's response to the challenge confronting the rising nations of Asia and Africa. Senator John F. Kennedy, Democratic senator from Massachusetts, spoke of the "hard record of fact" of China, compared with "the sagging performance in India." "It is in this setting," said Kennedy, "that we consider the



challenge—not by playing down and depreciating the very real physical achievements of China, but rather by determining to match these achievements in India by a real record of performance consistent with our ideals and democratic methods. . . . Unless India is able to demonstrate an ability at least equal to that of China to make the transition from economic stagnation to growth, so that it can get ahead of its exploding population, the entire free world will suffer a reverse. India herself will be gripped by frustration and political instability, its role as a counter to the Red Chinese would be lost, and communism would have won its greatest bloodless victory.”

But is the West in practice doing enough to meet the challenge? This is the other, more vital, question. Paul G. Hoffman, former administrator of the Marshall Fund, and now director of the United Nations Special Fund, also spoke at Asilomar. He outlined the minimum figures the advanced nations would have to invest to keep the gap in standards between the “haves” and “have-nots” from becoming disastrously great, and these added up to at least twice the amount we are now sinking into the underdeveloped nations. Hoffman argued that not only should assistance to India, and other uncommitted nations, be doubled, but that it should be thought of in terms of a long-range program, of ten years’ duration, rather than the current crash schemes aimed at offering only limited and emergency aid. He called for an expenditure of \$60 billion by wealthier nations in grants and credits spread over the next ten years. (This amount is not as overwhelming as it might sound; some economists claim that if the advanced nations contributed from 1 to 2 per cent of their national incomes each year to world development, all present needs would be adequately covered.)

Hoffman made one more major point: Aid should not be handed out directly by a donor country to the recipient, but should be channeled through an international agency such as the United Nations. Every responsible Asian with whom I have spoken says much the same thing. There is still mistrust and suspicion, for example, that direct United States assistance implies political involvement on the part of the receiver, or even ultimate material profit for the United States. Indians are aware that for every dollar Ameri-

cans paid out to Europe through Marshall Aid, they later received back at least five dollars in trade from a revived Europe. Americans, of course, might realistically look on aid simply as good business; any improvement in the standard of living in underdeveloped countries will reflect eventually in increased demand for United States products. But this cannot be the primary aim. Americans should renounce any desire for direct, immediate gain, or recognition of generosity, and understand that the whole point is to help the uncommitted world develop its own resources, and, in political terms, to do so without the harsh discipline of communism. America's image abroad is cruelly and unjustly distorted, largely through the undercurrent of resentment against even psychological indebtedness but more specifically because of shrewd Communist propaganda, which talks solely of "strings" attached to United States assistance. The Hoffman proposal of aid through the United Nations or a similar nonpartisan organization would therefore minimize any continued risk of Indians accusing the United States of selfish or political motives.

It would also put the Russians on the spot. The Russians were offered participation in the Marshall Plan for European recovery after World War II, but Stalin refused for obvious reasons, hoping chaos would continue and create a disunited west Europe. More recently, Khrushchev said he would not "give a kopeck for co-operating with the imperialists." If now the United States, and the West in general, should ask the Soviet Union to join in an international plan to give a lift to the more poorly endowed nations, what would the response be? The odds are that Russia, seeking glory for herself in her own aid programs, would refuse to take part, and the vision many Indians hold of an altruistic Soviet nation might be appreciably altered. Soviet economic assistance to India (\$300 million in 1958) is less than one quarter that provided by the United States, yet recent public-opinion polls indicate that a considerable number of Indians believe that their biggest benefactor is Russia. The Russians have the knack of picking spectacular projects, such as the Bhilai steel plant, whose opening gained headlines; while Americans engage in less dramatic tasks, such as teaching agriculturists how to raise crop yields. Knowing this, the

Russians would hardly dull their sharpest propaganda weapon by entering into more anonymous arrangements. But if, conceivably, the Russians should decide that world opinion demands their participation in an international aid society, the West would have made its point. Living standards would rise, and we could hope validly that countries such as India would continue to choose a democratic system. But a question as big as the Soviet Union's own decision is this: Would the United States Congress, which has been busy whittling down the Administration's program for economic assistance, ever agree to ship a case of tools unless it is stamped, at least figuratively, "Made in U.S.A."? In the continuation of the cold war, each side likes to issue its own communiqué; unfortunately, in Indian ears, the Russian phraseology so far has more appeal. One has only to remember how the Communists have striven to portray many of their offers of aid as normal commercial transactions between equals.

If the ideal of pooled assistance through the United Nations proves unfeasible, certain essentials should still be borne in mind. It would be dangerous self-delusion to imagine that Asian and African ambitions can be satisfied purely by direct economic assistance. Proud, sensitive, and above all striving for racial equality, Asians and Africans desire to be fully free of any feeling of Western dominance of any sort; they want aid, but they also want the satisfaction of picking themselves up by their own bootstraps. Paul Hoffman, as director of the United Nations Special Fund, tells a simple example of the correct psychological approach. One small country asked the United Nations to conduct an aerial survey, so that natural resources could for the first time be mapped. Hoffman refused to have the United Nations itself make the survey; instead, he appointed a group of foreign experts, sent them to the country, and had them set up a training school, so local people could themselves do the work of aerial surveying; he also insisted that the country match, with its own currency, the money the United Nations was putting into the project. The response was both immediate and satisfying to everyone.

It should be remembered that underdeveloped countries have not been living exclusively on handouts. In 1957, when about \$3

billion was made available from foreign public and private sources, Asian and African countries themselves managed to devote from meager resources about \$6 billion toward capital investment. But any effective assistance program must cover not only investment and training; it must embrace trade itself. In wanting to build their own economies, African and Asian nations are crying out for wider open doors for their products, implying, on our part, a bolder approach to tariff policies. At present, the West maintains high protection against low-priced textiles and other primary products, which a newly emergent country such as India is best able to produce. It is small wonder that many Indians question how genuinely anxious the West is to see India become more prosperous for India's own sake.

In endeavoring to retain democratic institutions, Indians face a dilemma, outlined quite frankly for me by diplomats in Peking. On one hand, they can attempt to combat communism at home, both through improved economics and education; on the other hand, they say there is no use shutting their eyes and pretending that what has happened in China really can't happen in India. Their alternative is this: To deny intellectuals and the masses any knowledge of the material advances of their neighbor to the north by keeping out Communist literature and propaganda, so they will not know the other picture; or to tell them the facts about China, but assume that Indians will appreciate that their own free road is better, because in a nation run on legalistic lines no street committee could ever have the power to seize a citizen's house, no matter what the excuse. Indian leaders have faith in the latter approach.

But are we doing enough to sustain that faith? One of the more disheartening sights to me in Calcutta and New Delhi was the bookshops laden with pocket editions, in English, of works by Dickens and other classical authors, selling side by side with volumes by Marx and Engels for one rupee (20 cents) each. The books were printed by the Moscow State Printing House. The lowest-priced book the West was able to offer cost two rupees.\*

\* In a move in the proper direction, the British government announced, on June 22, 1959, that starting in 1960 it will spend \$1,400,000 a year to subsidize the production of inexpensive paper-back books for distribution particularly in India.

The cities of India are emblazoned with neon signs urging: "Read Soviet books and periodicals." In a shocking lack of Western enterprise, and aside from the fact that Soviet publications are half the price of Western publications, there are no similar signs or posters inviting Indians to partake of anti-Communist or pro-Western literature—this, despite the already prevalent feeling on the part of many intellectuals that they have more to learn from the East than from the West. Our task, therefore, is double-pronged: first, to try to understand why Asian intellectuals—lawyers, university teachers, journalists—are willing to accept even the promise of economic welfare as provided by communism; then, to try to excite them with a devotion to intellectual and cultural freedom as it is understood in the West but little appreciated in the East. Only those intellectuals who have studied abroad or been given intimate contact with democratic philosophy are fully alert to the indignities of communism and its denial of personal freedom.

One way to encourage this educational process is through the wider exchange of students and professors, enabling more Asians to come into contact with Americans and judge for themselves the distortions imparted by Communist propaganda. At the conference of the World Affairs Council of Northern California, I had a small, but revealing, example of the effectiveness of an exchange program. During one of the seminars, an American student wondered aloud, rather cynically, whether America had much to teach Asia and Africa after all. A Nigerian student, who had spent the last two years in American universities, leaped to his feet and berated the dubious questioner for selling democracy short as a nondynamic philosophy. He himself had quarrels with some American attitudes, but the main thing that stood out in his mind was that for every negative force there was a substantially greater weight of the positive. Then he cited this: During the height of the racial disturbances at Little Rock, he received an impassioned message from home enquiring about his own safety. Promptly he wrote back saying that Little Rock, Arkansas, was not the entire United States, and that most Americans were terribly disturbed and embarrassed by the events there. His letter was read into the record by an uncle who was a member of the Nigerian House of Representatives. It was reprinted in local newspapers and broadcast by radio stations. As

he himself now observed about the continents of Africa and Asia, where the concept of race equality is one of the drawing features of communism, no official effort by the United States State Department could have been as effective as his single letter home. But the Nigerian student was one of only a relative handful of Afro-Asians now examining the United States at first hand. It requires vision, and funds, to increase the university exchanges in telling numbers.

But is the United States, and the West in general, willing to spend more in educating Africans and Asians, and, more cogently, in providing them with the means to boost their own economies? If so, how would the money be spent? Since the end of the war,\* the United States has spent some \$65 billion in over-all foreign aid, including vast expenditures for military aid. Less than one fifth has gone to underdeveloped countries; about half of the rest was devoted to seven countries where the United States has large-scale military arrangements: Formosa, Greece, Indochina, South Korea, Pakistan, the Philippines, and Turkey. These countries aggregate in population 200 million people. "For the rest of the underdeveloped countries—with nearly one billion uncommitted people—there obviously remained little of the great pie," comments the *Saturday Review*. Another point is brought out pungently by Richard Hughes, Far Eastern correspondent of *The Sunday Times* of London, writing from Cambodia: † "United States aid to Cambodia will be cut this year from last year's \$32.9 million. Over-all Chinese commitments to Cambodia total approximately \$28.3 million. Much of the still generous United States spending is unappreciated by the Cambodian people because it represents substantially support for the army and the police, while Chinese aid seeps down to the level of the masses."

Can the richer nations afford (even without Soviet participation) the \$6 billion a year in economic assistance suggested by Paul Hoffman? Four nations in the West alone—the United States, United Kingdom, France, and Canada—are spending on defense about \$55 billion a year. Some military defenses are obviously essential, but is the emphasis in the proper proportion? My own feeling is that

\* According to *Saturday Review*, January 17, 1959.

† January 25, 1959.

we are one step behind reality. Mainland China became Communist, and so the United States spent a fortune to fortify Formosa and "contain communism." Are we waiting for India to become Communist, so we may then spend an equal fortune fortifying Ceylon?

In 1950, when Communist China invaded Tibet, Nehru's response was angry and vigorous. New Delhi called the Chinese action "deplorable," especially since a Tibetan delegation had been waiting in India to negotiate a peaceful settlement for the future of their country. But after some equally stiff words in reply to Nehru from Peking, the issue gradually quieted down. For one thing, the Indians could rationalize that at other stages in history Tibet had been claimed by China, and that in 1907 Britain had signed a convention recognizing China's "suzerainty" over the mountain kingdom. But more important, Indian foreign policy was dedicated to peace and stability in Asia, and Indian statesmen were more concerned by the patterns of United States rather than Communist behavior. Ten years ago, they believed that America's refusal to recognize Red China, and her policy of establishing military bases in such areas as Formosa, constituted the greater threat to stability.

Dismay over American policy did not completely blind the Indians to Communist actions. India voted with the West, for instance, in condemning North Korea as the instigator of the Korean War. But she continued to work toward what became known as *Panch Shila*, "the five principles of coexistence." *Panch Shila* found its full and complete expression at the Bandung Conference of Asian and African countries in April, 1955, and India's relations with China grew even closer. *Panch Shila* defined among its principles mutual respect for each other's territorial sovereignty and non-interference in each other's internal affairs. China, in occupying Tibet, had agreed that Tibet could retain autonomy and that there would be no change in the Dalai Lama's status, power, or functions; in turn, Tibet gave Peking the right to control her foreign relations. Since, in theory, *Panch Shila* at least reaffirmed Tibet's privilege to choose her own social and economic system and to retain religious freedom, India was satisfied.

For a few years Peking trod gently in Tibet, but by 1958 Chinese cadres were asserting themselves in Lhasa and attempting to implant Communist social reform. Tibetan monks complained that lamaseries were being closed and that the Chinese, in their teachings, were plotting to destroy religion; Tibetan tribesmen, sniping from the hills, harassed Chinese troops. Peking's attitude hardened. Tibetans were told they must accept the fact that they were an integral part of the Chinese nation; tribesmen were accused of "counterrevolutionary activities." More Chinese soldiers were sent into the Himalayas, and by March, 1959, a few snipers' shots had grown into open rebellion; it was only then, during harsh Chinese suppression, that the Dalai Lama fled and received asylum in India. How China's own fifty million Buddhists reacted to the plight of Tibet's supreme spiritual ruler is not known. Presumably some accepted Peking's propaganda line that the Dalai Lama had been "kidnaped by counterrevolutionary reactionaries"; in the main, Lamaism, an offshoot of Buddhism, has never been highly regarded inside China, being considered both foreign and barbaric. But Peking's persistent attempt to represent itself in the eyes of other Asians as a supporter of religious freedom had obviously suffered a setback.

In India itself, the concern was not only over religion; it was also over China's violation of the once highly proclaimed *Panch Shila* principle respecting the autonomy of another country. Yet the reaction of Indians has been curious. Among some there are signs of an emerging maturity, a new skepticism about Communist pledges of noninterference; if the disillusion began with Russia's interference in the Hungarian uprising, it was heightened by the Chinese action in Tibet. But it is far from certain that a majority of Indians, including Nehru, even now consider Communist China a threat to the peace and stability of Asia. The time may yet come when more Indians will find that *Panch Shila* can be used as a device of Communist duplicity and that, while in the West imperialism is a dying vestige of the past, in the Communist world it can take a form all its own.

However, at the moment, Communist advantages and Western disadvantages must still be reckoned with. The impact of China



on India is not only from the tiny blast furnaces turning out pig iron and elevating the economy; it is from the sight of a once humbled and prostrate nation showing up the white man, destroying the myth that only the white man's way of life was right or feasible. To many Indians, the Chinese are at the worst Asian revolutionaries, with the emphasis on *Asian*. If some Indian writers are now beginning to evaluate China's industrial progress in terms of what it does to human dignity and family life, there are at least an equal number of Indian visitors to China who are more stimulated than repulsed by what they examine. This points up the essential reality of India's preoccupation with domestic matters rather than international ones.

Whatever his disenchantment over China's behavior in Tibet, Nehru continues to make it plain that India cannot allow herself to divert to external conflicts the energy needed to build up an economy at home. He employed stern language in 1950 in rebuking China for invading Tibet; but India and China were then on an almost equal footing, each beginning its own move toward technology. Western observers in New Delhi point out that when he took Chou En-lai to task for China's more recent Tibetan drive, Nehru used the mildest possible terms. He said only that Indians were "hurt and distressed." In offering sanctuary to the Dalai Lama and thousands of other Tibetan refugees, India, said Nehru, was moved only by the simple obligations of humanity. The anger in the exchange of notes came instead from Peking, which feared that China had lost prestige in Asia while India had gained it.

What is not always understood in the West is that India believes that a formula for coexistence must, and will, be found. If Nehru now recognizes that the potential threat to Indian security is from the heart of Asia, rather than from so-called Western imperialism, he still holds that a military alliance is not the answer. Even after Tibet, India refused to be rushed into an agreement of mutual defense with Pakistan, since the belief is that any possible threat from China is economic and political, rather than military. "What many thoughtful Indians fear today is not outright aggression by the Chinese," wrote Elie Abel, New Delhi correspondent of *The New*

*York Times*.\* “They fear the power of example. They worry about the discrediting of the democratic processes if India continues to muddle along on the edge of starvation while China becomes a symbol of success through ruthless determination and brute force.”

Another correspondent in India, Cyril Dunn of *The Observer* (London), in explaining why Nehru knows he cannot afford to dissipate India's energy through quarrels with China or any other country, commented: “Unless something is done about India's soaring population and pitiful rate of food production, then in less than ten years from now literally millions of his countrymen must die from starvation. Those who are tempted to deride India's apparent passivity over Tibet might usefully bear this grim arithmetic in mind. There is something else Mr. Nehru is likely to know. If in the economic struggle China succeeds and India dismally fails, then an Indian prestige founded upon abstract virtues will scarcely endure among those Asiatic millions to whom ‘nothing is real but hunger.’” †

Should Communist China be recognized diplomatically by Canada and the United States? I believe it should. The greatest social and industrial transformation of our time, including the Russian Revolution, is now taking place inside China. A goliath of a nation is emerging as a full-fledged member of the mechanical and nuclear age. This is not a transitory thing. The West cannot afford to bypass, in its calculations and deliberations, the ambitions and potential strength of 650,000,000 people. The argument that non-recognition would hasten the regime's overthrow by external forces or internal rebellion is fallacious. It is equally nonsensical to think that communism in China is a passing phase and therefore unlikely to endure. No other nation today can boast more skillful leaders, or better organizers, than Mao Tse-tung and Chou En-lai. Eventually they will be succeeded by other men who have never been stimulated by a break from the old order; possibly these future leaders will discover, as the Russians have learned, that you cannot expect people to give up all personal ambition, that once you raise

\* May 3, 1959.

† May 10, 1959.

the standard of living a notch, there is a normal tendency to demand continuing improvements which convert heavy industry increasingly to the production of small items for home consumption.

The hope for the West is that China ultimately will fall into this pattern. Meanwhile, we must understand that any changes that do occur are changes of emphasis rather than purpose. One of the arguments against recognition rests on the deeply felt American belief that the influences of righteousness must ultimately prevail, and the influences of evil, which deny individual liberty, must ultimately perish. This moral approach, while commendable, is unrealistic. It fails to perceive that the so-called "American way of life" is not necessarily the way of life understood, or even considered feasible, by others. In any event, there is no moral significance to recognition of any country, since recognition does not automatically mean approval of a regime or system. In legal terms, it simply acknowledges that a specific government is in authority. Many of the same reasons that were used to defend United States nonrecognition of the Soviet Union, until 1933, are blithely re-applied today in the case of Red China.

It is too late for us to be of real influence in domestic affairs in China. But perhaps we can salvage something by understanding the obvious but too often overlooked fact that you cannot defeat communism by ignoring it. The old Manchu emperors once worked on the assumption that diplomatic recognition of a hostile government elevated the other nation's prestige without returning any benefit. We, too, tend to base policy on this antiquated concept of diplomacy. One of the reasons most commonly advanced for retaining our present policy is the supposed effect recognition would have on the 14,000,000 overseas Chinese who live in such countries as Thailand, Burma, Malaya, and Indonesia and who have, because of their strength in local retail trade and commerce, an influence far beyond their numbers. The argument here is that a change in policy would end all hope that the Kuomintang could ever return to the mainland and that overseas Chinese would switch their loyalty to the Communist regime and might even try to spread communism where they now live.

There may have been some validity to this argument ten years

ago, when there was still the possibility of "liberating" the mainland. But the plain and blunt fact now is that overseas Chinese are expedient or realistic; many are aware that the Kuomintang has virtually no prospect of returning to power; those overseas Chinese who would accept direct allegiance to communism have already done so. Among some of the older people, there is indeed a passive acceptance of change, a sense of inevitability, especially since many of their sons and daughters have been caught up in the tide of patriotism originating in the motherland. In such areas as Hong Kong and Singapore, I met firmly anti-Communist Chinese, local businessmen as well as refugees from the mainland. But I was more forcibly struck by the attitude of the younger generations, who show pride in what they consider the Great Chinese Revival and the emergence of China as a world power.

Another major reason suggested for continuance of present United States-Canadian policy is that recognition of Communist China, which would logically lead to her admission in the United Nations, would boost Peking's prestige in the eyes of other Asian countries and correspondingly lower our prestige. But many competent observers, particularly in India, hold the opposite view. They argue that, despite the Tibetan affair, neutralists look on non-recognition as a major source of tension in the Far East; recognition of Communist China, the plea continues, would be regarded as a sign of American maturity, an effort to work with greater tranquillity in international relations; this would weaken rather than strengthen the position of Peking, whose propagandists have talked only of American bases in Formosa and skillfully played on Asian fears of global war. A still further point could be made of this question: On what terms would Communist China *accept* recognition? Recognition, according to Peking, implies automatic withdrawal of United States forces from the Formosa area and the return of Formosa itself to the mainland. But could the Communists validly believe that the United States would ever consider leaving the Nationalists on their own unless there is conclusive guarantee for their safety?

Some Americans who favor recognition, but recognize that the United States has a moral obligation for the personal security of

Nationalists, suggest that the solution would be in the establishment of Formosa as an independent nation; later, perhaps after five years, Formosans would hold a plebiscite, under United Nations sponsorship, to decide whether they want to remain independent or join the Peking government. Officially, Peking, as Foreign Minister Chen Yi brought out in my interview with him, rejects any notion of a separate Formosa or Two Chinas. But some students of China feel that Peking's attitude may not be quite as rigid as it appears, that the Communists might be willing to "neutralize" Formosa, at least temporarily, on the understanding that Communist China replace Nationalist China in the Security Council of the United Nations.

The Communists, while they are impatient to establish their nation as an industrial and political power, are less hurried in their approach to Formosa. Chen Yi made this abundantly clear when he emphasized, "Time is in our favor." My own belief is that the Communists are quite content at the moment to let the Formosan situation remain as it is, since it provides them with ammunition for internal propaganda. If this is the case, Peking would reject recognition, and the United States, in making the gesture, would gain new stature among the neutralists of Asia and point up the Communists as inflexible. From that aspect alone, the offer of recognition would be of immeasurable propaganda value to the West. If, on the other hand, Peking should agree to Formosan independence (so long as the label of "another China" is not used), the source of possible war would be removed, and the United States would gain equally great acclaim among the neutralists. For those Asian allies who might fear any future military adventures by Communists, the defenses would not be down. In an age of missiles and long-range rockets, the Chinese mainland is as vulnerable as any other part of the world, especially since United States bases would remain at Okinawa, Japan, South Korea, and other Pacific points.

But a principal part of my argument rests on this: the need for information. Diplomatic representation in China is essential if we are to understand what is taking place in that country. It is true that Western diplomats are sometimes treated with severity and

cannot roam through the country completely at will; much information can nevertheless be accumulated by a diplomat who is energetic and willing to relinquish for a time the comforts of his embassy in order to visit communes or factories in isolated and primitive areas. Even a day of personal observation in Peking, I am convinced, yields more than a year of secondhand guessing from the outposts of Hong Kong or Singapore. It certainly tells far more than an inanimate stack of Chinese newspapers, which provide the source of most data for the analysts abroad.

The tragedy today is that not only are American diplomats remote from the scene but other Americans are also denied the opportunity to explore China. Canada, even though she does not extend diplomatic recognition, at least permits scientists, economists, and other specialists to visit China; United States passport control refuses American citizens a similar privilege. An economist of the Stanford Research Institute of California, whom I met recently, is studying methods to improve the cottage industries of India, a grass-roots movement that could spell the difference between success and failure in India's industrialization effort. China, through her communal establishments, has the most extensive small, or cottage, industry program under way anywhere in the world. Yet the American researcher is denied, by his own government, the right to go to China, to amass source material vital to his study.

But the day-in, day-out job of reporting on a country belongs to the diplomats, men trained in the science of observation, capable of cross-checking one another's impressions, able to gain official interviews with leaders, thrust into the advantageous position of enjoying the confidence of diplomats from other nations, who may have their own sources of information. All the statistics assembled by remote control, all the words written about China from Hong Kong, cannot substitute for the "feel" of the country, which comes only from personal observation. There is a fanatic desire, almost a religious fervor, among the young people of China to prove worthy of being called a Communist. How can this mood be translated other than by men who see Chinese around them every day? How

are we, and more important our children, to learn to understand these young people, to learn to live in peace with them?

Putting it at the other extreme, more coldly, if China is regarded as a possible enemy, economically or militarily, we must have skilled and trained observers moving through the country, assessing potentials. Accompanying any observations, of course, must be the will to report and to interpret objectively. In Moscow a few years ago, our tendency was to say that the door handles of Soviet taxicabs fell off, and therefore the Russians were poor technicians; in a comfortable frame of self-delusion, we conveniently overlooked the available facts that indicated the Russians were too busy building up more important technocracy to bother with door handles. And then one day we were surprised, and alarmed, to find a Soviet sputnik overhead.

We had the information on Russia; we chose to ignore it. We do not even have the proper information on China. Is China's economy overstretched? Is she advancing rapidly toward nuclear power? We must build up, if you like, a *realistic* intelligence file. There is an old Chinese expression: "Know yourself, know your enemies. A hundred battles, a hundred victories."





# INDEX

- Abel, Elie, 197
- Academy of Sciences, Chinese, 158, 160, 169
- Acupuncture
  - description of, 128-129, 134, 136, 138
  - practitioners of, 133
  - and Western doctors, 136
- Adams, Howard, 124
- Africa, 144, 149, 152, 179, 186, 188
- Africans, independence achieved by, 185
- Agence France Presse, 23
- All-China Federation of Scientific Societies, 73
- Amoy, 32
- Anshan, 22
- Aragvi (restaurant), Moscow, 8
- Asia, 149, 179, 186, 188
- Asians, independence achieved by, 185
- Bandung Conference, 195
- Bank of China, financing by, 151
- Bhakra-Nangal, 188
- Birth-control campaign, 98-100
- Bodard, Lucien, 24
- Bolshevik Revolution, 6, 165, 167, 168 (*see also* Russian Revolution)
- Boulder Dam, 159
- British Broadcasting Corporation, vii
- Budapest, 182
- Buddhism, 48, 77
- Buddhists, 196
- Burma, 199
- Business Week*, 160
- By the Banks of the Sangyang River* (play), 117
- Calcutta, 192
  - conditions in, 187
- California Institute of Technology, 161
- Cambodia, 152, 194
- Cambridge University, 161
- Canada, 127, 145-147, 202
  - trade with China, 147
- Canadian Broadcasting Corporation, vii
- Canadian Club of Ottawa, 182
- Canton, 48, 72, 105, 117, 156, 168
- Cathay Mansions, Shanghai, 17
- Catholic priests in China, 78
- Causeway Bay, Hong Kong, 6
- Central Committee (of Communist party), 42, 101, 103, 104
- Ceylon, 195
- Chang Chao-shen, 118, 120
- Chang Hsi-jo, 57, 58, 59, 66, 172
- Chang, Miss, 27
- Chang Shu-chuan, 95
- Chekiang Province, 49
- Chen Ming, 144, 146
- Chen, Mr., 118, 120
- Chen, Stephen, 164
- Chen Po-ta, 172
- Chen Yi, Vice Premier, 25-32, 34-36, 38-40, 201
- Cheng, Ming leader, 40
- Cheng Chin, 97
- Cheng Feng* (rectification), 57, 61-63
- Cheng Yao-chun, 125
- Cheongsam* (high-neck gown), 112
- Chiang Kai-shek, 33-35, 38-40, 49, 60, 122
- Chiao Ching-to, Dr., 137
- Chien Hsueh-sen, 161
- Chin lo* (nerve route), 138
- China
  - abandoning personal incentive, 172
  - achievement in geology, 158
  - aid to foreign countries, 152
  - alliance between Russia and, 174
  - American defectees in, 122
  - analogy between Japan and, 148
  - behavior in Tibet, 197
  - birth-control campaign, 98-100
  - British in, 120
  - and the Burmese, 152

China (*cont.*)

cable charges in, 26  
 capitalists in, 139, 140  
 Catholic priests in, 78  
 cause of backwardness in, 51  
 censorship in, 24  
 Christians in, 78  
 claims of production, 143  
 cleanliness in, 115  
 coal production in 1958, 69  
 code of moral behavior in, 115-116  
 code of morals in, 7  
 and commerce of southeast Asia, 149  
 committees in, 43-44  
 Communists in, 167  
     recognition of Communists, 199  
 conditioning in, 184  
 co-operatives in, 139  
 copying American consumer goods, 148  
 cotton production in, 91  
 cyclotron in, 158  
 destruction of patriarchal system in, 179  
 difference between communism in Russia and, 166  
 diminishing number of Soviet technicians in, 173  
 diplomatic representation in, 201  
 diseases in, 134  
 dislocations in, 155  
 divorce in, 114-115  
 doctors in, 129-132  
 economic rise in, 177  
 economic warfare of, 151  
 electric power shortages in, 157  
 exports of, 150  
     to non-Communist countries, 150  
 family life in, 95  
 food problems facing, 188  
 foreign aid program, 152  
 furnaces in, 21  
 grain output of, 91  
 haste in, 177  
 hospitals in, 131, 133  
 hotels in, 17-18  
 huckstering campaign in, 49  
 hydroelectric projects in, 159  
 hygiene in, 48  
 importance of New, 28  
 ideology in, 56  
 imports of, 146

improvement of trading position, 150  
 increase in industrial production, 150  
 India's relations to, 195  
 industrial and mining projects in, 143  
 as industrial power, 142  
 industries in, 5  
 industry in, 142  
 internal differences between Russia and, 173  
 internal expansion in, 188  
 invasion of Tibet by, 127, 195-197  
 and Japan, analogy between, 148  
 kindergarten children in, 77  
     training of, 170  
 loss of prestige in India, 197  
 machinery of persuasion in, 85  
 main objective of, 37  
 and manufacture of pharmaceuticals, 131  
 marriage in, 114  
 minority peoples of, 179  
 modernizing Chinese language, 168  
 Moslems in, 179  
 mystique of manual work in, 65  
 new-style mandarins in, 86  
 nonconformists in, 52  
 number of peasants in, 179  
 oil problem in, 158-159  
 and old people, 178  
 output of producer goods, 156  
 over-all industrial expansion in, 188  
 patriarchal systems in, 102  
 philosophy of New, 77  
 pig iron quota, 21  
     production of, 22  
 population of, 23  
     problem of growth in, 181  
     UN estimate of, 170-177  
 prices in, 145  
 problems of American wives in, 125  
 production of tractors in, 5  
 propaganda  
     rallies in, 53  
     techniques in, 54  
 races in, 179  
 refugees in, 167  
 regimentation in, 183  
 relations with Russia, 173  
 reproduction rate in, 147

- research in, 158
    - caliber of, 160
  - retail trade in, 139
  - rural organization system in, 180
  - Russians in, 174
  - salaries in, 7
  - "Socialist industrialization" in, 141
  - "squeeze" in, 9
  - Stakhanovites of, 141
  - state in, 15
  - students in, 74-75
  - tactics of, 150
  - technology in, 157
  - television in, 17
  - termite problem in, 72-73
  - theater in, 116-117
  - and Tibet, 179, 195-197
  - trade, 145
    - with Canada, 147
  - and trade relations, 145
  - traditional medicine in, 130 ff.
    - resurgence of, 132
  - train service in, 22
  - United States restrictions on, 147
  - uranium in, 69
  - use of herbs in, 131, 137-138
  - "Western colony" in, 121
  - women in
    - in education, 96
    - role of, 94-96
    - ten years ago and now, 95, 96
    - young, 176
  - work brigades in, 87
  - workers' privileges in, 141
  - young women in, 176
  - youth of, 68-69
- China Reconstructs* (magazine), 18, 71, 110, 125
- Chinese, the
  - approach to communism, 168
  - commitments, over-all, to Cambodia, 194
  - dependence on Soviet economic aid, 171
  - and example, 185
  - feeling for Russians, 169
  - language modernization by, 168
  - opinion of Soviet criticism of communes, 172
  - overseas, 199-200
  - persuasion by, 183
  - sensitivity of, 174
- Chinese Academy of Sciences, 158, 160, 169
- Chinese Red Cross, 124
- Chinese Revolution (Communist), 59, 80, 102, 125, 165, 182
- Chinese University of Science and Technology, 161
- Chinese Women's Federation, 101
- Chou En-lai, Premier, 13, 25-26, 28-29, 32, 48-49, 64-65, 80, 142, 149, 152, 155-157, 184, 197-198
- Christianity in China, 78
- Christians in China, 78
- Chu Teh, 48
- Chun tzu* (scholar), 58-59
- Chuang, 179
- Chungking, 159
- Chung-kuo Ching-nien Pao* (newspaper), 104
- Columbia Broadcasting System, vii
- Committee for Cultural Relations with Foreign Countries, 57, 172
- Communes, 4, 6, 42, 75, 81, 85
  - appeal of, 88
  - basic features of, 91
  - children in, 94
  - Communists' influence in, 155
  - and co-operatives, compared, 83
  - family life in, 95
  - food preparation in, 90
  - impact of, 180
  - ingenuity used by Chinese in, 91
  - Mao's philosophy of, 98
  - number of, 80
  - nurseries in, 97
  - obligations of, 88
  - people's, working of, 79
  - production speed-up ordered in, 155
  - projected factories in, 98
  - remuneration in, 164
  - size of, 83
  - slogan of, 107
  - and taxes, 105
  - theory of, 153
  - trade and barter in, 105
  - work of women in, 89-90
  - workers' remuneration in, 88
- Communism, 47, 60, 68, 75-76
  - effect on discipline, 183
  - future in China, 80
  - history in Soviet Union and in China, 80
  - and intellectual class, 58
  - meaning to tenant farmers, 58
  - transition from socialism, 84, 164
- Communist Manifesto*, 172
- Communist party in China, 76

- Communist Party Congress, 171  
 Communists, 34, 38-40, 49, 51-52,  
   54, 56, 59-61, 63, 81, 84, 87,  
   96, 102, 111, 139  
   acceptance by Chinese, 178  
   claim in food production, 181  
   exports to Canada, 146  
   and marriage, 111-112  
   mechanism of apparatus of, 98  
   as moral reformers, 113  
   and natural disasters, 178  
   in Peking, 11  
   portrayal of offers of aid, 191  
   propaganda of, 192-193  
   revision of emphasis on male-  
     female relations, 111  
   in Shanghai, 109  
 Confucianism, 52, 54, 77, 101-102  
   and communism, compared, 47  
 Confucius, 101-102, 163  
 Co-operative farming, 105  
   beginning of, 82  
 Co-operatives, 82-83, 90  
   committees of, 83  
   conversion into communes, 86  
   peasants' attitude toward, 83  
 Cultural Palace, 49  
*Current History*, 146, 148  
 Czechoslovakia, 160, 182
- Daily Telegraph*, vii  
*Daily Worker*, vii, 18, 126  
 Dalai Lama, 196-197  
 Dickens, Charles, 192  
 Diefenbaker, J. G., Prime Minister  
   of Canada, 29  
*Dongfeng* (China's first car), 117  
 Dulles, Allen, 182  
 Dulles, John Foster, 25, 33, 103  
 Dumping, 149  
 Dunn, Cyril, 198  
 Dunn, Jack, 124
- East Wind, The* (play), 117  
 Echo Wall, 12  
*Economic Development of Commu-  
 nist China*, 142  
*Economist, The*, 186  
 Eisenhower, Dwight D., 29, 46  
 Engels, Friedrich, 168, 172
- Faure, Edgar, 36-37, 62, 163, 167  
 "Fearless Advance" Commune, 95
- First Five-Year Plan, 141-142, 154,  
   156  
 Fischer, Dorothy, 124  
 Fitzgerald, Professor Charles Pat-  
   rick, 20, 38, 40, 71, 82, 112, 156  
   quoted, 38, 82, 113, 156  
 Five-Year Plans, 141, 146, 166, 188  
*Flood Tide in China*, 38, 82, 113,  
   156  
 Foochow, 32  
 Forbidden City, Peking, 12, 174  
 Ford Foundation Fellowship, 186  
 Formosa (Taiwan), 31-33, 35-36,  
   38-40, 45, 51, 122, 149, 195,  
   200  
   Communists' approach to, 201  
   United States forces in, 200  
 Formosa Straits, 34  
 Fort Ann, New York, 123-124  
 Fox, Dr. T. F., 132  
 France, 135  
*France Soir*, 24  
 Fukien, 38, 173
- Germany, 135  
 Godefroy, Mrs. Dorise Nielsen, 127  
 Gould, Dr. Donald, 132, 134, 136  
 Grace Hospital, Detroit, 129  
 Great Britain, 145  
 Great Wall of China, 65, 174  
 Guillain, Robert, 156
- Hall of Benevolence and Longevity,  
   Peking, 12  
 Hall of Delight in Longevity, Pe-  
   king, 12  
 Hall of Virtuous Harmony, Peking,  
   12  
 Hangchow, 73  
 Harvard University, 57  
 Haw Ti Dan (pills), 130-131  
 Hemingway, Ernest, 18  
 "High houses," 94  
 Hinton, Bertha, 125  
 Ho, Mr., 23-28, 38  
 Hodes, Jane, 125  
 Hoffman, Paul G., 189-191, 194  
 Honan, 85  
 Honan Province, 85, 95, 159  
 Hong Kong, vii, 6, 26, 56, 144-145,  
   149, 152, 167, 199, 202  
 Hook, Sidney, 186  
 Hopei Province, 22, 80, 95  
*How to Say It in Chinese*, 20  
 Hsiang (township), 83

- Hsien Chia-liu, 161  
 Hsinchiao (hotel), Peking, 18-21  
 Hsin Hua Men Gate, Peking, 28  
 Hsin Hua Ting, Peking, 28  
 Hsinhua (New China News Agency),  
     25, 28, 47, 136  
 Hsinhua Printing House, 97  
 Hsinhwei County, 72  
 Hsinhwei People's Council, 73  
 Hsu Huang, 26  
 Hsushui, 80, 87, 90, 93  
 Hsushui County, 86, 89  
 Huang Pao-mei, 95  
 Hughes, Richard, 194  
 Hullert, Sigvard, 3-4, 14  
 Humphrey, Senator Hubert, 171  
 "Hundred flowers" movement, 62,  
     64, 66, 75  
 Hungarian uprising, 196  
 Hungary, 64, 182  
*Hutung* (back street), 41, 44  
 Hweicheng, 72
- Iceland, 30  
 Ideography, 77  
 Immunization program, 134  
 Imperial City, Peking, 12  
 India, 144, 149, 186-189, 192  
     and China, 198  
     Soviet economic assistance to,  
         190-191  
     trade of, 150  
 Indoctrination, 75, 85  
 Indonesia, 33, 144-145, 149, 199  
 Indonesians, 185  
 Inner City, Peking, 12  
 Institute of Aeronautical Engineer-  
     ing, 71  
 Institute for Asian Studies, 154  
 Institute of Entomology, 74  
 Institute of Foreign Languages, 125,  
     127  
 Institute of Geological Prospecting,  
     158  
 Institute of Geophysics and Meteor-  
     ology, 160  
 Institute of Traditional Medicine,  
     138  
 Intellectuals, 60-61, 66  
 International Club, Peking, 126  
 International Court of Justice, 36  
 International Longshoremen's and  
     Warehousemen's Union, 147  
 International Union of Geology and  
     Geophysics, 160
- Intourist Bureau, 23  
 Islam, 77-78
- Japan, 135, 201  
     and foreign trade, 144  
     products of, 151  
 Japanese in China, 90  
 Jen Fang-chen, 69-71, 74  
 Jen Sheng, 158-160, 169  
*Jing chen tsi* (herb), 138  
 Jordan, 13, 32
- Kai hui* (right and duty), 53  
 Kansu Province, 159  
 Kennedy, Senator John F., 188  
 Khrushchev, Nikita, 25, 34, 105,  
     164, 168, 171-172, 174, 190  
     predictions made by, 182  
 Kiangsi Road, Shanghai, 108  
 Kishi, Nobusuke, 149  
*Kolkhozia* (collective farmer), 7  
 Korea, 30, 50, 123  
 Korean War, 24, 174  
 Kramer, Iona, 125  
*Kuang-ming Jih-pao* (newspaper),  
     103  
*Kulak*, 167  
 Kuomintang, 35, 39, 51, 55, 59, 199-  
     200 (see also Nationalists)  
 Kwantung Province, 72
- Lamaism, 196  
*Lancet, The* (journal), 132  
 Landlords, executions of, 52  
 Land reform, 52, 81-82  
 Lao-tse, 48  
 Law of incentives, 176  
 Lebanon, 32  
*Le Monde*, 156  
 Lenin, Nikolai, 168, 172  
 Leveling, 172  
 Levine, Irving R., 118  
 Lhasa, 196  
 Li Cheng, 43  
 Li Choh-ming, Professor, 142  
     quoted, 142  
 Li Hsien-nien, Finance Minister,  
     153, 157  
 Li Shih-mei, 71-73  
 Li Shu-chi, 97  
 Liberation, 14, 143  
 Liberation Day, 140  
 Little Rock, Arkansas, 193  
 Liu Shao-chi, 68, 103, 184  
 Liuchia Gorge, Kansu Province, 159

- London School of Economics, 57  
 Lu Ting-yi, 66  
 Lushan (*see* Port Arthur)  
  
 McGill University, 161  
*Madama Butterfly*, 118  
*Main Street, U.S.S.R.*, 118  
 Malaya, 33, 144, 150, 189, 199  
 Malthusian doctrine, 99, 181  
 Manchuria, 169-170  
 Manchus, 40, 169  
 Mandarinism, 61, 86 (*see also* Chun tzu)  
 Mao Tse-tung, 3, 18, 25, 48-50, 52-53, 61-65, 74, 77, 80-81, 84-86, 98-100, 103-104, 106, 109, 114, 127, 130, 162, 165, 172, 175, 180-181, 184, 198  
 Maoism, 164, 176  
 Marquette University, 154  
 Marshall Aid, 190  
 Marshall Fund, 189  
 Marshall Islands, 174  
 Marshall Plan, 190  
 Marx, Karl, 99, 117, 163, 168, 172  
 Marxism, 48, 76-77, 94, 161, 165-166, 168, 172  
 Marxism-Leninism, 186  
 Marxist-Leninist theory, 171  
 Massachusetts, 188  
 Massachusetts Institute of Technology, 161  
*Masses Astir, The* (play), 117  
 Matsu, 21, 30-31  
 Mechanization, 89  
 Medicine (*see* Acupuncture, Traditional medicine)  
 Mencius, 102  
 Miao, 179  
 Mikoyan, Anastas, 171  
 Ming Tombs reservoir, "volunteers" working on, 64  
 Ministry of Foreign Affairs, 10, 21, 31, 60, 118  
 Ministry of Foreign Trade, 144  
 Ministry of Health, 119  
 Mohammedanism (*see* Islam)  
 Mongols, 179  
 Monterey Peninsula, 188  
 Moscow, 171, 173, 176, 203  
   life in, 162-163  
   resentment toward China's communes, 171  
   restaurants in, 15  
 Moscow State Printing House, 192  
  
 Moslem rebellions in Sinkiang, 179  
 Moslems, 78, 179  
 Moxibustion (a therapy), 135  
 M.V.D., 8  
  
 Nanchang, 117  
 Nanking, 73  
 National Hotel, Moscow, 8  
 National People's Congress, 149, 152  
 National Society of Entomologists, 73  
 Nationalism, 13  
 Nationalists, 33, 38-39, 54, 56, 80-81, 165, 200 (*see also* Kuomintang)  
   in Nanking, 11  
   in Peking, 11  
   quell Moslem rebellions in Sinkiang, 179  
   on Quemoy, 32  
 Needham, Joseph, 65  
 Nehru, J., 195-198  
 New Delhi, 192, 195, 197  
 "New people's" poetry, 111  
*New Statesman*, 65  
*New York Times, The*, 197  
*New York Times Magazine, The*, 186  
 New York University, 186  
 North American Newspaper Alliance, 161, 170  
 North Battleford, Saskatchewan, 127  
 Nuri es Said, 32  
  
*Observer, The*, 149, 198  
 Okinawa, 30, 201  
 Old Charlie, 14  
 Old China  
   notions in, being swept away, 75  
   philosophy of, 183  
*On the Education of a Communist Party Member*, 184  
*On the Party*, 184  
 Ottawa, 127  
 Outer City, Peking, 12  
  
 Pakistan, 186  
*Panch Shila* ("the five principles of coexistence"), 195-196  
 Patriarchy, 102  
 Patriotic Sanitary Movement, 119  
 Pavlov, 130, 136

- Payne, Robert, 164  
 Peace Café, Peking, 124  
 Peak, The, Hong Kong, 6  
 Pearson, Lester, 35  
 Peasants, attitude toward co-operatives, 83  
 Pedicabs, 21  
 Peiping (*see* Peking)  
 Peking, 3, 7, 9, 10-18, 22-23, 31-32, 34-36, 39-41, 44, 49, 60, 64, 68, 73-74, 76, 85, 95, 99, 101, 105-106, 114, 116-119, 121, 126-128, 134-135, 139, 142, 144-146, 148-149, 152, 155, 157-158, 160-162, 168, 170, 173-174, 177, 182, 185, 192, 200-201  
     buildings in, 10  
     compared with Moscow, 7, 9  
 Peking Children's Hospital, 136  
 Peking Institute of Traditional Medicine, 136  
 Peking Medical College, 131  
 Peking Opera, 117  
 Peking Prison, 55-58  
 Peking Review, 18, 157  
 Peking University, 64, 70, 74-75, 123, 126  
 People's Courts, 55  
 People's Daily, 39, 43, 46-47, 49-50, 61, 63, 86, 130  
 People's University, 124-125  
 Pescadores, 31  
 Philippines, 30  
 Poland, 105  
 Port Arthur, 157  
 Prague, 105, 183  
 Punch, 109  
 Punjab, 188  
  
 Quemoy, 21, 24, 30-32, 34, 38, 49, 126, 173  
     bombardment of, 33  
 Quigley, Harold S., 148  
  
 R.A.F. Club, Shanghai, 121  
 Reader's Digest, 124  
 Red Compound (play), 117  
 Red Flag, 107  
 Red Square, Moscow, 11  
 Revolutions and population increase, 99  
 Riencourt, Amaury de, 164  
 Robertson, Walter S., 182  
  
 Roosevelt, Franklin D., 31  
 Rousseau, Jean Jacques, 59  
 Rush, Scott, 124  
 Russia, 79, 106, 171, 176, 187 (*see also* Soviet Union)  
 Russian and Chinese life compared, 163  
 Russian Revolution, 59, 80, 89, 198 (*see also* Bolshevik Revolution)  
 Russians in China, 8, 162  
  
 St. Johns University, Shanghai, 129  
 San Francisco Chamber of Commerce, 147  
 Sanmen Gorge, Honan Province, 159  
 Sassoon Company, 17, 121  
 Saturday Review, 194  
 Seamen's Club, Shanghai, 109  
 Second National People's Congress, 141, 157  
 Security Council of the United Nations, 36, 201  
 Serpent and the Tortoise, The, 62, 163  
 Shangchuang, 84, 87-89, 106  
     resourcefulness of people of, 90  
 Shangchuang Commune, 83  
 Shanghai, 7, 9, 17, 22, 42, 44-45, 53, 73, 89, 95, 108-110, 113-115, 117-118, 121-122, 129, 132, 134, 140, 143, 149-150, 153, 156, 168, 187  
 Shanghai Club, Shanghai, 109  
 Shansi Province, 114  
 Shantung Province, 124  
 Shapiro, Michael, 126  
 Shenyang, Manchuria, 42  
 Shi Ching Shan works, 22  
 Siberia, 169-170  
 Sidewinder (U.S. missile), 49-50  
 Singapore, 200, 202  
 Sinkiang, 159, 179  
 Sino-Soviet Friendship League, 168  
 Sino-Soviet relations, 175  
 Skinner, Lowell, 124  
 Slingenberg, Dr. B. J., 13  
 Song of Youth (play), 117  
 Soul of China, The, 164  
 South Korea, 30, 201  
 South Vietnam, 30, 150  
 Soviet Union, 7, 163, 166, 171-173, 175, 181, 186-187, 190-191, 199 (*see also* Russia)  
 Sputnik People's Commune, 85  
 Stakhanovites, 141

- Stalin, Joseph, 168, 176, 190  
 Stalinism, 176  
 Stanford Research Institute of California, 202  
 Stanford University, 161  
 State, the, in China, 15  
 State Council, Chinese, 27-28  
 State Planning Commission, 99, 101, 153  
 Stevenson, Adlai, 170  
 Summer Palace, Peking, 5, 12  
 Sun Chao-chi, 55-56  
 Sun Yat-sen, 47-48, 57, 59, 102, 164, 169  
*Sun Yat-sen, a Portrait*, 164  
 Sun Yat-sen University, 74  
*Sunday Times, The*, London, 194  
 Sutlej River, 188  
  
 Tai Shih-ming, Dr., 128-129, 131  
 Taipei, 33  
 Taiping Rebellion, 68, 80, 182  
 Taiwan (*see* Formosa)  
 Taoism, 47, 77  
*Tatler, The*, 109  
 Thai, 179  
 Thailand, 199  
 "Three Cares," 96  
 Tibet, 127, 179, 195-197  
     Buddhist reaction to plight of Dalai Lama, 196  
     1958 Chinese action in, 196-197  
 Tien An Men, Peking, 48  
 Tien An Men Square, Peking, 11  
 Tien Tan Park, Peking, 12  
 Tientsin, 113, 134  
 Tiger Balm, 6  
*Time* magazine, 124  
*Times*, London, 175  
 Tolstoy, Count Leo, 125  
 Traditional medicine, 130, 132, 137 (*see also* Acupuncture)  
 Tsai Chang, Madame, 101  
 Tsai Yi-hsui, 95  
 Tung Jen Hospital, Peking, 128  
  
 Uighurs, 179  
 United Nations, 30, 35-36, 154, 189-191, 200  
 United Nations Special Fund, 189, 191  
 United States, amount of over-all foreign aid, 194  
     assistance to Asia, 201  
     Canadian policy, 200  
     forces in Formosa, 200  
 United States Seventh Fleet, 30, 34  
 United States State Department, 194  
 United States Trading with the Enemy Act, 147  
 University of California, 142  
 University of Chicago, 126  
 University of Malaya, 132  
 University of Minnesota, 148  
 University of Toronto, 160  
 Unuko Airport, Moscow, 3, 9  
  
 Vance, Marcella, 125  
 Vietnam, 144  
 Vladivostok, 169  
 Voltaire, 59  
  
*Wall Street Journal, The*, 146  
 Wang Feng-chu, 79-80, 83-84, 86-87, 89-91  
 Wang Lei, 70  
 Whangpoo River, 9  
 White, William, 124  
 Wills, Morris, 122-124  
 Wilson, Dr. J. T., 160  
 Winnington, Allan, 126  
 Winter, Bob, 126  
 Women  
     added to labor force, 95, 98  
     emancipation of, 94-95, 112  
*Women of China* (magazine), 95  
 Wong Pei, 111  
 Workers' Palace of Culture, Peking, 116  
 Workers' Theater, Peking, 117  
 World Affairs Council of Northern California, 188, 193  
 World Trade Association, 147  
 Wu Lo-ming, 87, 93  
 Wu Yuan-li, 154  
 Wuhan, 51, 95  
  
 Yale University, 161  
 Yang Chu-chen, 95  
 Yang Kwei-liu, 95, 99, 101, 153  
 Yangtze River, 51, 159  
 Yellow River, 159, 161  
 Yemen, 152  
 Yen-an, 60-61  
 Young Pioneers, 21, 48  
 Yu Chien-min, 136-137  
 Yu Chung-chang, 18  
 Yunnan Province, 95









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